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THE NEST BUILDER

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE person stopped to watch, and then another, and gradually the whole street came to a halt, forming a big still ring, in the middle of which a very small sparrow wrestled with an engineering problem. Before her lay a long soft gray-white feather from one of the superior feather dusters of that neighborhood, a distinguished finish for the nest in the tree above; the problem was to get it up there.

A dozen trial trips had failed. The feather was too long, too heavy. It always fell back. Muscular spectators, aching to lend a hand, had to stand by helpless. The sparrow fussed, coaxed, scolded, tried it by the middle, by either end; then, mothered by necessity, she grew ingenious, took the quill in her beak, edged a tiny shoulder under the shaft so that it ran down her back, set her little wings to beating, and so rose, slowly, steadily, with her long plume floating out behind. No one stirred until she had it safe up in the greenery; then there was a burst of laughter, everybody looked at his neighbor with warmly lit eyes, and the street went on about its business.

"I am Sorry. You Were Kind—Thank You," He Exclaimed. Then He Limped Hurriedly Away

Joanna Maynard's nest building had the same gallant, touching, absurd appeal. She was always at it. The many interests of her erratic big being were overtopped and dominated by the home passion. From the time she was five years old she was nesting—under the weeping elm, under the valance of the guest-room bed, under anything that would sketch ceiling and walls to house her dream. At ten she found her first settled habitation in a disused woodshed, and hopped in and out with her straws and feathers all one ecstatic spring, weaving her little miracle of home.

"The child is ingenious," her father said, seeing where the buffers that kept the doors from banging the walls had gone. Joanna unscrewing them from the mopboard had screwed them neatly into the bottom of her box bureau, making four charming little legs beneath a dotted-muslin petticoat that had yesterday been the bathroom sash curtain.

"I hope she will be a better housekeeper than I am," her mother said absently, and went back to the speech she was preparing on The New Woman, then a daringly advanced theme. Perhaps Mr. Maynard hunting patiently and perennially for clothes brush, blacking brush, hearth brush, wished so too, but a man who has not been financially successful may not say much at home.

Later Joanna's room at college kept her awake at night and adream in class with its haunting possibilities. The science of decoration meant nothing to her, period left her cold; but she wanted to create pleasantness and comfort at small expense as the musician wants to create music—as the sparrow wants to build her nest. The desire was a song in the heart, a fever in the blood.

A north hall bedroom in a boarding house, white and gold, clean and cold, daunted even Joanna's creative powers; and so when she had survived her first breathless year at the office, and found solid ground under her feet and had her salary raised, she began her historic movings. There was the Sixth Avenue loft, cheap because it had been condemned by the fire board, full of alluring shadows and corners, but eventually proving impossible by reason of some drunken creature eternally asleep on its undefended stairs. There was the room with the lacework iron balcony, rich in homely charm, but already, alas, overpopulated. There was the unheated top floor just off Washington Square—with the coal

four flights down. There was half the delightful Upper West Side apartment of the fragile lady who described herself as a widow—she wore high blond boots scalloped with black, and her first name was Pearl; and even Joanna ought to have known on sight.

Then as she prospered came experiments in studios with kitchenettes, and Joanna worked over them nights with her tools and paints and stencils and her joyous invention, until she made them so charming that the landlord raised the rent out of her reach, and she had to start all over again. She was like the historic beaver which, shut in a gentleman's library, proceeded to build a dam out of books. She could not be stopped.

And now at last she had begun on the real nest, the final one, the home that was to be worthy of her gift. The land was hers and could not be sold from beneath her. The old house on it, inalienably hers, offered her between a gabled roof and a stone cellar the clear canvas of two unexplored floors—for Joanna, somewhat characteristically, had bought it furnished, without having been inside.

"But I could see a little through the shutters," she explained patiently to the Howard Messengers. "I saw the corner of a nice old octagon dining table, and a fireplace that wasn't blacked outside, so the chimney doesn't smoke. I really thought of things. We got into the cellar, you remember, and that was all right."

The Howard Messengers still looked uneasy, for a Sunday with them had done the deed. They had suggested that Joanna buy the adjoining place as they might have said "Suppose we all go out to India together," knowing perfectly well that they would do nothing of the sort. They did not yet thoroughly know Joanna. They had strolled down from their higher acres to inspect the house, and Joanna coming suddenly on it at the turn of the lane had stood like a stag at gaze.

What the Messengers saw was a gracious green slope set with apple trees; a little old brown wooden house, its pointed gables hung with Hamburg edging, settled down in the grass with an air of brooding comfort; old lilacs half strangled by runaway grapevines; a border of woodland—birch and beech—musical with the sound of running water; great folds of hills on all sides; and in the valley just below white glimpses of houses. Mrs. Messenger also saw the practical advantages of being near the village and yet within comfortable distance of the summer colony scattered through the hills beyond; and Howard saw a probable rise in the value of the land.

But what Joanna saw when her eyes fixed like that no one could ever really know. Probably it was something between heaven and fairyland, lit by love at first sight.

She had not seemed especially concerned at their failure to force an entrance. She had sat about in staring reverie while they pried at the windows and tried Howard's keys on the doors. When they finally forced a way into the cellar they had to hunt her up, and found her standing over the brook, smiling at it with the tender indulgence of a mother who watches her child at play.

"I will call the place Water Brooks," she said.

"Water—Brooks"; Howard tried it dubiously. "Isn't that what they call tautology? What could a brook be but water?"

"There is only one brook, and it dries up in August," Rosalind added.

Joanna was undisturbed. "'As the hart panteth after the water brooks,'" she murmured. "Only I always think it 'heart.' That is the loveliest line in the whole world."

"Oh, of course—Bible," said Howard. "Well, the foundations seem to be all right."

"I wish you could do it," said Rosalind.

Joanna had not said much about it that evening, and no one knew that she lay gloriously awake all night and was out in the soaking dew at sunrise, staring absorbedly. She took the early train back to town, and occasionally after that she spoke of "my house."

She had a few thousand dollars, left to her by her mother's writings, and respectfully named by the Messengers "her capital." One did not lightly disturb capital. And the news that she had put her capital into an uninspected house two hours by train from her work did not call out the enthusiasm that she expected.

"But I wasn't out there again," she explained, as if that were reason enough. "And the place has haunted me all winter. I couldn't get it out of my head. I woke up last Monday morning in a panic lest someone would snap it up, so I bought it on my way to the office. And I have been glad every single minute since," she added, as though that justified anything.

Joanna took no more interest in philosophy than she did in decoration, but she had an inborn, unanalyzed, all-dominating belief in happiness. Fortunately the happiness of the other person was included—happiness for everyone. She was big, handsome in a rough-cut, dark-shadowed fashion, with a wide, beautiful, thoughtful brow handed down from her mother, and absent, nearsighted, olive-gray eyes from her father, and an air of amused good will that might have meant blunders.

No one had dreamed that she would be especially useful at the office—she had been given a chance for her mother's sake. But now, ten years later, it was well known that the house could not possibly run without her. She was not so strong on routine perhaps, but for difficulties she had always a priceless suggestion; and difficulties are many in a publishing business. Her instinct for a best seller amounted to divination.

"I will run you out to see it," Rosalind Messenger said. "Only if we go Sunday I shall have to bring Howard."

She was quite simply apologetic about it, and Joanna was as simply reassuring.

"Oh, I should like to have him. I am very fond of Howard."

Joanna's mother shaking the world with her portrayal of The New Woman had never uttered doctrine half so revolutionary as that matter-of-course exchange; but neither noticed anything momentous.

"He is nice," Howard's wife disposed of him, and they turned back to their absorbing affairs.

Rosalind picked up dilapidated houses on long leases, put into them a little money and a great deal of taste, and rented them for enormous sums. It was this that had brought her and Joanna together. Joanna's inspirations for charm and economy were proving invaluable. Howard ran his real-estate business faithfully, doggedly, but he did not have inspirations.

"I suppose you are madly excited," Rosalind said resignedly. One could not change Joanna; and after all, the thing was done.

Joanna looked brilliantly amused, but tranquil. They were lunching together at her club, with surveys and deeds on the table, surrounding minute portions of food pretentiously served. One mushroom on a square inch of toast sat alone under a glass bell by Joanna's plate, while three small gritty stalks fainting in dubious butter represented Rosalind's order of asparagus hollandaise. The club was trying to meet the high cost of living without loss of caste.

"Excited?" Joanna paused to find an adequate measure of her excitement. "It feels like going to be married," she concluded. "I have taken the house for better, for worse—we are committed to each other; and though I have an inventory I know only its outside."

"That is marriage," Rosalind assented, but the comment in her eyebrows might have been for the wisp of what looked like shingle on the Frenched chop bone before her.

Rosalind was even alarmingly efficient. Everything about her was well done—her clothes were exactly right, her features were what they should be and her hair became them, and she bore herself as one who knew what success was and would be satisfied with nothing less. No one but Joanna would have dared to offer her such a lunch.

"Perhaps I am going to be happy ever after," Joanna went on, searching obliviously through a torrent of shad bones for fragments of shad; "but perhaps it is leaky and cantankerous and will run through all my money. One can get rid of a sufficiently bad husband, but it is very hard to lose a bad house."

Rosalind gave up the chop and fell back on two tiny triangles of crumbling pale-brown bread.

"One thing—the house won't think you are drawing on it public criticism if you want to work," she observed.

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"Oh, Rosalind, it Will Take Years and Years! Wouldn't it be Cruel if I Died Now and Couldn't Do It!"

BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

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Senate Budget System Special Committee. Left to Right—The Committee Reporter; Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, Who Was Called Into Council; Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois, Chairman; Senator Jones, of New Mexico; and Senator Keyes, of New Hampshire

By Frank O. Lowden

Governor of Illinois

DURING the last century every great private industry has undergone a complete transformation. As civilization has become more complex the machinery of business has changed continuously to meet the growing intricacies. In the machinery of government alone there has been little progress during all this time. Yet the business of government has grown in complexity, in the number of subjects with which it deals, quite as rapidly as has private enterprise. This failure has been due largely to the fact that until recently the total expenses of government were so small, relatively, as to influence but little the general prosperity of the country. During political campaigns parties have frequently charged each other with extravagance, but the people have been little interested, because revenues were largely derived from indirect sources and no burden was felt. Now, however, state and Federal taxes, by virtue of their weight, have become directly related to all economic questions of the day. Who can doubt that the heavy taxes levied by Government are an important factor in the high cost of living? The Government is powerless to prevent a substantial part at least of such taxes from being passed on to the consumer. We now see that no form of taxation has been devised which will be borne in fact by the rich alone. The community as a whole in one form or another must pay the cost of government. In its turn the high cost of living has an intimate bearing upon the present unrest. The great problems for the next few years at least will be economic and industrial, and to all of them the question of taxation now has a direct and important relation.

Business and industry generally in making plans for the future must reckon first with the question of taxes, which have reached the point already where private initiative is discouraged and where enterprise in some cases halts.

The High Cost of Being Governed

MORE than once in recent months I have had small manufacturers and small business men come into my office from various parts of the state and announce that they were going to close out their establishments.

"Why? Isn't your business good?"

"Yes, but these are uncertain times. We can't be sure that losses will not come; and if losses do come we must stand the entire loss ourselves; while if we do make profits we must give the Government the greater portion of the profits. So we are going to withdraw from business."

This does not promise well for either capital or labor in the coming years. It means a checking of industry through the discouragement of initiative in business by excessive burdens, and when that sort of situation comes the people as a whole invariably suffer.

Even before the war men were impressed by the continued increase in the expenses of city, state and national government. The activities of government have multiplied rapidly during recent years—more rapidly than was warranted. When the state or nation decided to take on some new function, instead of fitting it into some agency of government already established it usually created some entirely new body. Sometimes it was an official, oftener it was a board or a commission.

The commission came to be a very popular form. It provided good places for aspirants to office, and being a law unto itself the members could attend to their private affairs and give one or two days a month—usually about the time the pay rolls were made up—to the public service. When once commissions were created it was almost impossible to abolish them. There is nothing more difficult in government than to get rid of a lucrative office once established. This practice has become quite general with the states, and Illinois was no exception.

When I became governor, in January, 1917, there were something over one hundred and twenty-five independent and unrelated agencies of the state government; sometimes composed of boards, sometimes commissions, and sometimes individual officials; in fact, so confused was the situation that no two agreed upon just exactly how many independent activities the state was conducting. Necessarily this resulted in much overlapping of work. In purchases there was competition between the different agencies of the government, and there was of course needless expense. Above all there was greatly reduced efficiency.

In theory, these various offices were supervised by the governor; but in fact, it was absolutely impossible for him to exercise any adequate supervision over them. They were scattered over the state, frequent personal contact with them was out of the question, and for all practical purposes the state government was without an actual head. Energetic and competent administration was impossible.

One consequence of this haphazard method, or lack of method, of government was lack of law enforcement. Something went wrong or seemed to go wrong and a law was enacted, and there the matter rested, as though the law were an end in itself. We were confronted with a problem requiring solution and then we passed the problem on to a commission and felicitated ourselves that we had solved the problem. It is a grievous error to enact a law and then to disregard it. Even the best law badly administered is worse than none. For ours is a government of law. In America the sovereign power resides in the people, but the people speak only through the law. Whenever, therefore, law is disregarded the sovereignty of the people is insulted, and no sovereign power, whether it be demos or king, can long rule unless it has the vigor and the will to vindicate itself.

In my campaign for election I made the reorganization of the business of the state the chief plank in my platform. The people became deeply interested and supported me generously when the legislature met and I undertook a complete reorganization of the work of the state which came under the duties of the governor. Of course there was much opposition by some of my political friends. They did not like to see these attractive places given up. I argued with them that good faith, since we had promised this reorganization in our party platform, required that we should keep our promise. I also urged upon my party friends that political patronage had always been overestimated as a party asset. I pointed out that our greatest victories had been won when we were out of power and without patronage, and our greatest defeats had come when we were in full possession of all the machinery of government. I insisted that the Republican Party could thrive only when it stood for principle and when it relied upon its achievements. I appeared before the committees of the General Assembly and discussed with them at length the questions involved, and before long there was complete coöperation between the General Assembly and myself, and to the credit of the legislature the result was the Civil Administrative Code.

The Fad for Commissions

THE problem was to gather up the scattered agencies and to reorganize them into departments of government. Upon a study of the nature of these agencies we concluded that they logically fell into nine groups. We then abolished the more than one hundred and twenty-five boards, commissions and independent officers, and created nine new departments, to take over their functions. These departments are:

Department of Finance
Department of Agriculture
Department of Labor
Department of Mines and Minerals
Department of Public Works and Buildings
Department of Public Welfare
Department of Public Health
Department of Trade and Commerce
Department of Registration and Education

The duties of each department are defined by the code.

The question then arose as to whether these departments should be under the control of individuals or of commissions. In acquiring the habit of creating a board or a commission to take care of government work we have assumed that if something important was to be done it would be best done if done by a body of men and not an individual. The fact is, as all who have had experience in business of any kind know, that it is the individual who does things, and not a board or a commission. There is no commission anywhere, there is no board anywhere, that does things affirmatively unless it is dominated by one man, and the only benefit from the other members of that body is in their advisory capacity.

Always it is an individual on the board or commission who takes the initiative, and the body is fortunate if the other members do not hamper him. I am speaking now of administration. A commission may be desirable where quasi-judicial or quasi-legislative powers are exercised. Where, however, the duties are purely or largely ministerial experience has shown that it is a man, not a body of men, who gets results.

There are some who have assumed that large responsibility could be more safely deposited in a body of men than

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SPUDS—DEHYDRATED

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

WELL, Homer, going after 'em to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, chief! To-morrow's the day from which every member of the deer family will date bad luck." Homer Shelmick smiled at the president of the Garland City Savings and Commercial Bank. He supplemented the smile with that laugh of his—the mellow laugh which always came so easily and was so good-natured and infectious. The president shook hands with him.

"Take care of yourself, Homer," he said. He was a good old man and kindly. "Bring back the limit."

It was the fourteenth day of August and to-morrow would be the opening of the deer season in several of the mountain counties. Homer Shelmick's vacation had been the talk of the office force for a month, for Homer was a general favorite. The fact that he occupied one of the highest and most responsible positions in the Garland City Savings and Commercial Bank did not in the least spoil him. Even the office boy called him Homer. The porter kidded him on occasion and smiled proudly when Homer kidded back. There was nothing haughty about Homer. Moreover, he had a smile that invited the whole world to come in and get warm. Homer Shelmick's smile never failed, and he was a great jollier. Let him pat you on the back just once and laugh that infectious laugh of his and you'd feel sorry for a week that you hadn't a tail to wag.

You can't explain it. Some people call it personality and others refer to it as force of character. Perhaps a deep student of such things might have said the smile was too habitual to be spontaneous. But certain it is that from the president down the people of the Garland City Savings and Commercial would have trusted Homer with their lives.

Homer picked up his hat and went down the line, telling all the boys good-by and jollying as he went. It was like a reception, with Homer the guest of honor. Presently he left the bank to go home, for it was the closing hour.

"Gee," said the office boy wistfully, "I'd give a lot if I had a way like Homer's! That smile of his is wort' a million dollars!"

The president overheard the observation and felicitated himself complacently. Homer Shelmick's smile was a tremendous asset to the Garland City Savings and Commercial, for it reached through the wicket and touched the depositors, warming their souls into utter confidence, thus swelling the bank's annual dividends.

As Homer Shelmick stepped into his big black automobile the policeman of the block came along and he too warmed himself in Homer's smile.

"Going down into the King's River Country, they tell me," said the policeman. Homer answered readily.

"Yes," he said. "Though I don't know the exact point. Never plan definitely till I get in the machine and start to rolling."

He worked the self-starter and the big machine woke and began to mutter.

"Well, good luck, Homer!" grinned the policeman. "Leave one or two deer to tell about it!"

"I'll tell you a secret, Jim," Homer smiled back over his shoulder. "I'm as tender-hearted as a chicken. Between you and me, if I kill a deer it'll be in self-defense."

He drove away while the big policeman's laugh was still echoing down the block.

Once inside his own room the smile left Homer Shelmick's face as though it had been wiped away with a sponge. He laid it aside exactly as he laid aside his office coat. Something valuable, to be sure, but exceedingly tiresome to one whose business made it necessary to wear it all the time.

Until nearly midnight the man worked silently, furtively, making up parcels, packing bags and boxes and carrying these things out to the garage and stowing them away in the tonneau of the big machine. When the town was asleep Homer rolled his car out of the garage, moved away down a side street until he had cleared the southern end of town, when he stopped and changed his license number. From this point he turned, doubled back, circled Garland City and roared away to the north.

II

IT WAS the dead hour of two o'clock of a moonlit night when a big black automobile slid over the summit of Lyman's Pass and started to coast down the long easy grade on the eastern side of Chanowah Mountain. Below him and on the left as he descended the driver could look upon an immense gulf filled with black gulches and torn ridges, all bristling with great trees whose tops gleamed ghostlike in the moonlight far below. An unreal gulf it seemed, viewed in the strange moonlight, its rocky ridges and sullen gulches pitching sharply toward the greater gulf which was the cañon of the Chanowah. On the driver's right the forest bordered all the way, for the highway was a winding notch cut in the side of the hill.

But the automobile did not continue on to Watts Station, which was six miles below the summit of Lyman's Pass. Halfway down the mountain it came to a little bench grown over with hazel and manzanita and chinquapin, with here and there an occasional clump of young firs. Homer Shelmick slowed down as he rolled across this bench, watching the right-hand side of the road until he came to a place where once the road had wound through the brush nearer the hill slope but later had been abandoned. He turned into this abandoned spur and fifty feet out in the brush the car was quite hidden. Homer stopped and got out.

The man did not waste any time but worked with the sureness of one who knows exactly what he is going to do. And, indeed, Homer Shelmick had planned every move down to the minutest detail. He had been here the summer before, though no one was aware of that fact. The public had thought him hunting up round Lake Tahoe at that time. He had left here carrying a map of the place in his keen mind and for a whole year he had studied every move. To-night he was merely carrying out his plans, long matured and ripe.

Homer lifted bags and boxes from the machine and lugged them up the bank into the wood. It took him an hour to do this, for the bags and boxes were very heavy and he was unaccustomed to manual labor. When his entire cargo was safely piled back in the forest he covered the machine with a green tarpaulin and immediately it blended perfectly with its environment.

It was growing light when he returned to his pile of goods. The blankets came first. He rolled them awkwardly, swung them upon his shoulder and started away due south, following the contour of the mountainside. Here and there he passed certain sticks leaned against the trunks of trees. Innocent enough they seemed, but to Homer they meant much, for he had placed that line of sticks there a year ago.

Several miles of rough going brought the man to the edge of a wilderness of thick brush. Years ago a fire had swept the forest, clearing an area half a mile across. Later the brush had sprung up, growing fifteen feet high, twined with berry vines and wild cucumber, sown thickly with fallen trees. Out of this inhospitable jungle rose at intervals charred tree trunks, mute monuments to the forest that once covered the place. All about the wide brush patch the great forest ringed round. Homer did not pause, but plunged into the labyrinth, holding doggedly toward a giant snag which rose in the center of the brushy area, naked save for three long charred branches that pointed heavenward like a devil's trident.

It was a heartbreaking struggle, but after half an hour of it Homer won to the edge of a thicket of low firs probably half an acre in extent growing in the midst of the brush wilderness. A little creek flowed down through the fir thicket and dropped away toward the Chanowah far below. Homer turned at the creek and fought his way uphill into the darkness of the fir thicket. In the very middle of the firs he came suddenly upon a little low cabin. One not knowing it was there would have passed a thousand times without suspecting its presence. Homer pushed open the door and entered, looking eagerly about the one little room.

Everything was as he had left it a year ago. It was a very small cabin, hardly more than ten feet square, and built crudely, with a roof no higher at the sides than a man's head. But it had a fireplace and chimney, rude shelves and a bunk; also two large chests. Homer put his burden down, rested but a moment, then started back for another load, following his line of sticks.

All day he worked, laboring back and forth through the forest and fighting every inch of the way into the brush

patch, which he always entered by a different route. His muscles, unused to such outrage, grew sorer with every trip, his temper keeping abreast. He worked furiously, for it was imperative that he should finish here and get down into the King's River Country with no loss of time. He was supposed to be in the King's River hills.

It was growing dark when he staggered back with the last load. This was a heavy case of dehydrated foods piled loose in the pack bag. The edges of the tins cut the sore muscles of his back and the infernal pack straps cut deep into the tender spot between shoulder and collar bone. He stumbled frequently, for it is hard to travel through the forest after it begins to grow dark. He was in a savage mood when he approached the edge of the brush patch following his line of sticks. Suddenly a hazel branch swept stinging across his face, lashing his eyes cruelly. The man snatched the hunting knife from his belt and attacked the bush with insensate fury, cursing it horribly. He did not desist until the hazel was slashed to pieces and trampled flat.

Homer started on, but his eyes were still half blinded from the cut of the hazel and twenty feet farther he stumbled over a log and fell headlong, his canned goods clattering to the ground beside him. Still swearing, he gathered up his scattered pack and plunged into the brush, guided now by the trident tree, which loomed vaguely in the dusk ahead. But lying beside the log over which he had fallen was a can that he had overlooked. A little can with a red label marked "Potatoes—Dehydrated."

All that night Homer worked, taxing his complaining muscles to their limit. He put all his destructible property in the big chests and nailed the tops down securely. He even laid a fire in the rude fireplace so that it would light at the touch of a match. Then he lay down and slept. Next evening he struck out toward his automobile, throwing down his line of guiding sticks as he went. The moon was just coming up when he backed the big machine out of the brush, turned it about and went purring back up the long grade over Lyman's Pass and on. Three days later the boys in the bank received cards from Homer, posted at a little town away down in the King's River Country. The cards told the flattered recipients that Homer was having the time of his young life.

And on that same evening old Tally Potter, trapper-sheriff, was skirting the edge of the Donald Creek brush patch on his way home from a deer hunt high up near the Chanowah summit. Old Tally felt a twinge of rheumatism coming on and he sat down on a log to rest. At his feet he happened to notice a little tin can with a red label. He picked it up curiously.

"Dehydrated potatoes!" said old Tally. "Now who in Sam Hill would be bringin' dehydrated spuds into these hills?" He contemplated the can for some moments, then grinned to himself.

"Some fool tenderfoot!" he reasoned. "Tenderfeet drag all sorts of queer things into the mountains. Seem to think they need a department store along with 'em in order to live right for two or three weeks in the hills. Well, poor crazy feller, I'll put it where he can find it easy if he comes back to look for it."

The old sheriff set the can upon the log and toddled off along the slope. Twenty feet from the log he came to a hazel bush which had been hacked and trampled. Tally stopped and regarded this new phenomenon.

"Well whatever did he do that for?" he wondered. "Looks like a buck had been hardenin' his horns on that hazel." He stooped and examined the wreck more closely. "No," he said, "knife. Slashed all to pieces. And stomped into the ground."

Perplexed, the old man straightened up and looked back. The can of dehydrated potatoes was still in view, setting upon the log. Tally lifted his eyes. Beyond the can and lined exactly with the can and the broken bush where he was standing Tally saw through the tree lacing a tall burned snag growing in the center of the great brush patch and thrusting three charred, blackened branches heavenward like a devil's trident. Old Tally Potter shook his head.

"Crazy tenderfeet!" he muttered. "You never can figure them out." He cocked a wise old eye up through the fir trees at the sun. "Four o'clock," he guessed. "I'll have to teeter along pretty steady if I get down to Watts afore dark."

III

HOMER SHELMICK came back from his vacation brown as an Indian, smiling as ever and full of stories of the King's River Country. The old bank seemed to lighten as by the visible presence of a joy moon and everybody was happy now that Homer was back. The boys had missed him.

"Gee," said the office boy wistfully, "I could stand it to be poor if I could make friends like Homer!"

And then things went along much as before. Homer Shelmick continued to shed good nature and infectious laughter wherever he went. There was one change, however—Homer was cutting down expenses. For instance, he now brought a leather traveling bag with him every morning, carrying it away with him when he went home in the afternoon. He explained that he was economizing. Frequently he was seen to stop at the markets and fill the sedate traveling bag with carefully selected articles of food.

And then Homer sold his big automobile and bought a modest flivver. This move created a sensation, for Homer had been fond of his big car. Of course he made considerable money on the deal and, besides, the flivver would answer his purpose very well. And yet—well, it was hard to picture Homer Shelmick riding in a flivver.

"It's like this, boys," Homer explained. "Since the war conditions are mighty bad in this country. I don't think it sets a good example—a bank official riding round in a twin six when a lot of the fellows can't afford a steak. The li'l' old flivver will hold me for a while."

The news got about—trust the boys for that—and it didn't make Homer Shelmick unpopular.

This flivver episode occurred about the first of November. On the following Saturday Homer walked out of the bank carrying his bag as usual. Perhaps it was a trifle heavy this time, but if so nobody noticed. Homer drove home, forgetting to stop at the market. After dinner he slipped out to the garage, put the bag carefully in the unpretentious little car and chugged away down the street, a flivver among flivvers. Nobody noticed him, for who notices one flivver among the swarms of other little cars? Homer jogged along until it became dark; then in a lonely place he stopped and again changed his license number. Once more he repeated his tactics of a few weeks before, turning back, circling the town of Garland City and snorting away to the north.

But this time he took the valley road. He ran into the town of Red Bank a little after one o'clock of the next morning and found the place asleep. He slowed down to ten miles and allowed the car to creep about the place, gravitating finally to the dark side streets. Yes, Red Bank was asleep.

Red Bank is built upon a high bluff of the Sacramento River. Running along the edge of this bluff is a street which in the early day was devoted to riotous living, but now it is little used. Grass grows in the middle of it and extends in a green carpet to the very edge of the bluff, from which point there is a sheer drop of two hundred feet into the Sacramento. Homer passed down this deserted street once to reconnoiter. Nobody was moving. On the next trip back he slowed to a crawl, pointed the flivver's nose toward the edge of the bluff, picked up his bag and stepped out. The poor little flivver rolled innocently across the grass and launched itself into space.

Homer listened intently as he hurried away, but even he scarcely heard the splash as the doomed machine struck the water far below. He left Red Bank, avoiding roads and trails and striking straight west across the country. When morning came he crept into the brush and slept until night, then went on.

Three days later he stole into the little thicket in the center of the immense brush patch on the east slope of Chanowah. It had been raining on him all day and he was almost ready to collapse from exhaustion. He was haggard, soaked and chilled to the bone, but he still clung to the precious bag. He built a fire in the fireplace, changed his clothes and ate something. Then he opened one of his chests, pulled out his blankets and spread them upon the bunk. It was midday when he woke. The heavy thunder of rain on the low roof had ceased and there was a

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Cliff Joined Him at the Door and Looked Across the Cañon, But Could See Nothing

THE MIGHTY MAN

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

MY FATHER died in 1892 on the eve of my graduation from Princeton, and I did not see Zerbetta, Ohio, between his funeral and the spring of 1896, when a mixture of love and jaundice broke in on my dull progress as an interne at a New York hospital. I was ordered to rest and I could think of no better spot than Judge Lowe's house in Poplar Street. Zerbetta would be more cheerful than my uncle's home in Boston, where his daughters might be sympathetic about my halted courtship, for Miss Randall had flown to Europe with an aunt, and her shut windows blighted Park Avenue. So I went westward on the express, which happened to reach Zerbetta station ten minutes before time, an event so startling that people came rushing down Clarke Street, and the dogs that helped meet trains began to bark in chorus, their routine outraged. This swelled the audience of my arrival and while I was shaking hands with a dozen old friends someone commenced to whistle the Handel Largo in B Flat, Miss Randall's favorite piano score. It seemed a noble addition to my welcome, though the whistler varied from the air considerably, and I looked about to find a pursed mouth among the many grins. It proved that he was a young fellow, even taller than myself, who leaned on the brick by the baggage-room door and gazed gravely at the truck filling from the express car, a splash of April light on his bare head.

"Who's that?" I asked Karl Gruber.

"Oh, that's Walter McCurdy. You wouldn't know him, though. He ain't been here but three years. Nice boy." He had the look of decency, and I envied his callous disdain of the cool day, but wished he would stop mangling the Largo by a series of breathy pauses and false notes.

"He's a cousin or somethin' of Bill McCurdy's," another lounger advised me; "but what d'you hear about 'em nominatin' Major McKinley back East, Joe?"

Judge Lowe drove up to the curb behind the station just as the train drew out, and Walter McCurdy concluded his insult to Handel by smiling at my host. It was a charming fleet expression and I thought the judge must like him, as he gave a cordial nod and tapped the boy's chest with his cane, going by.

"Come up to the house, sonny. I've got a new book for you. Well, Joe Henry, you look like an Egyptian mummy."

We stood a second talking and the baggage master called to Walter that his box had come. I noticed the swing of his long legs as he wandered to the truck, but nothing prepared me for the ease of his sudden lift as he tilted the great wooden case on his shoulder and strolled away up Clarke Street, his sleeveless blue shirt dwindling between the glitter of the shop windows. Our carriage passed him as he turned into the cobbled yard of the McCurdy smithy, and I noted no flush on the pink of his neck.

"Oh," said the judge, "poor Walter can throw anvils round like apples. I don't suppose he knows he's carrying that, and it's probably full of pig iron. Fine-looking youngster, isn't he? So your jaundice took the starch out of you, did it? Well, it's about time you came home."

Poplar Street had not changed beyond some felled trees here and there, and the maples were budding about the Presbyterian church, where my father had been pastor, duly honored, all through my boyhood. We went to service the next morning and I sat listening to the new preacher's sermon, thinking reverently that my own parent had never been so tiresome and that the new preacher's flat wife did not well become our former pew after my mother's grace there; in fact, I got the full blow of sentimental repulsion to a difference. The fresh-stained glass threw blotches of gay tinting on the cream benches, guiltily carved on the backs with initials of my time. I missed known faces. Ethan Ross was in Cleveland. Eddie Lowe must be taking a Sunday rest from labor as a Princeton instructor. The altered choir sang wretchedly and when the Reverend Tillett announced that we must listen to another anthem I boiled. An anthem after the sermon was unheard of. I hoped the congregation would hiss indignantly, but the judge leaned to whisper that this was to show off Judy Patterson, and her father, the organist, set forth on a familiar prelude, so I stooped to put back my hat.

The choir got up from behind the red curtain and burst into a four-part version of the Largo, hashing the melody and bringing wild rage to my heart. Judith Patterson, I discovered, was singing soprano and presently was alone in the crime. I could not wish her death, for she had grown to be a pretty, vague likeness of Miss Randall, dark and slim, and she sang without flourishes in the strained tremulous fashion taught by dishonest masters who find a weak sweet voice and spoil it. Seeing her nervous I grew sorry and glanced about in the hope no one would smile. But the congregation sat courteously still, and soon the other choristers joined to complete the evil act. I shuddered, loyal to my love of the splendid rising music, and heard someone just back of us sniffle. It was the Sims pew, but the sniffler was Walter McCurdy, and I saw tears on his face as Judith Patterson missed a last C and the anthem ceased with a thunder from the organ.

The Paint Shop Was a Furnace, Dazzling and Lovely to See

"Yes," said the judge, walking home across the street, "that was pretty awful. And I don't know that it's any compliment to turn Judy loose on Handel's best tune, either. Did you see poor Walter crying? Well, I suppose he thinks Judy's a new Patti—if he ever heard of Patti. This isn't New York. We can't go hear Jean de Reszke at the opera. My Lord, it was 'eighty-one, last time I heard an opera! No, but I can't say I think Boston's done much for little Judy. What's the use of trying to turn a wren into a nightingale, anyhow?"

"Has Judy been taking lessons, sir?"

"Lord, yes," he chuckled. "Patterson sent her off to Boston last fall. She's just back. Pity he ever sent her, I think. But he's a jackass about her voice. Well, he's spent three or four thousand on it. I wonder what heathen ever told him she could sing grand opera?"

I laughed, fancying Judy on the vast echoing stage of the Metropolitan, but the judge shook his fine white head, as always compassionate to human folly.

"No. Mort Patterson means to send the poor baby off next winter. He's a little cracked, maybe. He's been talking about it for two or three years. Why, what a cruel thing a man can be, Joe! It's amazing how much a father'll ask his children to do! He really thinks she'll be a diva and some millionaire'll marry her. He ought to be locked up."

"What does Judy think?"

"Oh, the girl's no fool. She's got hard sense, but I'll be blessed if I see what she can do but try to be a singer. He's in debt up to his neck and I suppose she loves him. Mort's not a bad man. He's just a donkey. But what would Judy do in New York?"

I could not imagine an operatic director listening patiently to the feeble misled voice, and I began to be doubly sorry for Judith, remembered as a gentle quiet girl. She should have suitors, certainly, and I wondered if the big yellow-haired lad who had the kindness to weep over her singing would not step forward as a shield.

"She'd better marry someone," I said, opening the judge's gate.

"Not if her father knows it. This is what you doctors call an obsession, Joe. He thinks she's got a career ahead of her. You'd better go tell him that New York isn't any bed of down for an eighteen-year-old girl with a ten-cent voice. I tell you, the man's cracked over it. He sees her hung with diamonds and pearls like what's-her-name in that book. Trilby, isn't it? What stuff folks write these days!"

"But I should think she'd find someone to marry ——"

"Oh," the judge nodded, "that's all right. Yes, she's got a plenty of young men. She's nearly as run after as Lorena Broome was in her time. But—well, her fool father's got a mortgage on the store and —— Come in, Walter." He raised his cane to the great lad who was loitering along the fence, alone and plainly still uplifted by Judith's share in the Largo. I smiled, for the boy was so unlike his relative, the rowdy blacksmith. He came up the veranda steps and the judge told him my name.

"You're an inch taller than Joe, I guess. Well, that's bigger than you've any right to be. Like Judy's singing?"

Walter flushed and shuffled a sole on the planks, but made no answer for a minute while I held my face grave.

Then he fumbled in his jacket and drew out a pad of paper with a dangling pencil, frowned, considering, and wrote, his tongue between his teeth, like a child.

"Well, I agree with you," said the judge, crumpling the leaf, "and I wish her father hadn't sent her away. A mighty nice girl, Walter. It's a shame."

Walter nodded, very red, and I ached with pity. We recoil from a bad vaccination mark on a woman's smooth arm where a man's worse scar would pass unnoticed. The boy was handsome enough to get the same effect, and dumbness to me is only less in horror than to be blind.

"Come on in," the judge ordered, "and I'll give you this book. It's history and I know you like that, but for Lord's sake don't let Bill McCurdy drop it in the forge or the trough or somewhere."

Walter grinned and followed the old scholar into the house. Quite shamelessly I picked up the fallen paper and read his round scrawl: "I think she has had her singing spoiled." Then he had the honesty to weep for the spoiling, and he must be deep in love. At twenty-five I had not published Simplified Psychoanalysis and so filled my antechamber with neurotic people wanting to have their poor motives pried apart. I could like anyone, and Judy was a faint type of my idol. A flood of sympathy washed into my mind and I hoped Walter would marry his sweetheart. It was not professional, of course, but eugenics was still a hazy set of theories, and his marred splendor hurt me, as it did the judge, I found, over the lunch table.

"He wasn't born dumb and Doctor Case thinks something could be done for him. Walter's twenty. Now, let's see. He's from some place in Indiana and his mother was a cousin of McCurdy's—no, his father. Let me get it straight. Well, his dad was away from home and the boy was sleeping in some kind of attic—the top of the house, anyhow—and the place took fire in the night, so his mother lost her head and didn't think of him until after she'd run for help. All this time the poor pup was trying to get down out of his attic and not getting very far. He was nine. The fire burned the stairs and he jumped down into a tree. Hasn't spoken since. He's all right every other way. His folks are dead. He works down at the forge. It's a pity something can't be done. I wonder if he'd go back to New York with you?"

I had made some studies of aphonia at medical school and we discussed the matter while I damaged my liver with the judge's sherry. But people came calling and it was close to Monday noon when I walked down Poplar Street to the drowsy square for a chat with Peter Vanois at the bakery, where the rolls in the showcase had the immutable seeming of marble and Mrs. Vanois was still humming some Gascon song to herself while she knitted garments for Peter's baby.

"What d'you think of Judy Patterson?" Peter inquired.

I delayed an answer until I saw Mrs. Vanois smile civilly aside, then laughed, and Peter assented.

"Of course, everybody's mighty fond of Judy. She's a nice sort of girl, but—well!"

"It is very 'orreeble," said his mother. The Bordeaux street singers, she went on, were not more offensive to her ear, and she thanked God that Judy's efforts would be restricted to a Protestant area. But as a friend of the family one could say nothing.

"And old Patterson's mortgaged the store and everything he's got to send her to Boston. Better go buy a pot of paint, Joe, and help him out," Peter suggested. "Patterson's got it all thought out. She'll sing in the Presbyterian choir all summer, then she'll go to New York, and then—he thinks—it'll be 'bout a week when she comes back in a private car with rubies for tail lights. He thinks she'll bust right into the Metropolitan Opera and raise the roof."

"I can hear the chandeliers falling," murmured Mrs. Vanois, "and I see Madame Eames, who tears out her hair with envy."

"That's all right, mamma," Peter drawled in the tongue of Zerbetta. "Who was it wanted me to be a sculptor 'cause I made horses out of pie dough, huh?"

Mrs. Vanois admitted that all parents were fools. However, Morton Patterson was of a stupidity unexampled even among the accursed Germans. Her French went too fast for me and I sauntered on down Clarke Street, passing shops where few signs were changed since I trotted errands for my mother. Morten Patterson's Paint and Oils Store was changed, if at all, for the worse. I thought an expenditure of a gallon on his own brick would come well in place. The family must still live in the rooms above the gilt signboard, for a geranium box was being watered on a sill and I heard Judith singing tenderly, in the voice of her old solos when a children's party needed that distraction. She was singing Eileen Aroon, and its soft sentiment dripped pleasantly down on me with drops from the geranium. I conjured up Miss Randall, happily unaware that she was just then having measles in London, and entered the shop ready to argue Morton Patterson limp.

He sprang from a chair in the rear and hobbled eagerly forward, not, as I fancied, to shake hands but to wait on me, for he did not know me at once and I saw a hopeful glow sink in his eyes as I told him I was Joe Henry. Still he seemed glad to see me and began to talk of New York with an instant direction. Did I go to the opera? Was it hard for a girl with good letters of introduction to have her voice heard? Letters from a celebrated Boston master? My desire to laugh gave way before his silly pride, and I stood lying until Judith's skirt fluttered on the stairs and she came to meet me, genially declaring I had winked at her in church. Near by she was most unlike Miss Randall, but a pretty, fragile thing, and we settled to a comfortable talk of Boston. Patterson broke in proudly with small babblings about the teacher who had prophesied so much for her. Her mouth twitched at each phrase.

"Maybe Joe doesn't care for music, daddy," she said at last and made a skillful shift to Judge Lowe's rheumatism. I lounged against a shelf of paint cans while we gossiped, and the time slid on without a single customer while Patterson dozed in his chair, a yesterday's Cincinnati Enquirer spread on his knees and his loose lips smiling. But he jumped as the door banged. Walter McCurdy nodded to me and blushed for Judith so that I warmed fraternally, wondering how he managed a courtship on these terms. The sunny window made his head romantic and I envied the fair curls as he reached down a jar of some oil from a shelf and found a quarter in the pocket of his leather apron.

"Well, Walter," said Patterson rather stiffly, "I saw you in church."

"And I hope you're not being worked to death," the girl smiled. "It's a shame that horse bit Mr. McCurdy."

He grinned, foolishly flexing his naked biceps, and the ancient staled ballad hopped into my mouth. The smith, a mighty man was he. The muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands. I doubted that Walter could be worked to death, though the McCurdy smithy was the only one in town, since Bill McCurdy always bought off rivals or, given the backing of a little liquor, drove them out with blows. I hoped the boy was a milder character. He did not stay to be admired, and the sun made his bare shoulders gleam as he strode off down the plank sidewalk, balancing the heavy jar on a palm.

"He oughtn't go round like that," Patterson commented sourly, "in an apron and pants. It isn't refined."

"He's mighty handsome," I said, "and I'll bet he could break rocks on his chest. It's a shame he's dumb."

Patterson thought that Walter would have very little to say for himself if he could talk. And anyhow he wasn't anything but a blacksmith's helper. Wasn't it true that lots of grand-opera stars married dukes and so on?

"Oh, daddy," Judith said with a faint wail in her voice, "don't be so silly!"

"Well, now," he beamed, "it's all right being modest, Judy, but let's ask Joe if you haven't got as good a soprano as any ——"

"Joe never was any sort of a liar, daddy. You don't have to answer, Joe," she cried.

"But didn't Professor Rothschild write me that ——"

I gulped thankfully as some farmer came stamping in for a paintbrush, and I hurried down the street, glad that

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Walter Walked Down the Rungs, With Judy, Wrapped in a Pink Quilt, Held High in His Arms

WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE BLIND

By Annesley Burrowes

TO-DAY there is a great, growing, gripping curiosity about life as it is behind the veil of blindness, curiosity caused perhaps by the plight of the soldiers of France, soldiers of Britain, soldiers of Canada, and especially by the American soldiers whose eyes were shot out, blown out or bayoneted out on the battlefields of France and Belgium. Those who have known these men or heard of them or felt for them may perhaps welcome the message I give—that the life of the blind man need not be one of darkness, but may be one of hope, perhaps of happiness. I know, because I am blind, and yet happy.

Helen Keller wrote to me while I still lay in a Chicago hospital with my last eye raw from the surgeon's knife: "In your journey through the darkness you will touch many things that are sweet and beautiful and good." I have touched them, but not in the darkness. My journey has much color and many changes. It is one of the mistakes most people make—that the blind are always in the dark. And some blind people make it, too, because they have never seen, because they have never learned to tell darkness from light. I have been blind two years, and yet I am seldom in the dark. Sometimes I seem to stand in a world covered deep with glistening snow. Sometimes it seems as though I were in the midst of endless verdure, in shades from the darkest green to the most brilliant emerald. Sometimes there is nothing but ivory white, sometimes pearl gray. Sometimes as though I stood amid the brown smoke of burning forests. Sometimes I see a flat black, broken by great patches of dazzling white. Often, as I pause upon the street, I seem to stand in the center of a pale immensity stretching away on all sides into illimitable horizons.

Poets talk about the veil of blindness, but there is no veil. A veil can be seen. I see nothing but a vast emptiness. And yet my elbows are touched by garments as they pass. Footsteps come and go. I hear the clang of gongs, the rush of traffic, the talk and laughter of women and children. All about me I feel the current, the quiver of life, of trees, birds, animals and men; and yet I seem to stand alone looking into an immeasurable, unpeopled nothingness. It gives one a queer feeling, almost uncanny, yet not distressing.

"I Saw Something Thick and Green Dropping Down Over My Vision Like the Drop Curtain in a Theater" Above—Mr. Burrowes' Camp on the St. John's River, Florida, Which He Set Up With the Aid of Inexperienced Negroes Three Months After Becoming Totally Blind

How Blindness Came

THE experience of being blind is an interesting one, but the process of getting blind is more interesting still. Of course there are all ways of getting blind. I knew a policeman who lost his sight in a fight with burglars. They rapped the back of his head against the pavement, and when he came to he was as blind as an iron dog. The blow had jarred the retina off both his eyes. You can blind yourself almost any day by walking into a close hot room and sitting down beside a basin of wood alcohol. Or you can accomplish the same result by drinking the alcohol.

I became blind in two hours from a cause which no doctor was ever able to find out. In those days I paddled a canoe. I feel half ashamed to mention that, for fear somebody should take me for the kind of canoeman who freights his frail craft with forty-five pillows, a phonograph and a girl, and pushes it along after the fashion of a gondola. I plead guilty to four cushions and an occasional girl, but on the whole I was the kind of canoeist who wanted to hike—to climb the high waves of Huron and Erie and to fight the seething rivers of unsettled Canada. Also, I used my canoe as a workshop. On this lovely June morning, with my little craft ballasted with a pail of ice and a case of liquid refreshment, I had paddled to a shady nook, stretched a board across the gunwales, set upon it a small typewriter, and was busily hammering out a scenario which in after months was resolutely turned down by every movie manager to whom I dared offer it. A little later, while I was busily registering all kinds of emotions, I noticed something thick and green edging out from below my left eyelid. There was no uneasiness, not the slightest pain—only that thick green thing crept lower over my sight, like the drop curtain at a theater. It took two hours to fall, after which I took something off the ice and ate lunch. Afterward the green faded out of the curtain and it became gray with occasional lapses into other colors. I never saw through that eye again.

I never missed that eye because I had another left, and one eye is just as good as a hundred; in fact, I have often marveled at Nature's extravagance in bestowing two perfectly good eyes on a single individual. One can readily see the necessity of two arms, two legs or even two ears. But why two eyes? Of course a second eye comes in handy when the first has been lost, but on that basis it would seem only fair to have provided every man with four legs. How inexpressibly convenient to one whose regular legs had, say, been bitten off by a shark, could he on reaching shore put a pair of boots on his unemployed feet and walk off as though nothing had happened. Then in the matter of teeth—how infinitely more useful had Providence outfitted each man with spare teeth. There are few men who could not get through life very well with one eye, but alas, how few of us are able to carry our own teeth with us to the grave. What a blessing to humanity could men at the age of fifty superannuate their worn-out teeth and call out reserves of teeth to continue the battle against beef and bread.

This waste of eyes seems one of the most inexcusable errors which Nature has committed against her children. When I contemplate the world, which I shall never see again, and think of the millions of people who are carrying round millions of superfluous eyes while others like myself haven't even half an eye, it makes me a rebel against Fate. If Nature with all the billions of eyes in her store had only let me keep my one last eye—how much I should have owed her. But she took it.

The Very Beginning

SO MANY people like to hear the beginning of things. "When did it begin?" they ask me. I tell them it began forty years before I was born; or perhaps four hundred years. In the latter half of that period my father was in the prime of young manhood. Those were the days when men went about their affairs in shirt collars that reached their ears, and high hats. They called them beaver hats, because the silkworm had not yet bored his way into the hatters' trade. My father used to go to bed each night with his high beaver hat on a table close beside him. And when he woke in the morning he would sit up in bed, clap his beaver on his brown curls and roar for soda water—not the sweet kind that you get at the fountain, but that old dry kind that tasted so cool and good when you had spent the preceding evening with a circle of merry friends round the punch bowl.

And when the soda came he would reach under the pillow, pull out a bit of glass with a gold band round it, screw it in his right eye, and there it remained all day. He called it his eyeglass. They call it a monocle now. When he engaged himself to marry, what more natural than that his young fiancée should take this monocle, screw it into her own eye, and glance coquettishly at her loved one. Then she smiled delightedly, for never before had he seemed so handsome. There were questions—explanations. Then she knew for the first time that she, too, was shortsighted. Next evening he came, bringing a second bit of glass circled with gold, and after that my father and mother went through life with a pair of spectacles halved between them. That was the beginning, so far as I knew, of my blindness.

Twenty years afterward my mother, buying herself a monocle in a distant city, bethought to buy me a pair

of spectacles. She brought them home when I was eleven years old. They opened a new world to me. Presently they broke, and I bought myself a new pair. Physician—oculist—optometrist? Who thought of such people in those times? Doctors were to saw off legs, cure the scarlet fever. As for eyes—pouf! Each man was his own optometrist, his own oculist. I used to march into a drug store, plank down three dollars, pick out a pair of glasses as though they were a pair of gloves, focus them on the signs across the street, and then use them to pore over my dictionary and spelling book by the light of a flickering gas jet. I never knew what an oculist was until I was twenty-one years old. He told me I would probably be blind in twenty years, and advised me to cut out books. I did so and took up dancing and other pleasures. Those eyes lasted just two years longer than the doctor promised. Then, at the height of my journalistic success, I was forced to turn out and begin life again. I was not yet blind. I did not entirely give up writing, for I was never able to do that. But my newspaper career was past. It was six years later when that green curtain crept down over my sight, that day when I was hammering out an unsalable scenario in my canoe among the lily pads and the lilies.

With the eye that still remained to me I saw many strange things, for the process of growing blind is an entertaining one. Looking into the midnight sky I always saw three moons, joined so that they looked like the ace of clubs—in contour, of course, not in color. The moons increased in number. Toward the last they looked like a large and luscious bunch of grapes. The stripes on my shirt cuffs took strange geometric patterns.

The Good Eye Begins to Go

IF I LIGHTED a match it was surrounded by an aura as big as a dollar and as brilliant as a pinwheel. When I looked toward an arc light I saw an aura big enough and round enough to make a turntable for a locomotive. It was made of light shafts of the most dazzling green, shot with reds and yellows and surrounded at its outer edge with splendid rings of red, blue and gold. A dozen of these made a display worth going miles and paying an admission fee to look at. I once knew a blind man whose eyes were always full of sights like these, only they moved. His wheels turned round with frightful rapidity, and there were jets of spouting fire. He needed no matches to set off his display. The wheels circled and the jets spouted until he went almost mad, and the doctors cut out both his eyes. It gave no relief, and the wheels continued to spin. After that the man became reconciled to his private display of pyrotechnics, and forgot to notice them.

During these years the fading of my sight had interfered only a little with the pleasure of living. My one eye was doing valiant service. Its sight was very, very short; but, after all, the shortsighted man is not badly off. Spectacles will help him; so will an opera glass, and I carried a tiny one in my waistcoat pocket. People stared a bit when I used it, but what matter? Curious people must have their stare. But aside from mere length of vision that

"I Loved That Eye. It Brought Me Everything of Beauty an Eye Could Find"

one eye was a wonder. Nothing escaped that came within its range. The faces, the hats, the dogs, the babies, the windows and the motor cars—that eye saw them all. I couldn't walk half a mile without seeing something to think about or talk about or laugh about. I loved that eye and enjoyed it. It brought me everything of beauty an eye could find; and beauty always delighted me—beauty of men, beauty of women, of dogs, of horses, of trees, of houses, of clouds; the deep magenta of the sumac; the red flaming of autumn maples; cypress and Spanish moss blooming over Southern swamps; cold white moonlight striking into forest vistas; a brown crumpled leaf floating under bare trees on a gray-green stream; blue-topped mountains and billowing cataracts; the glimmer of snow over dark earth; golden sunset glowing through tall white birches on a black Northern lake. These and other sights are what my eye brought me. They still live, and still come to fill the great emptiness that Nature has cast about me. But the pictures are all old. There are no new ones, and never will be. At this point the famed ejaculation of Mr. Poe's bird of night might appropriately be made.

And now the good old eye which had stayed by me for half a lifetime began to lose its usefulness. A cataract was creeping over it, one of those leathery growths that thicken until sight is extinguished. Very slowly, very gradually the world was retreating from me. When I mislaid things they were hard to find again. A white collar on a white cloth was lost to me. I might pass a black chair a dozen times and never see the black hat which I had put there. Steps became a problem. They looked flat and I must descend gingerly. A man with his back to a window was a mere silhouette. He might be a blond dude or a black waiter. I began to pass friends without knowing them. At social gatherings I had to stare painfully before recognizing an acquaintance. It became embarrassing and I withdrew from such gayeties. From the second row of the parquet I could no longer distinguish the faces upon the stage. Once or twice at photoplays of merit I asked leave to sit among the musicians. Then I stopped going.

Success in Writing

IT REQUIRED two hours to look over a newspaper that I had once scanned in twenty minutes. In crossing streets I had to keep from shadows, for one of them might conceal a coming motor car. When I entered the shadow I could no longer see into the sunlight. After the night had fallen I hesitated at street corners. I was not afraid of the glaring headlights which annoyed so many people. I liked them. It was the worn-out dashlights that bothered me. They rushed at me out of the darkness, and I must jump to avoid them. Once I did not jump soon enough, and the half-lighted car hurled me into the arms of a friend whom I had not met for twenty years. After that I waited at busy street corners and begged passers-by to lead me across.

And yet during this period I came back. The ideas, the observations, the thoughts that had accumulated in my mind during years of journalistic inaction began to come out again in the form of popular essays which local newspapers bought eagerly. I received higher prices than I had ever hoped for. My name was played up in headlines half an inch high. My stuff was read and discussed, and commented on in other prints. I was successful, but it was not to last.

My earlier friends died or drifted away from me. I saw fewer and fewer people and lived to myself more and more. It was a gradual preparation for the days of loneliness when I should see no friends—or almost none. I became reconciled to it. There were other things. I could still read after a fashion, and the doctors said I need no longer deny myself. The sky was as blue as ever and the sunlight still danced upon the water. I still went out in my canoe and felt my way through winding waterways. Sometimes when the night was heavy I seemed to be floating in black midair. I could not see the water that rippled beneath my boat or the trees on either side. But above the trees was the starry sky. It wound, too, like the river below, and I could steer by its direction. Once or twice I lost myself in black darkness, but I blundered on through the gloom until at last I blundered into the right way. There was no danger, it was not deep; but I no longer dared outer and wilder waters.

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"Every Night I Watched the Red Sun Going Down Behind the Water"

THE LITTLE MORE

Lady Violet Was an Erratic Driver at Best, and Ozzie Was Not Enjoying Himself

The little more and how much it is.—BROWNING.

By Leonora Speyer

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

LADY VIOLET'S canary-yellow little car sped through the English lanes with a nervous recklessness that seemed to fit in with Lady Violet's decidedly perturbed mood. She was an erratic driver at best, and Ozzie was not enjoying himself, though to be with Lady Violet was the great purpose and pleasure of his life—had been for six years, ever since he had met her at Ascot, he frankly admitted.

"It's getting worse all the time," she said, avoiding a furniture van that loomed up unexpectedly round a leafy curve, by one of the supreme miracles of life.

Ozzie's position was a trying one. Lady Violet was suffering an acute attack of what she called husbanditis, which meant there was a difference of opinion between her and Sir George; and on these occasions Ozzie was supposed to hold Lady Violet's hand with a subtle blend of tender camaraderie and strong man's passion, and just understand—letting Lady Violet do most of the talking.

The former was quite out of the question of course, as she was driving, and Ozzie felt the latter to be distinctly dangerous in Lady Violet's present state of health, for the same reason.

"Why shouldn't I have Ferdie down two Sundays runnin', as George calls it? Let 'em run! And Ferdie's a genius! Anybody with a soul above huntin' and shootin' would thrill at the thought of having Ferdinand Green composing under his very roof!"

She bethought herself of the brake not one second too soon. When Ozzie recovered he spoke.

"Perhaps it was a mistake to put a piano in his bedroom," he said.

"What nonsense! He must have a piano in his bedroom! All geniuses do! And I got all the scratches off George's damned old oak—or rather Biles did. The car is not running well this morning, Ozzie. Have you noticed?"

For a moment Lady Violet assumed a contemplative expression, reminding one vaguely of a chauffeur's.

"Couldn't you suggest that he doesn't play at four A. M.?" asked Ozzie.

Lady Violet turned and looked at him. It was a disapproving look and the car swerved violently toward the side of the road with the force of it.

"You're an ass, dear thing. Of course I can't suggest any such absurd arrangement. Besides, it's divine listening to Ferdie's music floating through one's dreams! George ought to be ashamed of himself."

Ozzie grinned. But Lady Violet maintained a stoic calm.

"George is a bore! I hate to say it, Oziekins, it grieves me to the heart, but George is a bore—and I am a wretched, wretched woman."

"I like him," said Ozzie stoutly. "He's a topping good sort. I like him quite as much as Ferdie, Vi! And what's more, so do you! I'd like to hear anyone else call George a bore in your presence! Look out!"

Lady Violet whisked by a high two-wheeled cart, barely grazing one of the wheels.

"Wasn't that old Colonel Pritchard?" she asked happily. "Poor old thing, I really must ask him to tea some day."

She drove through the gates of the Sussex Golf Club and slowed up at the first green with great style and precision.

In the meantime Sir George and Eve Sartoris were galloping over the Downs. Eve rode carelessly, a little slouchily; she was if anything too much at home on a horse, but she was the real English horsewoman for all that, perhaps because of that. They pulled up their panting animals by common unspoken assent and stood looking across the green slopes, the stretch of yellow sand beyond, the glittering thread of sea in the distance.

"It's good to see you on a horse," he said, and edged nearer to her. "I believe every mount in my stable knows your hand and is glad, Eve!"

She threw him a happy glance, then grew serious and sighed a little. "That's the tragedy of it," she answered and put her hand gently on her horse's neck.

"What's tragic about it?"

"Oh, not having all the horses I want! Not having any, in fact! Just exercising my friends' horses!"

"I say Eve! That's not kind. You can ride any horse of mine whenever you want to, here or in town. You know that, don't you?"

"I'm sorry," she answered penitently. "Yes, dear George, I know that. You are always so darling to me—you and Vi—only sometimes "

She touched her horse ever so lightly with her crop and they were off again.

"I hear Lady Margaret is coming down this afternoon," she said as they cantered up the drive that led to the fine old house.

"So Vi tells me," he answered a little dubiously. "She's just out of jail, I believe."

Eve laughed.

"She hunger-struck. I even think she was forcibly fed! She must tell us all about it."

"She will—probably before the servants! Every harrowing detail." And Sir George lapsed into rather a gloomy silence.

"Is Ferdinand Green coming?" Eve asked.

"Of course. The piano was tuned this morning. Vi and I discussed the necessity of the piano in the bedroom at great length."

Again the silence.

"Poor George. Cheer up, old friend. Ferdie's much better than Moroni! Always remember that. What became of Moroni, by the way?"

"Oh, Vi discovered that he was a rotter—mercifully before he painted the old kitchen wall blue and put mirrors in it! He disappeared. I believe he made Italian love to Vi one day, and that did for him." And Sir George lit a cigarette calmly.

II

FERDIE GREEN arrived at tea time. He was tall and thin, wore plush waistcoats and strange-looking ties made out of silks and satins which he bought himself by the yard and had carefully copied from an early Victorian model, and in his pale deep eyes was the light of one who is listening to sounds heard only by himself. He was distinctly gifted, cheerfully sure of his genius and of its ultimate recognition, very happy about it all. And when he was not thinking of himself he was thinking of Lady Violet.

She had told him all about the incident of the piano and the scratched oak—as a matter of fact it was rather badly damaged and Sir George had been extremely patient about it—and Ferdie had immediately offered to write a string quartet and dedicate it to him; begun it that very night, in fact.

"Must he play in the middle of the night?" Sir George had asked Lady Violet the next morning.

"Considering that he is composing a string quartet and that he is dedicating it to you I think you're pretty ungrateful," replied Lady Violet.

Sir George had memories of a Monday pop at St. James' Hall which he had unwittingly attended years before, having absent-mindedly followed a stream of people up the steps at the right, upon entering the building, instead of going down other steps at the left, where the Christie Minstrels were performing. He had hated the very name "quartet" ever since, and the idea of having the rum thing dedicated to him was an abhorrent one.

"Pretty ungrateful!" repeated Lady Violet, and turned away. But at the door she felt sorry for him—souls in outer darkness are piteous things. "You see," she added

more kindly, "if a melody comes to him he must write it down, simply must! Otherwise it might be lost forever."

"I quite see what a loss that would be," Sir George replied, "if it were a melody! And I've no objection to his writin' down anything he jolly well likes—but must he play it on the piano from three-thirty to quarter to five?"

"I've tried to explain to you that he must, George dear." Lady Violet's tone was infinitely weary. "I—I wish you could understand!"

"All right, Vi. I can sleep in the gardener's cottage."

"The beds are excellent," she answered; "I'll tell Biles to have your pyjamas taken over, and some blankets."

But Sir George did not sleep in the gardener's cottage. He locked up the piano and told Ferdie he would give him the key in the morning. And Ferdie had roared with laughter. So had Eve—which gave Lady Violet another attack of husbanditis.

"And I believe that Eve encourages him, Ozzie. That girl is getting altogether tiresome. Do you know what I think?" Lady Violet paused impressively. "I think she is actually trying to flirt with my George! Upon my soul, I do!"

"Good old George!" said Ozzie. "Besides, what do you care?"

"What do I care? What on earth do you mean by that?"

"You've got us!" And Ozzie grinned outrageously.

Lady Violet wasn't in the least offended at this monstrous remark.

"You! You, indeed! A fat lot of good you are to me! You don't even understand! And you know very well I do care and that it's my duty to care. It's my sacred duty to care! And it would be very injurious for George to start flirting at his time of life. It isn't as if he'd done it from his youth up."

"Like others," said Ozzie, adding hastily, "He's looking very fit."

"That's just the superficial point of view I should expect from you," Lady Violet replied witheringly, "and I didn't say George was flirting with Eve. I said I believed she was trying to flirt with him."

"And Eve's a good sort," Ozzie continued. "I'd stake a lot on that. She's all right, Vi."

"I sincerely hope so," said Lady Violet significantly. "Though I do think her studio has had a deteriorating effect upon her; I do, really."

"In what way, I would like to know?" asked Ozzie, deeply interested.

"Well, she doesn't do her hair as well as she used to, for one thing. You needn't laugh! When a woman begins doing her hair carelessly all of a sudden, it indicates some structural change in her, mentally or morally. That I'll swear to! Something's wrong. And when something's wrong you don't want a woman to start understanding your husband! I've my opinion of studios, anyway." Lady Violet pressed her lips ominously together.

"It's cheap living in a studio. That's why she does it, since her mother died. Besides, she paints, doesn't she?"

"Have you seen her work? I pause in loving charity. No, no, studios are all right for the middle classes and for geniuses of course, but on a girl brought up like Eve Sartoris they're bound to leave their mark."

"You frighten me," said Ozzie cheerfully.

"Oh, you can scoff, friend Ozzie. And she can have all the studio parties—wasn't that last one fun? And it's quite true that George is my husband and labors under that disadvantage—but I'm very fond of him all the same, and if I'd had any children he would have been the father of them. And if Eve starts vamping him, as Cissie Van T. would say —"

She thought of something suddenly. "How outrageous of George to lock up Ferdie's piano! He'll probably never put his feet in our house again!"

Well, here was Ferdie; and his long narrow feet were very much at home beating a complicated rhythm on the leg of one of Sir George's most cherished Queen Anne tables.

"It's something quite new. It's never been done, never! I'll play it to you after tea." A little trickle of cream fell onto the plush waistcoat, but Ferdie was too absorbed to notice it. "I think I'll introduce it into the *scherzo* of the quartet," he said and helped himself to a hot buttered muffin.

"How is the divine quartet?" Lady Violet asked. "George is so set up about it!" She threw a significant glance in Sir George's direction.

"I've brought the score down. I mean to finish the *scherzo* here."

"That's great!" replied Sir George politely. "Ah, here's Lady Margaret."

Lady Violet flew into Lady Margaret's arms with a little scream of welcome.

"My brave one, my martyr! And how thin! My dear, it's wonderful!"

Lady Margaret pulled her belt about four inches away from her still portly waist and permitted it to snap back against her body again.

"Half a stone," she announced. "How are you, everybody? Vi, dear, bless you. How do, Sir George? Ah, the genius," and she smiled brilliantly in Ferdie's direction. "Half a stone and a bit! Would have been much more, but they found out I was an earl's daughter—that ass, Milly, sent some underclothes to me and a crest turned up on something or other. After that the fat was in the fire, the snobs! I refused to be released on promise of good behavior, so they turned me out, neck and crop. Just as I was going to be forcibly fed too, worse luck! Beastly bore. No sugar, please."

"Aren't women wonderful!" exclaimed Lady Violet. "You must tell us all about it, Maggie. We'll get the vote, won't we, my dear?"

"Been smashing more plate glass in Regent Street, I see," remarked Sir George, and he helped Lady Margaret to some seedcake.

"What of it?" she retorted a little snappily. "It's better than burning government buildings, which is what you men did at the time of the Reform Bill! What's more, we'll come to that—and worse than that—if you don't take warning." And she bit darkly into the seedcake.

"Don't mind Georgie Porgie," said Lady Violet gayly. "You just go on being your splendid selves. And trust England! How I wish I had the heroism to smash a window! Being the poor harem type of woman, I don't dare. Only, why Regent Street, Maggie? Bond Street is so much more representative. It would make all Mayfair think. I wish you'd choose Bond Street, dear."

"I suggested Bond Street, but they seemed to prefer the—shall we say the more middle-class thoroughfare. These are democratic times, you know. One has to consider the people nowadays."

Sir George got up from his chair. "Gad," was all he observed, but they all looked at him.

"What do you say to a game of billiards before dinner, Eve?" he continued.

Eve rose with evident enthusiasm. "I'd adore a game," she said. "Want to come, Ozzie?"

Ozzie caught the flicker of Lady Violet's eyelids. "Sorry, Miss Eve. Promised to be fourth at bridge. Besides, you and old George would slaughter me."

"Coward," said Eve calmly, turning toward the door.

"We can't play bridge anyway," remarked Lady Violet. "Eve leaves us three to play, as Ferdie has a soul above bridge. It doesn't matter, darling," she added as Eve hesitated at the door; "we'll make him tell us all about his new rhythm. Run along, children. Bless you." And Lady Violet lit a cigarette benignly.

Only Ozzie noticed the deepening pink of her cheeks, noticed it and thought about it long after it had faded. Decidedly things were getting worse all the time; it was beginning to fidget him, and Ferdie's new rhythm was no consolation, though Lady Violet revived marvelously under its pagan swing.

"He's Going to Elope With Eve Sartoris on Tuesday Week at Two P. M. on the Good Old Terestia!"

III

"MUST you so plainly show how my friends bore you?" she asked, looking into Sir George's dressing room before dinner.

He was putting the finishing touches to his immaculate tie and Lady Violet

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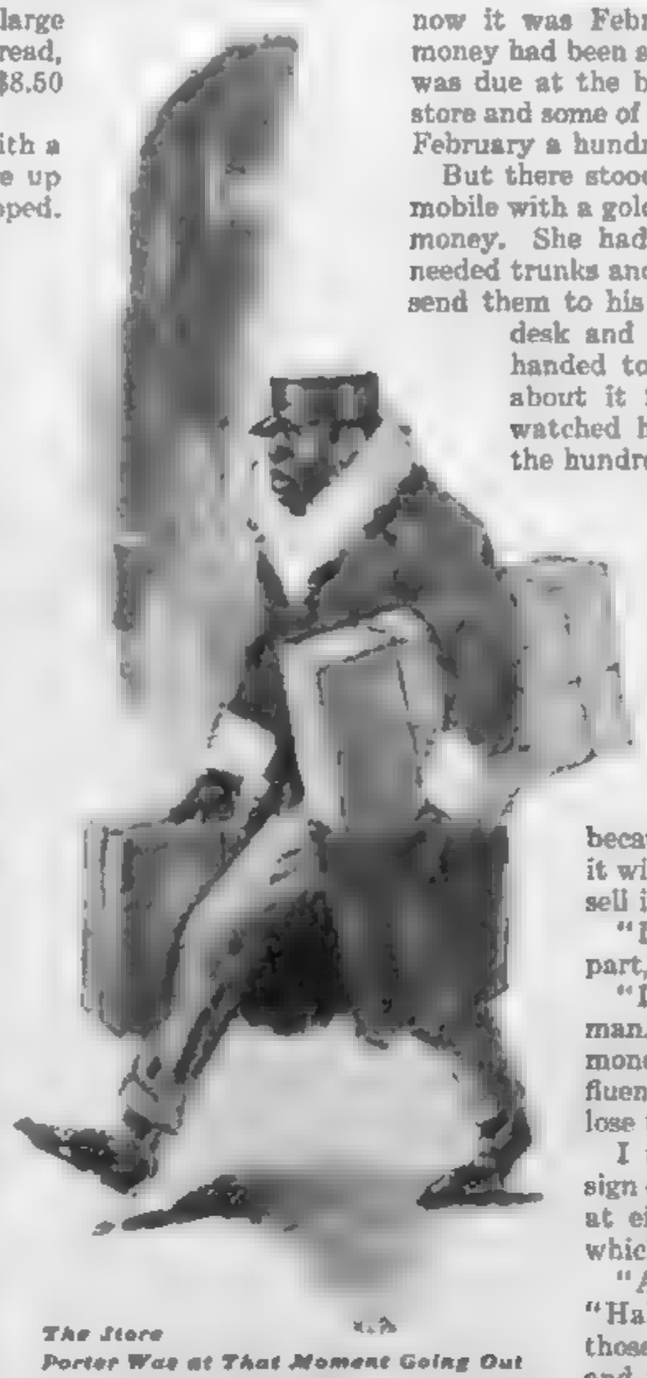
Is the Customer Always Right?

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I HAPPENED in on the proprietor of the Leading Trunk and Leather Goods Store. He was getting ready to change his window display. In front of him was a stack of yellow-leather suitcases for which he was painfully lettering a large cardboard sign which should read, "Guaranteed Value, Only $8.50 Each."



The Store Porter Was at That Moment Going Out the Door With a Couple of Bundles

A handsome automobile with a monogram on the door drove up to the curb in front and stopped. A well-dressed woman got out of the car and came into the store. The trunk man dropped his marking brush in a hurry and went hopefully forward to meet his customer. The colored chauffeur had also got out of the automobile and entered the place, carrying a black walrus-skin traveling bag, which he set heavily on the floor.

"This is the bag I bought for my husband's Christmas present," said the lady pleasantly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the merchant uneasily.

Even the most expensive hand bag might have a flaw in it somewhere which could be the basis of a complaint. He opened it up and looked inside at the array of white-celluloid toilet articles tucked neatly in the little pockets. Everything seemed all right.

"I guess you want your husband's initials put on those brushes," said the trunk man cheerfully. "I'll be glad to do it, and you can get them to-morrow."

"Why no, I didn't bring it in for that," the lady interrupted. "You see, when I bought the bag we thought we were going to Europe this summer. But all the newspapers say it will be a bad time to go abroad on account of poor hotel accommodations and all that, so we have decided not to go this year. And so of course my husband hasn't any use for the traveling bag."

"But Christmas was two months ago," protested the merchant. "I don't see how I can exchange it at this late date."

The lady bristled ever so slightly.

How Retailers Even Up

"THE date ought not to make any difference," she said firmly. "The bag has never been used; in fact, it has not been out of my hall closet since the day after Christmas. Even the price tag is on it yet."

The price tag was on it sure enough—some mysterious characters for the wholesale cost and on the reverse side in large plain figures, $100. The unhappy trunk-store man had to make his decision quickly. On the one hand there was a hundred-dollar article that would probably have to wait until another Christmas to get sold again; but on the other hand there was a customer who owned an automobile with a gold monogram on it who would probably be peeved if he refused to do what she wanted. He decided in favor of the customer, and being a wise man who believes in doing disagreeable things gracefully he assumed a cheerful and almost grateful manner.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'll be glad to exchange it for you. How would you like to swap it for a nice wardrobe trunk? I have some beauties—just arrived from the factory—all fixed up with a hat compartment and everything."

His suggestion fell on unresponsive ears; he was not to get off so easily.

"No, there is nothing I am in need of just now," said the customer resolutely. "I will just let you refund me the money."

Another brain storm on the part of the storekeeper. His mind harked back to the busy days of December, when his store was full of customers gayly buying holiday gifts, the cash register ringing every minute and so much money in the till each night that he was afraid to leave it in the store, but carried it home and hid it under the mattress. But now it was February—and different. All the holiday money had been sent away to expectant creditors; a note was due at the bank; only occasional customers in the store and some of them merely wanted repairing done. In February a hundred dollars is a lot of money.

But there stood the customer who owned a big automobile with a gold monogram on the door waiting for her money. She had friends and relatives who sometimes needed trunks and leather goods; a word from her might send them to his competitors. He wavered over to his desk and gloomily wrote out a check, which he handed to the customer, trying to be pleasant about it for the sake of future business. He watched her get into her car and drive off, gave the hundred-dollar traveling bag a disgusted kick and came back to his work of sign writing.

"That little transaction cost me at least fifty dollars," he said when he could trust himself to talk. "It was bought a week before Christmas and after it had gone out of the store I had several calls for just such an article. Being distinctly a holiday item, I will have to pack it away until next December and then sell it at a reduction, because it will be a little out of style. And it will take just as much valuable time to sell it the second time as it did the first."

"It didn't seem very fair on the lady's part," I ventured.

"I'll say it wasn't fair!" replied the trunk man. "And I wouldn't have given her the money except that she belongs to an influential family and I was afraid I might lose their trade."

I noticed that he had thrown away the sign on which he had advertised his suitcases at eight-fifty and was making a new one which read, "Splendid value, $10."

"Aren't you making a mistake?" I asked. "Half an hour ago you were going to sell those suitcases for eight-fifty and now you are asking ten dollars. How come?"

"I have got to do it to make up the loss I have just sustained," the trunk man said seriously. "At eight-fifty I would make a little profit if there were no such transactions as you have just seen. But I have been thinking it over and decided that I can't sell them for less than ten dollars."

I left the proprietor of the Leading Trunk and Leather Goods Store to his thoughts and sign writing. But the incident opened up a long vista of speculation. The purchasers of an assorted lot of suitcases were going to be taxed a dollar and a half apiece extra because one woman with a fine automobile and rich relations had put over something that was not fair. Do people impose on storekeepers? And if so do storekeepers charge more for their goods to make up for such losses? Are the reasonable customers paying for the unreasonableness of the other kind?

I entered the Guaranty Clothing Store to find out if men customers ever make unreasonable demands, thus increasing the expense of natty dressing to all. It is hard to believe that anything disagreeable can happen in an establishment selling men's high-grade clothing and furnishings. There is a heartiness of salesmanship in such places that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Perhaps in the old days when it was necessary to dig among piles of clothing on long tables to find a customer's size there may have been pessimistic clothing salesmanship, but it is all gone now. It is no trouble to show goods; the racks of clothing slide easily out of the long glass show cases and the three-sided mirrors tempt a man to try on something and see how the back of his neck actually appears to others. The high-grade clothing salesman is a man's man, earnestly desirous that his customers shall walk the streets well dressed. The proprietor of the Guaranty was a little shaken out of his regular cordiality when I said I supposed it was only the stores which cater to women's trade that have to contend with unreasonable demands from customers. The store porter was at that moment going out the front door with a couple of bundles. His employer called him back and told me to look carefully at the overcoat he was wearing.

It was a nice overcoat. The thought ran dimly through my mind that the wages of colored porters must have gone up to be able to wear such garments, but feeling that I was expected to say something I merely remarked that I bet he was a hit with the girls in a coat like that. The porter laughed politely and passed on. Then I heard the story of the gray overcoat.

The Story of the Gray Overcoat

SOME three months before, on a Saturday night, when clothing stores keep open evenings, a prominent man of the city came in with his wife and asked to look at overcoats.

The head salesman waited on the customers. He showed them cordially through the stock, trying a garment on the gentleman now and then and sticking reasonably close to the facts about how distinguished the gentleman looked in each one. But his salesmanship was not quite successful; the customers said they guessed they would look a little further, and went out. The salesman walked to the door with them and said heartily that it had been a pleasure to wait on them anyhow and if they did not find anything that suited better to come back and get the coat which had such a dandy set round the collar. Sure enough they came back after a while and said they had not found anything they liked better; if the sleeves on the coat could be shortened a little they would take it. Shortening sleeves is a mere trifle where the sale of an eighty-dollar garment is concerned. The tailor was called downstairs and made some marks on the cloth with an edged piece of chalk, while the salesman hovered round throwing in a suggestion or so to show how interested he was in making a perfect fit. The coat was sent home that same night; the gentleman was a charge customer and the amount was entered against him in the ledger.

A Floor Manager May Not Lose His Temper if He Is to Hold His Job

On the first of the following month a bill was mailed to the customer and the next day someone from his office phoned in to say that the gentleman was away on a business trip and would not be back for some time. On the first of the following month the bill was mailed again; this time it brought results. The customer came in with the bill in his hand and the overcoat on his arm.

He passed by all clerks and hunted up the proprietor.

"I got your bill for this coat," he said, "but I don't feel like paying for it."

From long experience the clothing man knew that one must be extra polite with a customer who thinks he has a grievance. "I certainly don't want you to pay for anything that isn't just right," he said. "Let's look at the garment and see what is the trouble."

He held it up and looked it over critically. Outside of the fact that it was wrinkled from a good many miles of

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The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Bart Wherry

OUR people are distressed because Bart Wherry, the lawyer, will move to the county seat and open an office there. We don't like to lose a good citizen, particularly one like Bart Wherry, who has become rather noted over the state because of his speeches in conventions and at notable court trials.

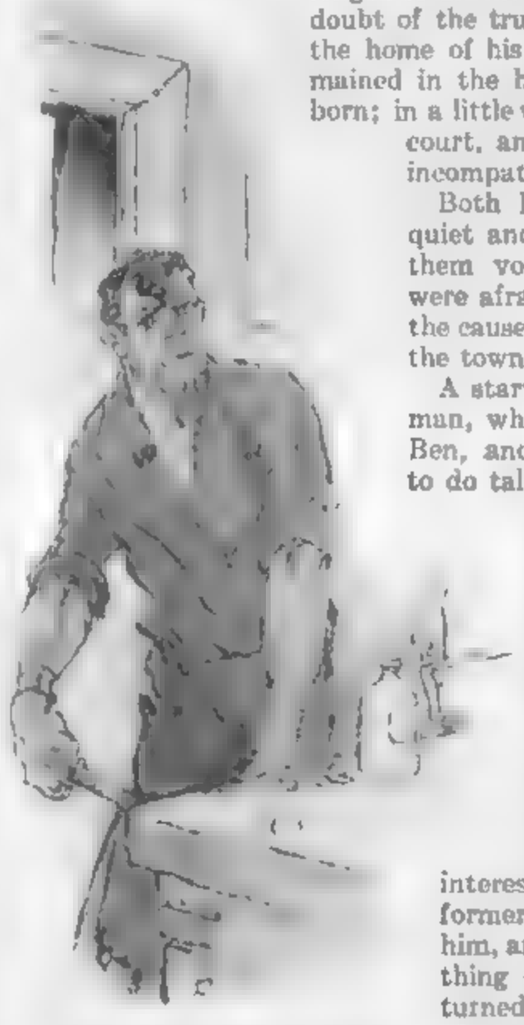
So a committee called on him to see if anything could be done. It turned out nothing could be done; Bart is going away. He talked quite frankly to members of the committee. It seems he is tired of keeping Charley Millard down.

Charley Millard is a man of about Bart's age, and in Bart's employ; he sits in the outer office and tells callers when Bart will be at leisure. In addition he keeps the books and looks after the collections.

Charley Millard does not really amount to a great deal, having tried practicing law for himself, but when Bart Wherry wins a big case we all say Charley Millard really won it; that he looked up the law and told Bart what to say in the trial. When Bart makes a speech at a convention and the papers ring with it, we say Charley Millard wrote the speech; that he is bookish, while Bart is not.

Charley Millard's wife also believes her husband should have the reputation as a lawyer enjoyed by his employer, and in the course of a long time Bart has become tired of the talk. So he is going to the county seat to open an office.

Charley Millard wanted to go along and occupy his old position, but Bart said to him: "No, Charley, you have already done too much for me. I want you to take the position in the legal world your talents deserve. And at the same time I expect Fin. Wilkinson to be nominated this fall for President of the United States. It has always been said of Fin. that were it not for whisky he would occupy the first position in the gift of the people. Now that no more liquor is to be had let Fin. come through with you."



The Husband Procured a Six-Shooter and a Jug

Pilson Blair

A GOOD many observers say Pilson Blair is enjoying his second wife as much as the Widow Sayer enjoys the life insurance she collected from the lodge.

Ben Barton

THOUGH we are excited in this town nearly every day because of a rumor that something is likely to happen before night, it usually blows over, and we find there was not a great deal in the talk in the first place.

But one day a bomb exploded without the slightest preliminary warning: Ben Barton and his wife Emily parted.

We had known them for years, and they seemed to get along as well as any respectable married couple. They had a nice home and three interesting children. Ben was prosperous, and generally said to be a coming man; his wife was a model of propriety, and belonged to an excellent family. But there was no doubt of the truth of the report. Ben went to the home of his parents to live, and Emily remained in the house where their children were born; in a little while they applied quietly to the court, and were divorced on account of incompatibility.

Both Ben and Emily were naturally quiet and dignified, and since neither of them volunteered any information we were afraid to ask them. So for a year the cause of the trouble between them was the town mystery.

A start was finally made by Tom Wyman, who made a trip to the city with Ben, and while they had nothing else to do talked about a little of everything except the divorce. But Tom did say to Ben that though Emily had talked rather freely to her women friends about their differences she had said nothing that prevented the boys from being on his side.

Tom had not really heard of Emily saying anything, but thought he would try that, and it worked first rate. Ben took a good deal of interest in the statement that his former wife had been talking about him, and, though he didn't say anything definite, as soon as Tom returned home he saw to it that some of the women said to Emily that though Ben had been talking rather freely to the men they were on her side. She also took a good deal of interest, and by degrees we got the whole story. Ben told his side, and Emily told hers, fully and freely.

I know only Ben's side, which I have heard him tell, and perhaps this will be sufficient.

Ben says his wife not only insisted on keeping a cow but sold milk, and he didn't like it, as it was an intimation that he didn't provide his wife with a reasonable amount of spending money. Nor was this all; though they kept a hired man and servant girl the cow was very troublesome. Ben says he rarely went home in the evening that there wasn't some row about the cow not coming up or the children failing to deliver the milk. If it wasn't that it was a dispute about tickets, and one time a woman in the neighborhood made a great row over the milk sent her, saying a preservative had been put into it, which made her baby so ill she was compelled to send for a doctor. There was some talk of arresting Ben, though he had always been opposed to keeping a cow and particularly to selling milk.

All this made Ben very angry, so he said to his wife they didn't seem to be cut out for the milk business: that the cow had long annoyed him and that since he was doing well he would cheerfully buy all the milk the family needed. Ben confessed he talked more freely to Emily than he had ever done before, but thought he had at least settled the cow question forever; the animal was sold at a sacrifice, and he heard no more about the matter for three months.

Then a man came to Ben and said they might as well understand each other: that Ben's cow had broken into his garden and damaged things so much that he would no longer stand it. Ben replied that he had no cow, but the man proved he had. It seemed that Emily had bought another cow without her husband's knowledge, kept it in a neighbor's barn and was again selling milk.

One word brought on another, with the result that they parted.

As I have already admitted, I do not know Emily's side of the story, which I regret; I would like to hear her explanation of one charge made by her former husband, and which investigation reveals to be true.

She has been free from Ben two years, and has plenty of means; she has a barn and a hired man, but since her husband left the house she has not kept a cow.

She Had Slipped in After Her Father Was Asleep

Walt Williams

WILL MARSH went into Walt Williams' grocery and bought a sack of apples. Walt not only helped Bill eat them but invited everyone who came in to have an apple out of Bill's sack. Walt has been the victim of tasters for years, and was getting even.

Belle Davison

THE school-teacher, Miss Belle Davison, very gentle, womanly and popular, reached forty-three without a love affair, and was a credit to her admirable sex in every way; few had ever lived in the neighborhood who were equally liked.

But one day a scamp of a fellow began paying her attention, and she became madly infatuated with him; she ran after him as madly as a girl of seventeen ever chased a sweetheart; she violated her own rules, one after another, and the neighbors were shocked.

Not that she actually did anything wrong; the astounding thing was that she fell violently in love, and was as sentimental and foolish as a girl. It was pitiful, tragical; and the scamp upon whom she lavished her affection didn't appreciate it, but married another woman. Belle Davison is so thin and unhappy now that meeting her on the street is as depressing as a funeral.

Andrew Hackbarth

MOST of the old-timers came to this county in 1854, when the land was opened to settlement. Among the number was Andrew Hackbarth, a likable man, except that he did not get along with his wife. We heard he had been a member of the legislature in the older country he came from; and we knew he was a worker, though the trouble with his wife bothered him and rendered him quiet.

(Continued on Page 45)

Late at Night a Party of Rough Men Brought a Horse Thief Into the Store

MEMPHIS BOUND

The Wildcat Called the Turn. "You Got Yo' Feet Wet Dat Time. Get Yo' Haid Undeh Now. Come Twenty-one"

I don't botheh work,
Work don't botheh me
Me an' Lily's Memphis bound—
Memphis, Ten-o-see.

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEVERAL wet acres east of Greenwich Village the military Wildcat rared up on the bow deck of the Texan and faced a civilian future that promised to be as dull as a Jerusalem Easter. A homeward-bound quartermaster quartet lined up against the port rail lingered long on the minor chords of Aloha Oi! The red chevron on the Wildcat's left sleeve voiced its sinister promise of the forthcoming divorce; a divorce that would separate the Wildcat from the business of parading round and round, from his free rations, his free clothes and the various casual advantages of army life in the A. E. F.

Unstable as a whirling dervish in a circulating library the bow of the Texan danced up and down and round on the swells which launched from a distant Atlantic storm. The Wildcat sat down on deck. Lily, his mascot goat, was tethered to a near-by cargo winch. The mascot nibbled delicately on a handful of oil-soaked waste which caught the drip of a leaking stuffing box. The steel deck was slippery and Lily's feet clicked in an irregular effort to stay beneath their owner's center of gravity. The clicking suggested something to the Wildcat. He fished round in his sock and brought out a pair of dice. A moment later he launched the dice across the deck of the Texan.

"Boys, rally roun'! Lissen at de baby gallopers! Shoots a dollar! De bone remedy cures whut ails you! Any boy! Shoots a dollar!"

"Cut it out!" A white soldier sprawled full length on the deck gave the Wildcat a little good advice. "If that moral uplifter shark sees you with them bones he'll throw you in the brig or else make four passes and clean you."

The Wildcat put the dice away.

"Dog-gone, I wish we wuz back in de wah!"

He turned to his mascot. He reached in the side pocket of his blouse and produced a harmonica. The thin notes of the assembly mingled with the lament of Aloha Oi!

"Lily, 'tenshun! As you wuz! When I calls you to 'tenshun, sway-back yo'se'f!"

"Head up!" The Wildcat mumbled to himself. "Cap'n, de company is formed." Then in louder tones he addressed the mascot. "By de numbers. Front laigs parade res'! Hind laigs, parade res'! Not bofe together. You must think you is twins. Fo' a three-striped goat you's de know-leastest I eveh see."

"Blaa!" said Lily.

"Silence in de ranks! Front laigs at ease! Hind laigs at res'!" Lily sat down on the steel deck.

"'Tenshun!"

Lily stood rigidly on all four feet. From the pocket of his blouse the Wildcat produced a little O. D. cape and a small overseas cap. The cape was decorated with three gold stripes. He set the cap on the goat's bony head and after fishing a fourth gold stripe from his pocket he began to sew it on the goat's cape.

"Goat, listen to me! I aims to knock you loose fr'm yo' hawns some day. I wants to git dis stripe all ready. It's a wound stripe. Does you aim to follow me roun' afteh we lan's—stan steady theh! Come to 'tenshun when Ise speakin'—you betteh git mil'tary 'fo you needs de iodine."

One of the interested spectators, a sergeant, spoke up.

"You got no chance in the world of takin' that mascot on shore with you. These sailors think more of that goat than they do of the boat."

"Lily b'longs to me. Me an' dat goat went th'oo de Battle of Bo'deaux together mo' times dan you wuz in de guardhouse."

The argument was terminated by the appearance of the uplift gentleman who presently began to speak.

"Thirty minutes from now," he said, "there will be singing on the for'd deck here and I want all you boys to join in. Two of you boys come with me and help carry the songbooks out."

A pair of reluctant volunteers followed the uplifter aft and started down a hatch housing.

The prospect of thirty minutes' freedom from moral supervision reacted quickly upon the Wildcat and half a dozen hardened gamblers of his color. Presently the seven were leaning far out over the rail at the bow of the Texan.

"Wisht Ah Knew Whut at de Ol' Sto' Wuz Whuh Ah Got Dese Shoes. Wisht Ah Had Me a Pair of Army Shoes"

"I banks," the Wildcat said. "Odd numbehs to win down deep in five dips. Dollah a dip."

Seven pairs of eager eyes were directed at the stem of the ship where it cut the surface of the water. The great vessel plunged.

"Nineteen feet," the Wildcat exulted. "Ah wins." The boat's bow lifted and sank again into the swell of the sea. "Nineteen again—an' twenty-one feet. Ah wins three straight! Float, ol' elephant! Ah wins on seventeen!"

The Wildcat called the turn.

"You got yo' feet wet dat time. Get yo' haid undeh now. Come twenty-one."

The bow of the boat sank until the twenty-one-foot mark on the stem was even with the water surface.

"Ah wins five straight. Pay me now." From each of his six associates the Wildcat collected five dollars. "Dey might stop us gamblin', but dey can't stop de ol' boat. Sho' is a lucky boat. Headed de right way too!"

"Shut up! Here comes the song bird."

"Whut day's dis?"

"Prune day. Dey all is. I banks you boys five dollahs a helpin' on de odd prunes fo' dinneh."

"Us is runnin' short of prunes. I bet we only gets fo' to-day. I takes you, Wil'cat."

One of the Wildcat's associates accepted the conditions of the prune bet.

"You pays up when de prunes is dished out. Once you eats prunes you ain't 'sponsible fo' whut you does."

The uplifter and his two assistants distributed the songbooks. The Wildcat looked at his book.

"Ah sees de words but what dey says Ah don' know."

When the singing began, however, the Wildcat's voice was lifted with the rest. Before he burst into song each time he indulged in whispered arrangements with the compact brunette group about him.

"Ten dollahs on de odd page."

"You's faded, Wil'cat."

"We will now sing Whiter Than Snow," the uplifter announced. "Page sixty-nine."

"Boy, pay me. Ah wins," the Wildcat whispered. "Sixty-nine come odd."

After the song the uplifter engaged in a brief lecture. "You have escaped the perils of France," he concluded, "and now you are about to face the temptations of a great city. I want you boys to pledge yourselves to refrain from games of chance and from gambling from this moment on. Those of you who will do so will raise their right hands."

The entire assemblage signified its resolve to keep free from the evils of gambling. With his hand upraised in promise the Wildcat bowed his head and whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"Five dollahs on de even"

"We will now sing Sweet and Low, page forty."

"Page fo'ty. Fo'ty ways to win. Pay me now," the Wildcat whispered quickly. He collected his winnings and sang strenuously, using a text

foreign to the printed words—"Ah always win, Ah always win, cause me an' my mascot's free f'm sin."

Where sin was concerned Lily was at the moment not quite so pure as the driven snow, having casually indulged in the satin lining of the uplifter's cap, which he had removed during the song service. The Wildcat settled for the damage with a quick apology and a savage jerk on the rope about Lily's neck.

"Ah'll learn you to eat caps! Come to 'tenshun! Say you is sorry to de white gen'mun, you sacrilegious digester, befo' Ah knocks yo' hawns down yo' th'oat."

"Blaa!" apologized Lily.

At evening the Texan dropped her hook off Governor's Island and swung with the tide until dawn. The Wildcat's captain sent for him. The captain was convoyed by a politically conspicuous father-in-law and a blushing bride in whose seasick ears the echoes of the captain's promise to "Love, Honor and Oh, Baby" were still ringing.

"We're going over to the Hotel Pennsylvania," the captain said. "You will have to go on up East River and out to Camp Mills with the rest of the casuals. You have your discharge and special orders from the base commander at Bordeaux and all you need is a clearance from the medical officers at Camp Mills. As soon as they turn you loose hunt me up at the Hotel Pennsylvania. I want you to come down to Memphis and take care of the house."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

All the Wildcat remembered of his instructions was the word Memphis. He stood at the ship's rail with some misgiving and saw his captain and his captain's lady and the politically conspicuous senatorial father-in-law embark for the Battery in the launch flying the quarantine flag. His melancholy reverie was interrupted by the bleat of his mascot behind him. He turned to Lily.

"Goat," he said, "you's de next thing. Whut to do about you Ah don' know."

At dawn the Texan nosed to her berth and presently by companies the various organizations began to disembark. The Wildcat, a discharged casual, began to realize his independence and to regret the loss of the yoke of authority which his military neck had sustained. He swallowed heavy and finally parked his Adam's apple under the neckband of his O. D. shirt.

"Lily, come here!" He led the goat through a hatch housing and down the companionway to the deck below. He walked to his bunk. He cut two short pieces of light cotton rope from the coil which he used to bind his nonmilitary blanket roll. "Lily, 'tenshun!" he hissed. "Front laigs at ease! Hind laigs at res'!" The tonneau part of the mascot sat down. The Wildcat tied Lily's hind legs together tightly. "Don' ask me no questions. As you wuz!"

With the other piece of rope he tied the goat's front legs together. His helmet, his mess kit, two or three extra shirts and an assorted accumulation of minor impedimenta were discarded and in their place deep within the roll of six blankets Lily presently formed the nucleus of a compact but quickened bed roll. The Wildcat looped several lengths of rope about the ensemble after it had been sheathed in a waterproof shelter half. He essayed a bleat or two in imitation of Lily's silenced voice. He tried again with greater success, muffling his ventriloquism deep within his throat.

"Does Lily start a ruckus, Ah goes 'Blaa' once or twice and claims it's me. Ah'll get dat goat offen de boat no matteh how many folks is lookin'."

Five minutes later in a pier choked with O. D. humanity strenuously milling under a futile wave of military efficiency the Wildcat said yessum to a white lady and accepted a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie.

"Ol' coffee sho' is noble. Thank you, ma'm, thank you. Sho' is noble pie."

He engulfed about sixty per cent of his segment of pie with the first bite. His clamping jaws came together on another problem. He fished the problem out of his mouth with the little finger of the hand carrying his coffee cup. Shining with the reflected rays of a brilliant future, out of the corners of his eyes he saw a little tin horseshoe.

"Mebbe de lady whut made de pie et tobacco. Mebbe de lady's boy. Anyway, Lady Luck, here us is."

By midafternoon, except for various officials whose duties kept them permanently on the pier, the structure was practically deserted. One of these officials made his way toward the Wildcat, who was seated against the landward wall of the pier shed near the door. "What outfit do you belong to?" the brass-button man asked.

"Cap'n, Ise a casual," the Wildcat returned. "Ah got mah discharge an' de red stripe in Bo'deaux."

"What are you doing round here?"

"Me, I just landed off de boat."

"You say you got your discharge in Bordeaux?"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

"Let me see it."

The Wildcat fished round in his pocket and produced several papers which the officers in Bordeaux had advised him to retain. The man with the brass buttons looked them over.

"Get out of here!" he said. "You've finished with the Army a long time back."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

The Wildcat picked up his blanket roll and started for the door. From the depths of the roll there came a faint bleat. The brass-button man looked at him suspiciously.

"Hold on! What you got there?"

"Cap'n, suh, nuthin'. Ah was just crowin' in mah th'oat like dis."

The Wildcat essayed a couple of "Blaas" to camouflage the vociferous Lily.

His efforts convinced the brass-button man, but they also excited the concealed cargo. The Wildcat walked through the door of the pier shed blaa-ing himself along at something less than sixty miles an hour. Once he reached his arm surreptitiously about the blanket roll and gave it a terrific squeeze, but instead of silencing Lily it served only to accentuate her plaintive tones.

"Damnedest crazy nigger I ever saw."

The brass buttons turned and resumed his official indolence.

Once clear of the pier shed the Wildcat reached into the bundle.

"For two jitneys and a picayune Ah'd choke you to death!" he hissed. "Me goin' 'Blaa' like a fool. Come up here wid me."

In the seclusion of an angle formed by a billboard and a brick wall the Wildcat opened the end of his blanket roll and dragged the mascot into the light of the fading day. He removed the cords fore and aft which bound Lily's feet.

"Stan' up there!"

He produced the tin horseshoe which he had retrieved from the apple pie and held it before Lily's nose.

"Goat, does you see dat? Lady Luck is trailin' us an' 'less you acts noble from now on Ah aims to th'o you in de ocean. Wid dis hoss-shoe Ah don' need you no longeh."

Lily took three short steps with her head down and landed violently on the Wildcat's shins. She hit him again squarely from behind as he was rising to his feet. She charged the third time and the Wildcat rolled to one side in an endeavor to escape the four-legged tornado. Lily put considerable English on herself.

Her horns established contact with that area on the Wildcat's cranium which he scratched when he did not know about anything.

"Kamerad!" he yelled. "You wins! Ca'm yo'se'f, goat! Ah quits! Come on uptown an' Ah'll buy you some fancy grub. Ah neveh aimed not to need you. Ah needs you all de time. You is all de luck Ah got."

Half an hour later Lily and the Wildcat got on the train at the Long Island depot—dived under East River and came to the surface in the Pennsylvania Station. When darkness fell it found the pair wandering round Union Square.

"Us camps heah fo' de night, Lily," the Wildcat said.

He unrolled his bed roll and was about to go into temporary camp when a policeman moved him out. Down the street he saw an electric sign. He asked a white gentleman a question.

"Cap'n, suh, kin you tell us whah at we kin git some grub?"

The stranger thus addressed glanced about him and saw the electric sign.

"There is a restaurant over there—Child's Restaurant," he said.

"Cap'n, thank you, suh. Lily, come on. You's de same as a child. Me, Ah aims to wrap myse'f roun' a man-size ration."

Two minutes later he was again on the street, this time headed toward the Bowery.

"Get out of here with that four-legged bouquet," the man had said after turning on all the electric fans in the place.

"Cin'rat, Yessuh. Would You Crave Dem Filly Mignons Avec Champions?"

A few blocks down the Bowery the Wildcat saw a group of negroes enter a saloon.

"Us'll hit de free lunch—c'm on, Lily," he said.

He shifted his military bearing for the hard-boiled swagger of the river-boat rouster. He reached in his pocket and produced the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre which had been given him in France. He pinned these on his blouse and entered the saloon. The first roll of his eyes took in the detail of four busy card tables, a crap game, a forty-foot bar and a prosperous looking free-lunch counter. He started for the lunch. For the first five minutes nobody paid any attention to him. Then a beetle-browed king of spades voiced a remonstrance.

"How about it, soldier? You gonna come across for next month's board before you eat it or not?"

The Wildcat mumbled out of the corner of his busy jaws.

"Ca'm yo'se'f, man. Ah aims to nutrify mahse'f first. Ah'll pay de boa'd."

He handed Lily three segments of energetic cheese. Lily and cheese grappled in a catch-as-catch-can smell contest the outcome of which left the goat victorious.

"Run the big smell out of here," the bartender ordered.

The Wildcat looked sidewise at him.

"Boy, don' get hard with me. Lily, 'tenshun! At ease! Sit dah whilst Ah gits a drink." The Wildcat turned to the bar. "Bust me open a bottle of champagne, boy."

A group at one of the card tables smiled at the military goat. In the bartender's mind the champagne order affected the Wildcat's status to a considerable degree.

(Continued on Page 170)

How Cousin John's Getting Along

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

Piccadilly and the Green Park, London

THE tall, fair-haired Englishman, who was always the hero of the paper-backed novels which existed in such profusion during the haircloth furniture era, had certain unmistakable symbols which stamped him as a representative Englishman. Just as Mercury can always be identified by his winged derby and his snake-twined shillalah, and just as the combination of a portly man, side whiskers, a silk hat, a white vest, gray spats and a cane represents a banker to people who should know better, even so could the hero of the old novel be unerringly spotted by a half-witted infant because of certain things. Firstly, he was fair-haired, as I remember it, and his hair had an inclination to be curly. When the author of the book wanted to be excessively licentious and daring a passage would be introduced in which the heroine longed to stroke the hero's curly head and even run her fingers through his fair hair. At one time that was thought to be about as raw as a row of asterisks subsequently came to be considered. Secondly, in addition to being fair-haired he waltzed divinely. I am unfamiliar with the sort of dancing which obtains in divine circles; but I have always taken it for granted that when the authors of the paper-backed novels referred to divine waltzing they had private information which made it possible for them to speak with authority as to what did and did not constitute divineness. Thirdly, his name was Charles. Not always, but usually. And fourthly, he took a cold tub in the morning. The last never failed. He may have been named Edward and had fair hair and waltzed divinely; but he took a cold bath in the morning. His hair may have been dark as a raven's wing, and his name may have been Charles, and his waltzing may have been divine; but he never dodged his cold tub. The author always came up to scratch on that point. As soon as you ran across a man who admitted having taken a cold tub in one of those paper-backed novels you could be sure that he was the hero and an Englishman, and that he would propose to the girl while waltzing divinely to the strains of The Beautiful Blue Danube.

No mention was ever made in those books of an Englishman who took a hot tub. That wasn't done. Evidently the taking of a hot tub was such a disgraceful affair that it couldn't be mentioned in any decent book. No matter how low and vile the villain may have been he was never accused of taking a hot tub. Nothing whatever was said about the villain's baths, so that the readers were at liberty to think that he didn't wash at all. Evidently no bath was thought to be better than a hot one.

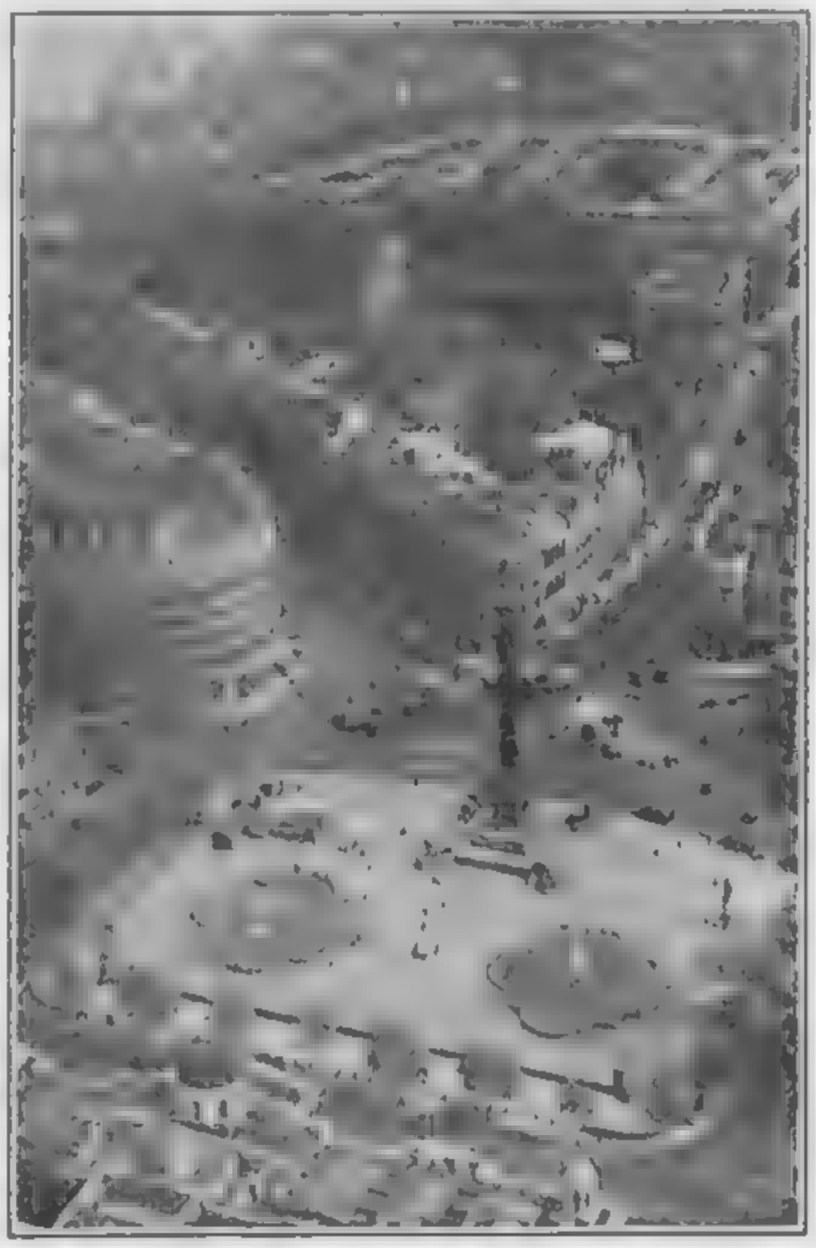
The Secret of the Cold Tub

AT ANY rate, the impression which these books conveyed concerning desirable Englishmen was that they took cold baths every morning. The books never went into details as to why desirable Englishmen took cold baths. This, it would seem, was a great mistake if the books really aimed at giving their readers an insight into the English people. A moment's thought will prove to anyone that this is so. One's inclination may be to deny it hotly. One may declare that the people who take cold baths every morning are a tough, hardy race, capable of enduring great punishment without weakening, that this characterizes the English people completely, and that we need not go more deeply into the subject. The matter, however, is more profound than this.

For example, not all Englishmen take cold baths, any more than all Englishmen wear monocles and spats, and ejaculate "Haw! Haw!" every three minutes with unfailing regularity. Yet behind all Englishmen there is some force which impels them to take cold baths in the morning. It is not the cold bath which makes the Englishman tough and hardy, but the impelling force which he does not always obey.

The Englishman, I am sure, will attempt to say me nay in this. He will attempt to pass it off with a light laugh and an embarrassed shrug. He will doubtless declare that I am spoofing. All his nays and all his light laughs, none the less, cannot change me. I am not a spoofer by nature or by adoption. I would not recognize a spoof if it came up to me on the street and looked deep into my eyes. No, I am not spoofing. I have spent many long hours in England, and I have thought over the matter seriously, and I have found out what it is that impels Englishmen to take cold baths, and why it is that they are tough and hardy. It is something that was never mentioned in the old paper-backed novels that spoke so lightly of the fair-haired hero Charles who waltzed so divinely to the strains of The Beautiful Blue Danube.

To get down to facts, it was the cold. It was the cold, I repeat, and it is the cold. I have sat and thought about this thing in many a hotel room in Merrie England during the winter season, wearing a thick overcoat and heavy woolen gloves and a hat with flaps that came down over my ears. Thoughts have always flitted rapidly through my head at such times, probably due to the fact that no thought was willing to stay in such a chilly place for any length of time. Chief among them was the thought that one could be far more comfortable in Siberia in the winter than in England. Then there was the thought about where that Merrie-England stuff came from. It certainly never came from anyone who had to spend more than a couple of hours in an English hotel in the winter; for it's about as merry as the average storage warehouse. Pursuing this thought closely was the thought about cold baths. Water can never fall below a certain temperature without freezing; whereas nothing will happen to the air in a room, even though its temperature falls too low for words. Too low for words is a description of the air in an English room during the winter months, and especially the months of last winter. Even the coldest water was warmer than a moderately chilly English room. A cold bath felt deliciously warm to an Englishman who had just emerged from his bed into the numbing air of his chamber. There, I think, is the secret of the Englishman's cold tub. He takes it to get warm. It is not the cold tub which makes him tough and hardy and a glutton for endurance, but the bitter, intense cold which surrounds him during the winter. Thousands and thousands of Englishmen have come home from the war with their strength quite sapped by the warm, comfortable life which they led in the cozy dugouts and funk holes of the front-line trenches. In all their lives they had never been so comfortable. They cannot accustom themselves to the rigors of an English winter, and they constantly write letters to the newspapers about it.



Trafalgar Square

Fire Without Heat

ENGLISH homes and hotels are not built for warmth, even under the best winter conditions. A large regal chamber containing vast quantities of marble-topped tables and morose-looking black-walnut furniture will boast a fireplace fourteen inches wide and eighteen inches high. Sometimes coal is burned, and sometimes wood. When coal is used a matter of four pieces are brought out tenderly and regretfully and laid with gentle hands upon the shivering flames. From the manner in which a piece of coal is sacrificed on an English fire an onlooker has the uncomfortable feeling that the person who put it on is going to burst into tears because it is burning. He seems to regard each piece of coal as a near, dear and innocent friend who is being burned at the stake though guiltless of all wrong-doing. So, at least, it has always appeared to me. And the same thing applies to firewood. An Englishman has always seemed to me to be as generous with his firewood as though each stick were a valuable heirloom, and as though he had promised his dying father not to part with it unless driven to it by necessity's spur. As a result of all this the average English fire has about the same heating effect on a large room as the luminous dial of a wrist watch would have.

In several parts of London the streets were being repaired, and the old wooden paving blocks were being replaced with new ones. The old blocks were piled up along the curb; and every night during the still small hours shadowy and furtive figures would sneak up to the block piles and gather up a load. I found one

American who had sent out his office boy at midnight every night for a couple of weeks to gather up paving blocks. He had venerable paving blocks under his bed, in his bureau drawers and in his closets. There were also a few in his trunks. He was managing to keep fairly warm.

The naturally chilly situation was rendered even more acute, and the conventional cheer and merriness of an English winter were greatly enhanced by the coal shortage, which caused only one lump of coal to linger where two might formerly have been observed. When an English fire is cut down by one-half it becomes an uproarious burlesque on the accepted idea of a fire. In many cases, however, the English have not been content with cutting their fires in half. They have gone so far as to eliminate them entirely.

The hotels in order to save coal refused to permit fires or electric heaters in any room unless the guest could produce a doctor's certificate stating that he was ill and must have a fire. The hotel doctors plied a thriving trade in certificates of illness. The price of being ill enough to have a fire was standard at one pound, though a number of overanxious physicians cut the price to fifteen shillings, and even to ten shillings. This was not considered just the thing to do in medical circles, however, and the most reliable physicians refused to find traces of illness for less than one pound. In one of the London hotels was a rather venerable American woman with a much younger companion nurse. When the order against having fires in rooms went into effect she summoned the doctor immediately and demanded a certificate of illness in a querulous and indignant voice. The doctor obediently started in on the certificate; but when he came to naming the illness which made a fire necessary he hesitated.

"What," he asked, "shall I give as your particular form of ill health?"

The old lady didn't care.

"Write down anything you want to," she said. "I want that fire and I don't care how I get it. I'm cold, I tell you!"

Aldwych and the Strand

So the doctor wrote down old age as the reason. When the old lady saw it she was highly incensed.

"Old age!" she screamed. "Old age! What's that got to do with it?" She pointed her lean and quivering forefinger at her youthful companion. "Do you see her?" she asked. The doctor admitted that he did. "Well," said the old lady, "she isn't a third as old as I am. She isn't suffering from old age, and she's cold too. You can put that down on your old prescription!"

The Coming Boom in Building Trades

AS A RESULT of the constant chill which permeated every building, life for ninety per cent of the English during the past winter consisted of just one cold after another. One's first impression on entering any public place was a constant fusillade of sneezes, wheezes and coughs which at times attained the proportion of drum fire.

There was only one topic of conversation which could compete with the incessant talk about chilliness, and that was the subject of housing. England is as full of people as a parlor Bolshevist is full of half-baked theories. She is shy of apartments, hotels and houses; and this is true of every part of Great Britain and Ireland as well. A rumor in Southern England to the effect that a Red Cross hut was to be sold by the Americans brought half a dozen women pedaling over muddy roads on bicycles on the chance of getting a place to live. There have been no repairs during the years of the war, and no building to speak of. England lacks 500,000 houses, which is a fine, commodious number of houses to lack in these piping times of overwhelming building costs. During the next four years she will have to build 154,000 houses every year in order to make up the shortage and take care of all the people who need homes.

The arduous and nerve-racking labor which one must endure in order to get a temporary or a permanent habitation in England at the present day is worthy to rank with any of the labors of the late John D. Hercules, the original solver of labor troubles.

I would greatly admire to see Mr. Hercules going from one London hotel to another attempting to find a place to rest his weary head without resorting to the obvious expedient of clubbing someone to death and seizing his room before somebody else had a chance to get it. I rather think that Mr. Hercules would wind up by sleeping on a billiard table or on the floor of a smoking room, as so many others have done.

Every time a boat train comes up to London a little group of earnest American business men get together and exchange the agonizing tales of their adventures in locating a place to sleep. Not long ago a boat train disgorged its travelers in Euston Station, London, and an optimistic crowd of Americans scattered in every direction in search of rooms, after checking their heavy luggage at a hotel near the station. Later on that night one of them wandered wearily back to the hotel where he had left his luggage, told the porter a harrowing story of going into

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St. Thomas' Hospital and the Houses of Parliament

A SCHEME TO DEFRAUD

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead that he does not want to get something for nothing? I think not; and I am encouraged to that conclusion by the unanimous agreement with me of that most worshipful company, the Universal Society of Promoters of Fake Stock Companies. These worthies not only think not, but they prove it, with annual profits running into the millions and with a list of victims that grows longer with the years and that never seems to be shortened by the publication of warnings, by the experiences of those who have burned their fingers or by world-wide efforts at education.

Knowing that this is true, I forbear pointing a moral to the following tale—writing to amuse and entertain strictly, and not to instruct. Because the probabilities are that you would have done exactly what Mrs. Mary Oulihan did—though stoutly denying the probability as you read—or that you will proceed in cold blood to do something similar to what she did in the future, near or distant, and that no moral I could possibly devise would deter you. Eschewing the moral, therefore, let us proceed to the purely entertaining story of Oil King Cole and the Kindly Old Soul and of the suckers who came so very near to paying the Fiddlers for their tunes.

A. Pope, a popular writer of his day, observed once that a little learning is a dangerous thing. There is something in what he said. Up to the time that he became a private in the marines Aloysius Oulihan was a clerk in the transportation department of the O. K. Cole Oil Corporation in Los Angeles and when he was at home he talked glibly to his mother of tankers, topping plants, wet oils, crooked holes and enormous profits until Mrs. Oulihan began to feel that she knew something of the subject.

After Aloysius went away Mrs. Oulihan was moved to do rather more than she could well afford in the way of Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds and Red Cross contributions, and being a sound and independent and forceful woman she did not repine on discovering that Loy's money would not keep her and meet the payments on their little Eagle Rock home; so she went to the Atlas Building, where the Cole company offices were located, and applied for work. They made her a janitress on the eighth floor.

There she began to absorb the atmosphere of petroleum in its most profitable and lucrative aspects; there she gazed with wonder and delight on enlarged photographs of gushers and gas wells and tankers and tank farms; there she stole an occasional glimpse into some wholly unintelligible geologist's report or field man's notes; there in short she came gradually to a belief, first that there must be gobs of money in oil and second that when one knew as much about it as she did it was rather simple and absurd not to benefit from investment therein. Mr. Pope's philosophical observation might have given her pause, but Mrs. Oulihan's reading was confined to The Lives of the Saints and to the Sunday supplement of The Times, and she missed Alexander.

At the moment Texas was the center of interest in the oil business and from Texas were coming reams of news, true and false, and many alluring advertisements. Mrs. Oulihan had an instinctive suspicion of these latter. They were too plausible—too positive. But a three-line notice caught her eye. It announced the publication of a concise and impartial survey of the Texas oil fields that was free to all. Possessed of this pamphlet, Mrs. Oulihan added a dangerous little to her little store of knowledge; among other things acquaintance with the name—carelessly and apparently accidentally dropped here and there through the booklet—of Enos Sackett, one of the leading oil men of the Panhandle State. The name stuck in Mrs. Oulihan's mind, which is not surprising when you know that one of the highest-paid advertising writers in the country had been given five hundred dollars for preparing the booklet in such a way that that name would attain a sort of burlike quality. In this case the bur adhered with such tenacity that Mrs. Oulihan could not get it out. She began to search advertisements and the oil journals she found in the Cole offices for some clew to the address of this towering figure in the Texas petroleum world. She found it not, which discouraged her.

Then a most extraordinary piece of good luck came her way. She was washing one morning when there fell a rap at her door. Wiping her fat pink arms on her apron as she went, Mrs. Oulihan waddled to the front door and was confronted by a lean, tall, rheumy-eyed old citizen who introduced himself as Mr. Martin E. Martin from Abilene, Texas, ma'am, who wanted to know whether Mrs. Oulihan's charming and picturesque little home was for sale.

"It is not," said Mrs. Oulihan. "But if you're from Texas, sir, would ye mind havin' a seat and tellin' me if ye happen to know the name of a Misther Enos Sackett?"

"It Looks Easy Now," He Was Saying, "But Believe Me, Mr. Lacey and I Had to Do Some Figuring Before We Were Ready to Start the Fight"

The cadaverous and venerable old liar started.

"Know him, ma'am?" he inquired. "Well, I should say I do know Enos Sackett. Do you?"

Mrs. Oulihan regretted to say that she did not, but she confided to Mr. Martin that she greatly desired to do so and she told him why. Mr. Martin very expertly and adroitly fed her with first-hand information, not only about Mr. Sackett but about Mr. Sackett's unusual and attractive gold-bond plan of taking small investors in with him in the development of the richest oil lands in the heart of the Birkville fields. He was not sure, of course, that Mr. Sackett would care to have him tell all this, but Mr. Sackett was such a kindly and benevolent and philanthropic soul—always doing something for somebody, never thinking of himself, and having besides so much money already that he had gone into this gold-bond enterprise mainly to give the poor man a chance ——

Here Mr. Martin interrupted himself.

"But I'm keeping you from your work, ma'am, I'm sure. My daughter now is not in very good health and if I could induce you to listen to an offer on your little home ——"

Well, he ended by assuring Mrs. Oulihan that he would mention her in his letters to his old friend, Enos Sackett; that he would mail her some oil papers that he thought he still had in a trunk at his hotel; and that he would consider it a favor if she would let him know if she decided to sell this delightful little home that had been pointed out to him by her neighbor at the corner grocery below there on the car line.

Mrs. Oulihan was pathetically sorry about the state of his daughter's health and the fact that she could not sell and pathetically grateful for the information he had given her about Enos Sackett. He bade her not to mention it—that he was glad to be of service in introducing her to his old friend. And in view of the fact that Mr. Martin E. Martin received five per cent of all the sucker money brought in through his agency this was probably the truest thing he said during the conversation.

Of course Mrs. Oulihan was landed. A day or so later the oil-field journals Mr. Martin had promised her were delivered by the postman. They were full of Enos Sackett, the Sackett gold-bond method, the Sackett leases, the Sackett pipe lines, the Sackett refinery and the Sackett enterprises in general and in particular. Almost all the space not devoted to this benevolent shyster and fraud was devoted to accounts, many of them veracious, of the fortunes made by early investors in the Texas fields, with subtle references to the well-known fact that if the reader's father had invested one hundred dollars in the Westinghouse Air Brake Company in 1870 the reader would probably now be free from carking care and spending his or her winters in the Bermudas.

Probably inadvertently one news item in this fraudulent and lying sheet contained the address of the Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company, Gulf Building, Birkville, Texas—P. O. Box 28. And it was to that address that Mrs. Oulihan presently mailed a post-office money order for six hundred dollars and later another for four hundred dollars. If this tale had a moral we should stop here to point out that she was foolish—in which you would agree, no doubt. But as hereinbefore remarked, the Ancient and Honorable Guild of Lying Stock Bunko Men of the World know you better than you know yourself, and therefore we shall hasten by a moral that could do no possible good and jump ahead into the action.

Angus Lacey, a youthful Scotchman with a straight nose, a tendency to truthfulness, a habit of industry and an uncanny ability to talk back to his employer and to get away with it, was confidential field manager for Oil King Cole. Which is as though one said that David Lloyd George was Premier to George of Great Britain. Angus had long believed that the green triangle, which was symbol and sign of the O. K. Cole Oil Corporation, should have been early reared in the virgin petroleum fields of Oklahoma and Texas. Except for one thing Cole might have acquiesced; but unhappily he had once expressed the opinion that the new fields would prove wildcat fakes. That early—and premature—expression operated to keep his companies out; it was O. K. Cole's perverse way. Once he had passed sentence on a field or a project or a man the incident was closed and the argument ended. But Angus Lacey had got round him before and he was determined to get round him also in this matter.

The psychological moment was somewhat delayed, but it arrived at last; and Angus drawing his mouth into a straight line walked into his chief's office one day and introduced himself by saying "good morning" rather pleasantly.

Cole looked up, frowning.

"You're polite!" he snapped. "And that means that you've got something on your mind. What is it this time?"

"Texas," said Angus.

"Texas!" Oil King Cole shouted the word. "Well, you can take your mind outside then. Give it an airing and come back when you're sane."

Angus sat down.

"Yes," he said cheerfully as though he had been urged to unbosom himself, "it's a pipe line in Texas—Birkville. I've been talking it over with Harry Johnson, who's just back from there. It seems this line was built by amateurs who didn't know enough about a pipe line to close a valve in one and in their figures they forgot to count on booster stations. A competing line grabbed the territory and so ——"

"Dad blank it!" Cole interrupted. "Have you lost your sense of hearing? I wouldn't take on the best Texas proposition that ——"

"Of course," Angus proceeded calmly, "the line is worthless for oil, but it happens to run into the two biggest cities in that territory, where they are crazy for natural gas, and according to what Johnson has told me—on the quiet—the line will be paying two hundred per cent in ninety days if we can ——"

"Gas? But there isn't any gas in the Birkville field!"

"Not yet, but give it time."

Cole cocked one ear.

"Did Johnson talk?"

"No, Harry Johnson doesn't talk about things like that. But sometimes he whispers."

"How much did you say this pipe line would cost you?"

"Sixty thousand. The pipe cost that, f. o. b. Pittsburgh."

"It's cheap enough. But I've told you before that I wouldn't go into Texas if they tied a blue ribbon round the damned state and sent it to me for Christmas."

Lacey's face lengthened and his voice took on a new note of plaintive sadness.

"I thought you were the operator who always backed his field men," he said.

"What's that? What did you say? Back my men? Why, what the triple asterisk ——"

"I suppose I'll have to get myself out of the thing somehow."

"What the devil are you talking about? You young idiot, have you gone out again and ——"

"Practically—yes," Angus said.

"Dad-burn it, why don't you consult me once in a while? Do you think I'm running some kind of a home? Oh, dash your double-blanked asininity! You're more trouble than all the rest of my business put together. Go out and tell Gallinger to give you the money. But there are two things I want you to remember."

Angus, hiding a grin, said meekly, "Yes, sir."

"Number One—this is your funeral. You run this game yourself. I wash my hands of it."

"All right."

"Number Two"—Cole banged his desk emphatically—"I back my employees, but when I find one of them who is four-sided lunatic enough to pick lemons I kick him out and let him go into the fruit business where he belongs, because the oil game is no place for him. Do you get that, you Scotch horticulturist?"

"I seem to," Angus said composedly. "But you won't fire me, Mr. Cole. You'll fall on my neck some day soon and kiss me on both cheeks. I'll wire you from Birkville when to come down and do it."

He went out in time to miss part of his employer's rather blasphemous peroration and transmitted his orders to General Manager Gallinger. The latter made out the check to cover the pipe-line purchase and another for Lacey's traveling expenses, lost in amazement.

"But how did you do it, Lacey?" he inquired curiously. "I thought we weren't going into Texas."

"We weren't," Angus replied. "But I happened to mention two hundred per cent profit in there just now and I'm afraid Mr. Cole took me seriously. If I don't come back just have them put over my grave: 'Poor old dear, he believed what an oil geologist told him!' So long! Wish me luck!"

II

GOLD-LEAFED without, imitation mahogany within; spacious, busy and flaunting an air of prosperity, the offices of the Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company were planned to overawe such of its clients as might drop in at unexpected times and to convert skeptical investors or prospective investors by a visual display of its soundness and promise. True, an oil company selling stock by mail on a large scale requires considerably more floor space than an oil company that is merely drilling for oil in a straightforward and legitimate manner, so there was that excuse for the size of the hive of industry that buzzed over the entire second floor of the Gulf Building on Sam Houston Street in Birkville, Texas. Certainly visitors were usually impressed.

Perhaps this impressiveness was not lessened by personal contact with the general manager—an astute, polite, suave and very gentlemanly man given to frock coats and white ties but rendered particularly interesting and even compelling by the fact that he had reached his present eminent position in spite of a serious affliction. For fortunately or unfortunately, depending on whether you view Mr. Glesinger's trouble from the standpoint of an employer who might be better served by a confidential servant who would neither hear too much nor say too much, or from the standpoint of the general manager himself, Mortimer Glesinger had been born deaf and dumb. He carried a neat leather-framed pad and a supply of very finely pointed pencils with him and he sold slathers of stock in the Sackett enterprises by means of the neat script with which he did his share of the conversation with callers.

But last of all, quite the most impressive thing about that second-floor hive of industry was that the benevolent and kindly old head of the works was never seen—literally never seen. No one save Glesinger had ever seen him, yet he was in his private office in one corner of the floor much of the time and from that private office sent out by the ton the alluring literature which brought back to that private office in waves and rivers and torrents the hard cash of the sucker multitude. It was supposed that Mr. Sackett's nature was retiring, and it was freely hinted—on the leather-framed pad—that a dislike for protestations of gratitude and the personal adulation of the multitude he blessed was the real cause for his invisibility. How he entered and left was not known even to his own office force. Those who peeked, pried or made inquiry were warned against the sin of inquisitiveness—if they persisted they found themselves out of a job. Visitors accepted the general manager's statement of the fact with awe and went away usually full of admiration and a sort of reverence for this unworldly reticence. Birkville folk didn't care. They had plenty of business of their own those days. And Post-office Inspector Fickeisen, an occasional caller in Birkville, only raised his eyebrows slightly when told of this Sackett peculiarity and tried to remember where and when it was that in his official capacity he had run across another stock promotor who had been troubled with the same variety of ingrowing modesty. He knew he would remember sooner or later, because he seldom forgot such things entirely.

Some months after Angus Lacey's entrance on the Texas fields a snub-nosed, brown and determined-looking youth entered the Sackett offices, caught the eye of a counter clerk and almost immediately was confronted by the smiling Mr. Glesinger.

Mr. Glesinger sized him up with a quick glance and wrote on his pad, "What is it, please?"

The visitor shoved the pad back.

"That's all right," he said, "I speak English. I said I wanted to see Mr. Enos Sackett."

Mr. Glesinger patiently wrote: "I am Glesinger, the manager. I don't hear. Please write your message."

His interrogator flushed.

"I wish I knew that was the truth, buddy!" he said half aloud. "If you really can't hear you're probably just the bird for me to talk to when I'm telling what I think of your joint."

Once more Mr. Glesinger shook his head and extended the pad.

The visitor wrote: "My name is Oulihan, from L. A. Take this in to Sackett and tell him I'm going to see him if it takes a month, so he might as well make it snappy."

Mr. Glesinger read as Oulihan wrote, then replied in his neat script: "Mr. Sackett is too busy to see anyone. I will take your message."

Oulihan shook himself impatiently.

"Darn this correspondence stuff anyway," he muttered. "Why the blazes don't you buy yourself an ear trumpet?" But he wrote again: "I'll wait till Sackett can see me. Tell him I've been waiting eleven months for a troopship home from Brest, so I'm a pretty good waiter. And I get what I come for too!"

Glesinger nodded gravely and started to reply. Aloysius Oulihan suddenly let out a roar of anger.

"Oh, can it, fellow!" he shouted violently. "I didn't come here to play post office. Say! Hi! You there!"

He addressed the only clerk in sight, who sat at a window desk. The clerk glanced up superciliously, shrugged and went back to his typewriting. Aloysius Oulihan's face reddened. Extending an arm and shoving Manager Glesinger aside, he laid a heavy hand on the typist's shoulder.

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"If You People Will be Good Enough to Stand Back a Little and Give Me Room to Move in I Would be Much Obliged. Hi! Don't Let Him Go! Stop Him There, Somebody!"

FRANCE WORRIES THROUGH

By WILL IRWIN

The Ruined Village of Vaux, on the Road From Château-Thierry to Rheims

"IT'S always hell where you ain't," observed during the late unpleasantness a correspondent who was finishing off three years in barbarous Mexico with a look at barbarous Europe. "Time and time again I've been warned not to go to some place fifty miles away or I'd be starved, if I wasn't massacred first. I'd go, frightened to death, and find plenty to eat and pleasant words of welcome."

So it happened that we who started for Paris last November were solemnly warned, on the word of those just returned, that we should be frozen and half starved; that the prices were abominable. New York prices? They were nothing.

"But I've already spent two war winters in Paris," I objected meekly on my own behalf.

"Oh, but everyone says that the war winters weren't a marker for what this will be," they replied complacently.

I came, loaded with sugar and condensed milk and cigarettes, provisions as against a siege. I came, and this is what I found:

In New York before my departure I paid seven dollars a day for a room with two beds and bath at a very modest hotel on lower Fifth Avenue. In a Parisian hotel of higher grade than that—not one of the most expensive it is true, but on the fringe of the first-class—I pay for two rooms and bath sixty francs a day. Setting the average of exchange at ten francs to the dollar, this suite cost me six dollars a day.

In the New York hotel I found it impossible to get a dinner which anyone would care to eat for less than two dollars or two dollars and a quarter a plate. Everyone has his pet restaurant in Paris. Mine is a modest but very clean establishment not far from the boulevards. The cooking, I maintain, is as good as anywhere in Paris. On the evening of my arrival I dined there on oysters, veal sauté, salad, cheese, coffee and a bottle of light, common wine. The bill for two was twenty-eight francs or, at the rate of exchange, say, one dollar and forty cents a plate as against two dollars to two dollars and a quarter in a New York establishment of rather lower grade. At that, I had paid for wine in Paris and for none in New York.

Some Prices Lower Than in New York

OPPOSITE my hotel, which used to be Red Cross headquarters in Paris, stands one of a string of popular restaurants. They are the Parisian equivalent for those white-tiled establishments which dot New York—the lunching places of clerks, stenographers and all other persons of limited means and cleanly tastes. I lunch or dine there often on a soup, a meat course, a salad, a demi-tasse, sometimes a bit of fruit. The bill runs between six and eight francs, sixty or eighty cents to me, living on an American income. Once only have I ventured into the restaurants of the highest grades which minister to millionaires and spenders. The check that evening came to twenty-eight francs per plate, excluding wine. Now I submit that one could scarcely get away from a first-class New York restaurant on the fringe of Forty-second Street and Broadway, from a Chicago restaurant in the downtown hotel district, for two dollars and eighty cents a plate.

I allow that I am making this comparison on the basis of an American income, calculating exchange at ten francs to the dollar where it used to be five. It is not the same thing, of course, to the native French, and to Americans who are paid in francs. Yet to most classes of the population it is not far from the same thing. As the cost of living has soared, so have wages. Sometimes employers have made the advance voluntarily; sometimes the trades unions have struck for an "allocation" to meet the high cost of living; and where the demands were not too excessive they have usually won. High prices for commodities mean higher margins of profit for tradesmen and middlemen. And summing it all up, as an amateur economist I think that Parisian prices to the native inhabitants of Paris are just a little less high than New York prices to the native inhabitants of New York.

Nor have I personally experienced any undue horrors from the coal famine. It was not nearly so bad, up to January, as the winters of 1916–17 and 1917–18. In the first of those bad periods, not only was coal lacking but wood. People with fireplaces burned old newspaper files, pieces of broken furniture—anything that would carry fire. They concentrated all the business of living, except sleeping, into one room of their apartments or flats. Most of the hotels made a slight pretense of heat in the morning, when people were supposed to be dressing. Otherwise hotel rooms were stone cold. Hot water in bathrooms was there none, except on Saturdays and Sundays or, during brief periods, on Sundays alone. Even on those days you had to get your bath early; with every spigot in the place running, the hot water was ice cold before ten o'clock.

In getting my rooms this time I was careful to find an apartment with a fireplace. So far, I have not used it. Though these rooms are not heated up to the intense American standard, they are comfortable enough from the native point of view. Indeed, they probably exceed that comfort point. The lady in the next apartment has been employing an English girl as secretary. When she quit her job she gave as one reason that the hotel was always so insufferably hot. There is scalding water all day and every day in the bathroom tap.

I had been told that I should find no milk in Paris. Hot milk, as a matter of fact, comes every morning with my coffee. The slightly faded taste proves that it is evaporated milk mixed with hot water. My wife had the grippe last week, and the doctor put her on a milk-and-vichy diet. I found that the hotel could not furnish the milk—it was against the law. Invalids and persons with small children could get a special permit from the central police. A floor clerk in the hotel disentangled the red tape for me—it would have taken me a day. I received thereafter half a liter—about a pint—each day, at a price of one franc. I was especially requested by the police, via the floor clerk, not to ask for milk a single day longer than was necessary. "The babies need it," said the clerk. So far as I personally am concerned this is the single place where I have not been pinched for the necessities or comforts of life. Even the sugar ration bears lightly. In the worst days of war famine our sugar cards called for only 250 grams, or half a pound each month. Now the ration is 750 grams.

This is all from the point of view of a hotel dweller. I am well aware that one who observes an alien people from this point of view alone is liable to ridiculous error. The world was long deceived as to the true state of affairs in Austria, because neutral tourists reported that they could get about what they wanted in Viennese hotels. However, when you scratch about among the people you find the same rule—a hard winter, but not so hard as the war winters. In homes of the rich, the bourgeois and the poor I find generally enough heat for bare comfort, even in the cold snaps which have varied this rather mild winter; whereas during the two bad war winters one kept on his overcoat and gloves indoors. I did suspect, however, that prices, for some reason or other, bear more heavily upon flat dwellers and tenement dwellers than upon us who live in hotels.

During the first two years of the war the cost of the necessities did not greatly advance. The jump came in the third and fourth years. It happened that the Americans arrived during the same period; and popular superstition holds that the Americans did it by bulling prices. Of course we had little or nothing to do with that; it was simply economic law. If any economist has calculated the actual rise in prices he has not dared publish his results. But certain items from the budget of a certain middle-class housekeeper will illuminate the subject.

The Ways of the Food Profiteers

"IN THE early days of the war," she said, "we paid eight or nine francs for a leg of mutton. Yesterday I paid thirty-two; and I have paid as high as forty. Butter once cost me three francs a kilo. It is now thirty, and I cannot always get it. My small Christmas turkey cost me, in 1913, twelve francs. I shall be glad to get it this year for a hundred."

Of course, this rise in prices may to a certain extent be blamed to profiteering. The government from time to time fixes maximum prices, with penalties of fine and cloture. These are often obeyed or evaded according to the individual honesty of the tradesman. The process of evasion resembles that of getting a drink in New York during wartime prohibition. Ask the dishonest tradesman for any controlled commodity and he replies blandly that he is just out of it. Get him alone in a back room, offer him a bonus of a few francs, and he manages to find a supply. The police have struggled against this system with some success, and apply the penalty whenever the matter is brought to their attention. As witness the adventure of Julie, maid of all work and household purchasing agent for one of my friends. Julie herself was called into the dining room to tell her tale.

"There he was, the insane camel," said Julie, plunging at once into her tale; "the sort of a monopolist, standing behind a plate of pig's feet labeled 'Three francs each,' and the controlled price was one franc seventy-five. I read that price in Le Matin. I seize the pig's feet, so. I demand if that is the veritable price. He says, 'But yes.' I raise the pig's feet, so. I *bouleverse*—I turn them, plate and all, so." Here the arm of Julie made a magnificent sweep, and you could fairly hear the pig's feet sosh on to the floor and

the plate crash. "He is furious. He proposes to call the police. 'Do exactly that,' I say. The crowd surrounds him. He fears to call the police, species of a profiteer.

"So then I send little Léon Buque, who is the first cousin of my sister-in-law. The agent arrives. He breaks his way through the crowd. What is it that it is? I point to the floor. 'In that filthy pile,' I say, 'is a card reading 'Three francs.' And here, here is Le Matin with the just price. He reads. He looks. The crowd acclaims. 'Madame,' he says, 'I salute you. If other Frenchmen had the courage to complain as you have done one could finish with these monopolists.' They close the place for two weeks. And I trade there no more."

Now and then walking about Paris you notice only shutters where, last time you looked, was a shop window displaying groceries, meat or delicatessen. This means that someone has complained, perhaps less dramatically than Julie, but effectually.

Clothing Cheaper Than at Home

HOUSE rent bears heavily on the budgets of all classes. The housing problem, caused by the unprecedented destruction of buildings in the north, falls with special weight upon Paris. So far as their finances permit those people of the stricken north still tend to concentrate in the capital. Though the staffs of the peace envoys have generally given up their establishments, thousands of minor foreign attachés linger. The rich and well-to-do refugees who came from the fringes of disturbed Russia when anarchy broke loose remain in Paris. House rent, by the law of supply and demand, has risen almost to the New York scale. I know literally dozens of married couples who are living in hotels and boarding houses because they cannot find apartments; and half the conversation at any dinner party of the American colony turns upon adventures in house hunting.

Clothing, I should say, is generally a little cheaper than house rent or food. A tailor who had during the war perhaps the largest local custom in American and British uniforms will make a winter suit for 350 to 400 francs. A New York tailor of about the same grade asks $100 to $110 for a suit. Boots and shoes are relatively more expensive. A standard price for a substantial pair of men's walking shoes is eighty francs; and 100 francs is about the maximum except in the terribly exclusive shops. Women's clothes are probably less expensive relatively. Let us omit the fashionable dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix, never at any time typical. A woman of my acquaintance recently bought at a department store two one-piece winter gowns for general wear. One, of high-grade serge, cost 185 francs; the other, of wool jersey, 210 francs. They did not come from the bargain counter either, and in the line shown her several were less expensive. Curiously she found silks and velvets, even when fur-trimmed, cheaper. She found that she could get a standard quality of short light French kid gloves for eight francs; heavier and more substantial qualities ran up to fifteen francs

I repeat: To express these values in dollars at old rates of exchange, divide by five; to get present values, divide by ten or eleven.

At St. Paul aux Bois. This Family Has Constructed a Shelter From the Ruins of Its Home

The incomes to meet these increased prices run irregularly. As I have said before, the people in trade and the organized laboring class have screwed up their incomes high enough to meet approximately the increased cost of living. However, certain classes are hard hit. First come what the French call the *rentiers*, the people living on small incomes from invested securities. Often such small fortunes were, speaking not only figuratively but literally, shot all to pieces by the war. To say "Let them go to work" does not answer the question. A doddering old gentleman or a tenderly nurtured widow cannot go effectively to work.

PHOTO FROM FRENCH PICTORIAL SERVICE

Type of Home Constructed by the French Government

However well it may go with the aristocracy of the workers, conditions among the poor and the common laboring class are rather worse than during the war. Probably they do not suffer so much from cold as in 1916 and 1917. Though the coal crisis is acute, though factories on the edge of town are closing intermittently for lack of fuel, though every rise of the flooded Seine brings a sense of panic lest the coal barges be tied up, though more and more street lamps are extinguished, a paternal government does not dare be so severe with its citizens in peace as in war. You see no lines of people waiting in front of the coal dealers' as you did in 1916

A Section of Péronne Which Has Risen as a Very Ugly and Standardized Phoenix

and 1917. For the rest, it is a matter of francs and centimes. Common labor is paid in Paris only ten or twelve francs a day. At the present scale of prices ten or twelve francs a day will not turn the trick for a laborer's family. If you want a slight basis of comparison note that I have quoted a leg of lamb as costing thirty-two francs, which would be nearly if not quite three days' pay for a laboring man. Of course, he and his family are not eating lamb. They are eating mostly bread, bought at strictly government-controlled prices, and upon which the government is now losing fifty per cent.

A nursing sister of a Catholic order, whose work for ten years has been among the poor, tells me that their condition is no better than during the war. She forms that opinion not only upon general observation but upon the number of applicants for relief at her convent. These cases, I suspect, come mostly from families which have only one breadwinner, for unemployment, at least, is not added to their miseries. The demand for labor is equal to the supply, even in Paris. In other regions, and especially in the devastated north, the demand exceeds the supply. About Lens, for example, and in the great stretch of blasted country above Amiens, a common laborer gets at least fifteen francs a day, to which is added a government grant of two francs a day to all bona fide residents of the devastated region who have returned home. If he has even the semblance of a trade he earns much more than that. And the necessities of life—when they can be obtained up there—cost only a little more than in Paris. At both Amiens and Lille they told me that the current prices of all foodstuffs except bread were less than ten per cent higher than in Paris. As for bread, it is regulated; its price, by decree, is the same everywhere.

The Prosperity of the Peasants

ONE curious fact comes out of the present situation: Though France bears an enormous burden of war debt, though she faces what seems to be an uncertain financial future, the average man at this moment has money in his pocket. That is my own observation, and the universal observation of all investigators, both French and American. One reason is the war-born prosperity of the peasant class—and between forty and forty-five per cent of the population depends directly or indirectly upon the soil. "The farmer," remarked a cynical Parisian, "is the true profiteer." In the nature of modern war a certain percentage of the industrial class had to be left in the factories, for munition works, coal mines, railroads, clothing and shoe factories must be kept running. Not all this work, not half of it could be performed by women, boys and old men. But the peasants, on the theory that women could take care of the farms, were mobilized to the last able-bodied man. The women made good. They, their children and scattering German prisoners kept up production of foodstuffs at a rate thought impossible.

"Our peasant is a hard creature," says a Frenchman, "hard on others, equally hard on himself." The women spared neither themselves nor their children. Home conditions, as every student of military psychology knows, have an immense influence on the morale of an army.

(Continued on Page 60)

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

X

THE following evening, after dinner, Maltby Phar—still, obviously, a little ruffled by our conversation of the preceding evening—retired to the library with pipe and book. Susan and I sat alone together on the garden terrace. It was dusk. The heavy air of the past week had been quickened and purified by an afternoon thunderstorm. Little cool puffs came to us across a bed of glimmering white phlox, bearing with them its peculiar loamy fragrance. Smoke from my excellent cigarette eddied now and then toward Susan.

Silence had stolen upon her as the afterglow faded, revealing the first patient stars. Already I had learned to respect Susan's silences. She was not, in the usual sense of uncertain temper, of nervous irritability, a moody child; yet she had her moods—moods, if I may put it so, of extraordinary definition. There were hours, not too frequent to be disturbing, when she withdrew; there is no better word for it. At such times her thin, alert little frame was motionless; she would sit as if holding a pose for a portrait, her chin a trifle lifted, her eyes focusing on no visible object, her hands lying—always with the palms upward—in her lap. I supposed that now, with the veiled yet sharply scented dusk, such a mood had crept upon her. But for once I was mistaken. Susan this time had not withdrawn; she was intensely aware.

"Ambo"—the suddenness with which she spoke startled me—"you ought to have lots of children. You ought to have a boy, anyway; not just a girl."

"A boy? Why, dear? Are you lonely?"

"Of course not; with you—and Phil!"

"Then whatever in the world put such a crazy ——"

Susan interrupted; a bad habit of hers, never subsequently broken, and due, doubtless, to an instinctive impatience of foreseeable remarks.

"You're so awfully rich, Ambo. You could have dozens and not feel it—except that they'd get in your way sometimes and make your outside cross. But two wouldn't be much more trouble than one. It might seem a little crowded—at first; but after a while, Ambo, you'd hardly notice it."

"Possibly. Still—nice boys don't grow on bushes, Susan. Not the kind of brothers I should have to insist upon for you!"

"I'm not so fussy as all that," said Susan. "And it isn't fair that I should have everything. Besides, Ambo, boys are much nicer than girls. Honestly they are."

"Oh, are they! I'm afraid you haven't had much experience with boys! Most of them are disgusting young savages. Really, Susan! Their hands and feet are too big for them, and their voices don't fit. They're always breaking things—irreplaceable things for choice—and raising the devil of a row. Take my word for it, dear, please. I'm an ex-boy myself; I know all about 'em! They were never created for civilized human companionship. Why, I'd rather give you a young grizzly bear and be done with it than present you with the common or garden brother! But if you'd like a nice quiet little sister some day, maybe ——"

"I wouldn't," said Susan.

She was silent again for several moments, pondering. I observed her furtively. Nothing was more distant from my desire than any addition, of any age, male or female, to my present family. Heaven in its great and unwonted kindness had sent me Susan; she was—to my thinking—perfect; and she was enough. Whether in art or in life I am no lover of an avoidable anticlimax. But Susan's secret purposes were not mine.

"Ambo," she resumed, "I guess if you'd ever lived in Birch Street you'd feel differently about boys."

"I doubt it, Susan."

"I'm sure you'd feel differently about Jimmy."

"Jimmy?"

"Ambo, Ambo! You've Asked Nothing—and You Want Me Most of All"

"Jimmy Kane, Ambo—my Jimmy. Haven't I ever told you about him?"

Guilefully, persuasively, she edged her chair nearer to mine.

It was then that I first learned of Jimmy's battle for Susan, of the bloody but righteous downfall of Giuseppe Gonfarone, and of many another incident long treasured in the junior annals of Birch Street. Thus, little by little, though the night deepened about us, my eyes were unsealed.

What a small world I had always lived in! For how long had it seemed to me that romance was—approximately—dead! My fingers tightened on Susan's, while the much-interrogated stars hung above us in their mysterious orbits and ——

But no, that is the pathetic fallacy. Stars—are they not matter, merely? They could not smile.

"Don't you truly think, Ambo," suggested Susan, "that Jimmy ought to have a better chance? If he doesn't get it he'll have to work in a factory all his life. And here I am—with you!"

"Yes. But consider, Susan—there are thousands of boys like Jimmy. I can't father them all, you know."

"I don't want you to father them all," said Susan; "and there isn't anybody like Jimmy! You'll see."

It came over me as she spoke that I was, however unwillingly, predestined to see.

Maltby Phar thought otherwise. That night after Susan had gone up to bed I talked the thing over with him—trying for an airy, detached tone, the tone of one who discusses an indifferent matter for want of a more urgent. Maltby was not, I fear, deceived.

"My dear Boz," he pleaded, "buck up! Get a fresh grip on your individuality and haul it back from the brink of destruction! If you don't, that little she-demon above-stairs will push it over into the gulf once for all. You'll be nobody. You'll be her dupe—her slave. How can you smile, man! I'm quite serious, and I warn you. Fight the good fight! Defend the supreme rights of your ego, before it's too late!"

"Why these tragic accents?" I parried. "It's not likely the washlady's kid would want to come; or his mother let him. Susan idealizes him of course. He's probably quite commonplace and content as he is. No harm, though, if it pleases Susan, in looking him over?"

Maltby took up his book again. He dismissed me. "Whom the gods would destroy ——" he muttered, and ostentatiously turned a page.

XI

MY FEELING that I was predestined to see, with Susan, that there wasn't anybody like Jimmy—that I was further predestined to take him into my heart and home—proved, very much to my own surprise and to the disappointment of Susan, to be unjustified. This was the first bitter defeat that Susan had been called upon to bear since leaving Birch Street. She took it quietly, but deeply, which troubled my private sense of relief, and indeed turned it into something very like regret. The simple fact was that much had happened in Birch Street since the tragedy of the four-room house; life had not stood still there; chance and change, deaths and marriages and births—had altered the circumstances of whole families. In short, that steady flux of mortality, which respects neither the dignity of the Hillhouse Avenues nor the obscurity of the Birch Streets of the world, had in its secret courses already borne Jimmy Kane—elsewhere. Precisely where, even his mother did not know; and first and last it was her entire and passionate ignorance as to Jimmy's present location that foiled us. "West" is a geographical expression certainly, but it is not an address.

Jimmy's mother lived with her unwashed brood, you will remember, above old Heinze's grocery store, and on the following afternoon I ran Susan over there for a tactful reconnaissance. At Susan's request we went slowly along Birch Street from its extreme right end to its ultimate wrong, crossing the waste land and general dump at the base of East Rock—historic ground!—mounting the long incline beyond, and so passing the four-room house, which now seemed to be occupied by at least three families of that hardy, prolific race discourteously known to young America as "wops." Throughout this little tour Susan withdrew, and I respected her silence. She had not yet spoken when we stopped at old Heinze's corner and descended.

Here first it was that forebodings of chance and change met us upon the pavement, in the person of old Heinze himself, standing melancholy and pensive before the screened doorway of his domain. Him Susan accosted. He did not at first recognize her, but recollection returned to him as she spoke.

"*Ach*, so!" he exclaimed, peering with mildest surprise above steel-rimmed spectacles. "Id iss you—nod? Leedle Susanna!"

My formal introduction followed; nor was it without a glow of satisfaction that I heard old Heinze assure me that he had read certain of my occasional essays with attention and respect. "Ard for ard—yah! Dot iss your credo," he informed me, with tranquil noddings of his bumpy, oddly shaped skull. "Dot iss der credo of all arisdocrads. Id iss nod mine."

But Susan was in no mood for general ideas; she descended at once to particulars, and announced that we were going up to see Mrs. Kane. Then old Heinze snaggly, and I thought rather wearily, smiled.

"*Aber*," he objected, lifting twisted rheumatic hands, "dere iss no more such a vooman! Alretty, leedle Susanna, I haf peen an oldt fool lige oders. I haf mate her my vife." And though he continued to smile he also sighed.

Our ensuing interview with Frau Heinze, formerly the Widow Kane, fully interpreted this sigh. Prosperity, Susan later assured me, had not improved her. She greeted us, above the shop, in her small, shiny, colored lithograph of a parlor, with unveiled suspicion. Her eyes were hostile. She seemed to take it for granted, did Mrs. Heinze, that we could have no kindly purpose in intruding upon her. A dumpy, grumpy little woman, with the parboiled hands and complexion of long years at the washtubs, her present state of comparative freedom from bondage had not lightened her heart. Her irritability, I told Susan after our escape, was doubtless due to the fact that she could not share in old Heinze's intellectual and literary tastes. Susan laughed.

"She wouldn't bother much about that; Birch Street's never lonely, and it's only a step to the State Street movies. No; I think it's corsets."

Corsets? The word threw a flood of light. I saw at once that it must be a strain upon any disposition to return after a long and figureless widowhood to the steel, buckram and rebellious curves of conventional married life. I remembered the harnesslike creaking of Mrs. Heinze's waistline, and forgave her much. There was really a good deal to forgive. It was neither Susan's fault nor mine that turned our call into a bad quarter of an hour. I had looked for a pretty scene as I mounted the stairs behind Susan. I had pictured the child, in her gay summer frock, bursting like sunshine into Mrs. Heinze's stuffy quarters—and so forth. Nothing of the kind occurred.

"Who is ut?" demanded Mrs. Heinze, peering forth. "Oh, it's you—Bob Blake's girl. What do you want?" Susan explained. "Well, come in then," said Mrs. Heinze.

Susan, less daunted than I by her reception, marched in and asked at once for Jimmy. At the sound of his name Mrs. Heinze's suspicions were sharply focused. If the gentleman knew anything about Jimmy, all right, let him say so! It wouldn't surprise her to hear he'd been gettin' himself into trouble! It would surprise her much more, she implied, if he had not. But if he had she couldn't be responsible—nor Heinze either, the poor man! Jimmy was seventeen—a man, you might say. Let him look after himself then; and more shame to him for the way he'd acted!

But what way he had acted, and why, Susan at first found it difficult to determine.

"Oh!" she at length protested, following cloudy suggestions of evil courses. "Jimmy couldn't do anything mean! You know he couldn't. It isn't in him!"

"Isn't ut indeed! Meslavin' for him and the childer ever since Kane was took off sudden—and not a cint saved for the livin'—let alone the dead! Slavin' and worritin'—the way you'd think Jimmy'd 'a' jumped wid joy when Heinze offered! And an easier man not to be found—though he's got his notions. What man hasn't? If it's not one thing it's another. 'Except his beer he don't drink much,' I says to Jimmy; 'and that's more than I could say for your own father, rest his soul!' 'My father wasn't a Dutchman,' Jimmy says; givin' me his lip to me face. 'He didn't talk out against the Pope,' he says. 'Nor the Pris'dint,' he says. 'He wasn't a stinkin' Socialist,' he says—usin' them very words! 'No,' I says, 'he was a Demycrat—and what's ut to you? All men'll be blatherin' politics after hours,' I says. 'Heinze manes no harm by ut, no more nor the rest. 'Tis just his talk,' I says. And after that we had more words, and I laid me palm to his head."

"Oh!" cried Susan.

"I'll not take lip from a son of mine, Susan Blake; nor from you, wid all your grand clothes! I've seen you too often lackin' a modest stitch to your back!"

I hastened to intervene.

"We'll not trouble you longer, Mrs. Heinze, if you'll only be good enough to tell me where Jimmy is now. He was very kind to Susan once, and she wants to thank him in some way. I've a proposition to make him—which might be to his advantage."

"Oh—so that's ut at last! Well, Susan Blake, you've had the grand luck for the likes of you! But you're too late. Jimmy's gone."

"Gone?"

"'Tis the gratitude I get for raisin' him! Gone he is, wid what he'd laid by—twinty-sivin dollars—and no word to nobody. There's a son for ye!"

"But—oh, Mrs. Heinze—gone where?"

"West. That's all I know," said Mrs. Heinze. "He left a line to say he'd gone West. We've not had a scrap from him since. If he comes to a bad end——"

"Jimmy won't come to a bad end!" struck in Susan sharply. "He did just right to leave you. Good-by." With that she seized my arm and swept me with her from the room.

"Glory be to God! Susan Blake—the airs of her now!" followed us shrilly, satirically, down the stairs.

XII

MALTBY'S visit came to an end, and for the first time I did not regret his departure. For some reason, which perhaps purposely I left unanalyzed, Maltby was beginning to get a trifle on my nerves. But let that pass. Once he was gone Phil Farmer drew a long breath and plunged with characteristic thoroughness into his comprehensive scheme for the education of Susan. Her enthusiasm for this scheme was no less contagious than his own, and I soon found myself yielding to her wish to stay on in New Haven through the summer, and let in for daily lessons at regular hours—very much to my astonishment, the rôle of schoolmaster being one which I had always flattered myself I was temperamentally unfitted to sustain.

I soon discovered, however, that teaching a mentally alert, whimsically unexpected, stubbornly diligent and always grateful pupil is among the most stimulating and delightful of human occupations. My own psychic laziness, which had been long creeping upon me, vanished in this new atmosphere of competition—competition, for that is what it came to, with the unwearying Phil. It was a real renascence for me. Forsaken gods! how I studied—off hours and on the sly! My French was excellent, my Italian fair; but my small Latin and less Greek needed endless attention. Yet I rather preen myself upon my success; though Phil has always maintained that I overfed Susan with æsthetic flummery, thus dulling the edge of her appetite for his own more wholesome daily bread.

In one respect at least I disagreed fundamentally with Phil, and here—through sheer force of conviction—I triumphed. Phil, who lived exclusively in things of the mind, would have turned this sensitive child into a bemused scholar, a female bookworm. This simply I would not and did not permit. If she had a soul she had a body too, and I was determined that it should be a vigorous, happy body before all else. For her sake solely—for I am too easily an indolent man—I took up riding again, and tennis, and even pushed myself into golf; with the result that my nervous dyspepsia vanished, and my irritability along with it; with the more excellent result that Susan filled and bloomed and ate three really astonishing meals a day.

It was a busy life—a wonderful life! Hard work—hard play—fun—travel. Ah, those years! But I am leaping ahead. Yet I have but one incident left to record of those earliest days with Susan—an incident which had important though delayed results—affecting in ways, for long unforeseen, Susan's career, and the destiny of several other persons, myself among them.

"No," Said Miss Goucher Coldly; "Susan Is Not in Love With Her Grandfather. She Is With You"

Sonia, Susan's little Russian maid, was at the bottom of it all; and the first hint of the rather sordid affair came to me, all unprepared, from the lips of Miss Goucher. She sought me out in my private study, whither I had retired after dinner to write a letter or two—a most unusual proceeding on her part, and on mine—and she asked at once in her brief, hard, respectful manner for ten minutes of my time. I rose and placed a chair for her, uncomfortably certain that this could be no trivial errand; she seated herself, angularly erect, holding her feelings well in hand.

"Mr. Hunt," she began, "have I your permission to discharge Sonia?"

My face showed my surprise.

"But Susan likes her, doesn't she, Miss Goucher? And she seems efficient."

"Yes. A little careless, perhaps; but then, she's young. It isn't her service I object to."

"What is the trouble?"

"It is a question of character, Mr. Hunt. I have reason to think her lacking in—self-respect."

"You mean—immoral?" I asked, using the word in the restricted sense which I assumed Miss Goucher, like most maiden ladies, exclusively attached to it. To my astonishment Miss Goucher insisted upon more definition.

"No, I shouldn't say that. She tells a good many little fibs, but she's not at heart dishonest. And I'm by no means certain she can be held responsible for her weakness

(Continued on Page 116)

THE POSSIBILIST

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

XXI

THE thing broke on a Monday morning. Spinner, who had been up preparing for it all the night before, watched from the earliest light of day the first groups gathering upon the cheerless main street of the village, from the second-story window of the union hall where he had spent the last twenty-four hours.

What a curious thing, he thought, watching the early arrivals, mass psychology is. He had always found it easier to start something in strikes on Monday mornings. Why? Was it anger—at the refusal of the employer of another week to the strikers on their own terms? Was it the irritation after the usual day of workmen's meetings and skilled application of irritants on the part of the radicals? Or was it simply thwarted racial habit—the restiveness at the inability to start as their ancestors had done the set round of another week—its wash days and ironing days; its fish days and its prayer days—that strange routine uniformity of uncoded habit written so much more deeply than any enacted law down in the nervous systems of the race?

Or more likely, he thought, half smiling to himself, it was merely the old Monday morning feeling—the fact that everybody who has to work, from the schoolboy to the foundryman, feels always ugly on the weekly recurrence of the day of recall to routine labor. He knew how it felt himself, that Monday morning ugliness; he had done routine work enough to know that at least.

But there had been in the past ten days cause enough for unusual ugliness in that community in the final crisis and fulfillment of the radicals' campaign of hate. The situation had broken, Spinner recalled, looking down from his window at the misty bluish street, about as he had expected that it must—according to the absolutely inescapable logic of the radical position.

Below Him in the Now Well-Gathered Crowd Spinner Could See at Least One Definite Expression of That Hatred

The operators, the workers' natural enemy, had done, Spinner believed, exactly what he and every other apostle of the gospel of hate had hoped and said that they would do—had kept and insisted upon keeping all the profits they had procured from the great war.

The labor skates—driven from behind by radicalism, playing politics, temporizing always to save their own precious skins—had framed their utterly impossible demands, always keeping up a brave assurance to their followers, the union rank and file, that the Government would not dare to antagonize the vote of labor—and their own personal influence. Now they had failed, Spinner reflected, exactly as they had been scheduled to do by every radical observer in the country.

The Government had always in recent years protested an undying flame of affection for the worker. Suddenly now it had got down that old engine of oppression—thrice accursed of all labor speeches—the government by injunction. And now—Spinner asked himself, well satisfied—could any termination more irritating and disillusioning, after all the fair, smiling political promises to labor during the war, have been arranged for by the most artful radical than this final bump, as he put it, into the end of this blind alley of capitalism? So Spinner's thoughts ran along.

The Italian anarchists in the dark valley to the east were clamorous in their revilement of the capitalist Government; the Slavs in the main valley were scarcely less so.

"To hell with the capitalists!" was a general watchword—of anger and disappointment—spoken in half a dozen tongues or styles of twisted English.

Spinner smiled faintly to himself in his window—where he stood alone. He was not a social animal; even here at the height of his success he had few real associates outside of his routine work—few men who really talked his language. He had too much the malady of thought, for the man who thinks is rarely companionable. Down below him now he saw with some amusement Sonia coming up the street toward him—dressed for the occasion in the red gown she had worn in Chicago, talking vivaciously to the groups of men and women that she passed. Following her came the gunman, Hecker, giving a curt nod or a grin here and there.

What a campaign it had been, Spinner went on with his train of thought! How perfectly it had followed expectations! How all these forces had one by one come in and contributed to the gains of radicalism, sitting waiting simply for them to do so all over the country.

"Down with capitalism! Down with the labor skates!"

The I. W. W.'s old flame of discontent, which Spinner and his kind had fanned so carefully in the past two years, was at its height—in this district at any rate. And now at this height of it this fool of a young capitalist—driven by anger and chagrin and outraged pride—was evicting his old workmen and tenants on the edge of winter, under the most rigid interpretations of the rights of property—enforced by the power of privately hired detectives. "Thugs, Cossacks, gunmen," the strikers called them—hating them more and more vividly and personally every day, with the hatred engendered by the daily exchange of insults, and always threatening physical encounter.

Below him, in the now well-gathered crowd, Spinner could see at least one definite expression of that hatred. The banners of the marchers were appearing here and there—crude, hand-lettered pasteboard placards, most of them reared on old broomsticks. The one just below his eye was inscribed irregularly:

"Death to the hired thug that cut off a woman's breast in Hedley!"

Spinner smiled quite openly at this—he could not help it. It was a most unlikely charge. But at least it was no invention of his.

These wild tales were dropped in for the radical out of the air; no one apparently ever told them first. All he need do was not to deny them.

The other usual banners were there.

"Chained Chattles!" announced one wavy misspelled line of black rising over one group—a pair of handcuffs clanking on its wooden staff.

And a dejected cur dog fastened in an old baby carriage dressed the part of the "Injunction Judge"!

The line was sprinkled with these crude placards—mottoes of defiance, the sentiments of which were all that any radical could wish.

Spinner looking down saw now that the band had come which was to lead the local marchers; a three-piece affair—a small bass drum, a clarinet and a battered cornet, played by local talent—an ex-bartender, a barber and a workman at the tipple—all Hungarians, he understood. They stood waiting at the head of the line, conspicuous and somewhat self-conscious, while the leaders, including Sonia, were getting the line prepared to start; the players making an occasional trial of their instruments for the amusement of the children on the sidewalks. The three were resplendent in the garments with which the foreign workman had indulged his peculiar taste during the prosperous times of war—from their characteristic thick-toed yellow shoes up to the big-checked or apple-green caps on their heads. Many of the foreigners in the line showed a similar prosperity in their clothing—especially the men.

And now Spinner knocked on the window and waved his hand to attract Sonia's attention. It was time that they were gone if they were going to arrive at the mouth of the Brown mines when the few men there started in to work, and he wanted to speak to Sonia before she started. She saw him finally, someone pulling her by the arm, and he motioned her to meet him on the sidewalk before the hall.

The march was going ultimately up the valley through the union district to the north and from there into the main territory of the nonunion mines. The miners themselves would go through, rolling up from one village to another an accumulating avalanche of protest. But the women and children collected in the various villages would naturally drop out at their own settlement's end. Spinner wanted Sonia to do this for various reasons—for policy's sake; for the general safety and her own.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, coming over with haste and excitement in all her movements—her small red hat a little crooked, a wisp of her usually well-brushed hair before her ear.

"Remember what I asked you to do," said Spinner. "Don't go any farther than Gooseville—than our own territory!"

"Yes, yes! I know," she answered. He saw she was only answering automatically. He took her elbow.

"Listen!" he said. She seemed—he thought afterward—in her excitement like a person moving in a dream. "Listen!" he said, pressing her arm. "Don't, please—don't get mixed up in any row yourself!"

"Why not?" she demanded, facing him. "I'm not afraid!"

"I don't say you are," said Spinner coolly. "That's not the question. We've gone all over this. You know I ask it simply because it would be bad policy for either one of us to get mixed up in this now. It would suit the other side too well. We can do much more outside of jail than in. And besides, you know perfectly well the general policy of the thing. We must not start any violence now. They may start it—but not we!"

He was simply carrying out, of course, in this, as in all things, his old opportunist policy of putting the burden of all aggressive movements upon the opposing side.

"I know! I know!" she cried, impatient to get back to the procession.

The cornet gave a toot and the children began banging on their tin washbasins and their cans with their sticks. The parade was ready and anxious to start.

"And don't forget, whatever you do," he called in final warning, "to keep to the public road. You have your rights there. Don't on any account get onto private property. Put the whole thing up to them."

Spinner's pride as well as his principles were involved in this thing. These men—the local capitalists and their thugs and political henchmen—he claimed, had deprived the workers of their constitutional rights, the rights of assembly and free speech and use of the public roads. This affair, if it was to be anything besides a foolish temporary disturbance—a mere brainless physical reaction—must be a demonstration against these abuses. It must keep sharply to its purpose to be at all effective; put the burden of injustice clearly upon the opposition—to make a clear-cut logical issue.

"Yes, yes! I know! I will!" she said, darting away from him back to the head of her foreigners again—with not a word of what he had just said, he would have bet anything, in her mind! He would have wished, of course, that she had not marched at all. But she must be back always in the thick of things. And now, with a long whine from the clarinet and a flat blare from the cornet and a thump from the drum, the procession had finally decided to move forward.

It moved without form, without leadership, without marching rhythm—a process of Nature almost; a thing far less than human, a human crowd—something very distinct and different from the human individual, as Spinner knew so well. The miners, most of them, were in a body at the head—behind that atrocious band. But even here there were some women and more children—and trailing along behind them came the motley mass of all the inhabitants of the village.

The craze of marching, the incitement of the reiterated thump of the drum, those old, old impulses in the human blood, come down from the valleys of the Congo and the Ganges, had started calling in that blue Western morning down this bare valley in this American frontier. The men felt it, the foreign women with their shawls over their heads and over their babies, marching stolidly along; and the children most of all caught up in a gleeful ecstasy of antique ancestral joy. On the outskirts ragged urchins of boys pounded clamorously on their lard pails and old pans.

And as they turned out of the village the band started up a ragged march.

It was the plan, of course, as of all these protesting miners' marches at their opening, to roll down the valley. They would go first over the sidehill by Gooseville, then to the Brown mine Number 1—the drift that was ostensibly working—to argue out or keep out the men who were working there. Then down the valley once more, if they succeeded here, to meet the anarchists, the Italians from the valley to the east. Then farther along they would gather up the Slavs and the other workers in the union district—and roll on all together to their final destination in the nonunion field.

This was the program which had been confidently planned by the marchers—and which Spinner knew as confidently would never be carried through. This sort of thing—this avalanche of workers would be stopped almost certainly at its outset by the authorities and the private guard. They would not dare to let it get headway. He hoped himself that they would not. There was no use of bloodshed—on any large scale at least—such as would all too likely take place if this avalanche once got really rolling down the valley. A small encounter, the exchange of a few blows or random shots, would serve every purpose of incitement and hatred. The forces of the mine owners understood the situation perfectly and would attempt as far as possible to have no more violence than was absolutely necessary. They had no desire to advertise radicalism or inflame the strikers or endanger their property unnecessarily. They would—as soon as they got their bearings—check this thing at the earliest possible point, Spinner believed. It had been a surprise to them to some extent. They had not been prepared to meet it before the marchers left the village. But they would be before the time that the line reached the first Brown mine.

Spinner turned, walked up into the upper window of the hall again, where he could get a better view of what was going on. He was, in a way, the marshal of this affair; working often against the opposition of hotheads to keep it as far as possible to what he believed to be its logical function—a protest against the refusal of the local authorities to let the strikers use the streets, to hold their assemblies in the halls, to exercise the rights of free speech. If the march failed of this—as a demonstration against the infringement of the workers' rights; if it did not scrupulously refrain from violence against others; if it in any way encroached upon the property rights of the mine operators—it was just to that extent a futile thing. He had explained, drummed this into the minds of all the leaders; they seemed to accept it—all of them, even Sonia. And yet he was still apprehensive. Who could tell where an affair of this kind would end? Especially with the new hate of the present controversy added to the old undying hatreds of this ugly valley of the marching miners and the old local traditions of violence. Either side, in spite of all their precautions, might start some trouble which would be serious. Spinner shrugged his shoulders. If it came let it come—that was all!

He looked down. The driver, the man with his crazy flivver, was there below waiting to take him where he might be most needed. He looked out, down the street, standing far in the corner of the window watching and faintly hearing the discordant noises of the motley line as it shuffled out of the main village.

What a queer thing mass psychology was, he reflected once again, after the habit of all men of considering and reconsidering their own trade. This thing that he was watching—how spontaneous it was—how native to this soil; yet how typical in a way of the whole radical movement—the progress of the gospel of hate which now swept the country

That also called in the first place to all classes of men and women exactly as did this parade—the idle, the curious, the restless, the bitter and the angry. All at first, left to themselves, had no especial plan or marked desire of action; but once in line, marching, columns of men moved often to unexpected but very definite ends. He had seen it so many times.

He shifted and turned his eyes down a moment, recalling an old memory from his experiences in the jungle—a laughing, bantering crowd that suddenly, still laughing loudly, had lynched a Mexican one hot night back in Southern Texas. How far, over what a range, his mission of social hate had carried him, he thought, and looked up again at this chilly Northern morning, where the mists were rising with the sunrise and showing the cold, gray-roofed sky of a blue November day.

Across from him through a rift between two ugly wooden blocks he saw now the head of the procession—small black manikins upon a yellow road—now starting up the slope upon the farther side of the steep valley toward Gooseville. The insistent boom of the bass drum came faintly to his ears; occasionally a gust of shouting. Once he thought he could distinguish the figure of Sonia toward the head of the column in her red gown.

The Peasant Woman With Her Ran Back, Stumbling Away From Her, Voiceless With Terror

NEXT to Sonia on her right side was a little man, one of the older foreign miners with an overwhelming cap, new clothes and heavy shoes, who stumbled occasionally on the ruts of the yellow road and muttered when he did so an odd attempt at an English curse. Beyond him walked the bearer of the standard concerning the mutilated woman. In front of them were the English-speaking miners following the band. Then behind Sonia and her foreign miners came the queue of women and children, mostly foreign. Sonia's place, of course, was with her foreigners. And Hecker as usual was not far from Sonia.

Turning up the slope to Gooseville the straggling line grew still more ragged, the weaker and less physically competent lagging. They had come out of the village with some little swing, the band playing with initial vigor one of its three or four tunes. But now upon the slope the musicians stopped playing to save their breath, having set the pace at first a little too ambitiously. The din of the children's pans and washbasins still continued, however; and now and then a yell came from one of the stronger and more vital physiques among the men.

The little man with the big cross-hatched brown cap, looking down at his steps, was every now and then ejaculating with a grotesque regularity: "To hell with injunk!"

"To hell with injunk!" echoed the standard bearer beside him. He was a great barrel-chested Hungarian with fair pock-marked face and an outstanding thread of yellow mustache. "To hell with injunk!" he called—over all the other noise and jangle.

It seemed to Sonia that the thing needed organizing; that a song of some kind would be of advantage in the march along the hill. She started on the spur of the moment the International.

It was not successful—a poor choice. The foreigners knew it better than the Americans ahead, but even they sang it in a perfunctory fashion; and the band attempting to break in on the air butchered it and confused the situation still more. Sonia had accomplished something, however. She had started them singing. At the close of her first song some of the American miners ahead started in with a ribald travesty upon one of the popular tunes which the band had been playing—a marching tune which all of the Americans at least knew, with the new words apparently; and the foreigners made more or less successful attempts at following.

They stopped singing, most of them, after a few hundred yards. Someone had shouted that they saw mine guards in the dreary, grassless lots back of the black unpainted cluster of houses in Gooseville. But Sonia saw nothing—and apparently no one else did. It was probably a false alarm, of which there would be many on the way.

The small man beside her was still repeating his queer broken formula like a measured incantation.

"To hell with injunk!" echoed the standard bearer with the thin straight Tartarlike mustache. His voice must have carried far up the side slope to where the mine guards were. It had the quality and metallic carrying power of a trumpet. Looking fiercely ahead, he started a foreign chant—one of the weird marching songs of the Eastern European. They took it up at once—his own people, who were grouped round him in the march, as they would naturally be. And following this four or five other chants of various nationalities broke out behind them; and in front the English-speaking miners went back with the aid of the band to the ribald defiance of their marching song.

The line went up the slope—unorganized, each individual keeping his own step, each section singing its own song of defiance; behind and on the sides came the skirmish line of wild children battering upon their tin utensils; of half-grown youths yelling catcalls and whistling through their fingers. Sonia looked to her left and saw Hecker there grinning.

"Some concert!" he yelled to her through the din. "Look at that boy!" he said, pointing with open amusement to the great singing Slav. "He sounds like a buck Indian in a war dance."

Sonia looked over and up at the fair standard bearer, his head back, shouting his native chant with a fine animal joy—the same old tribal song perhaps to which his ancestors marched westward into Europe.

"Will they get loose?" Hecker shouted.

Sonia shook her head. They were going to march right through from the highway—damaging no property—putting all violence up to the other side—the paid thugs of the mine owners!

(Continued on Page 53)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1920

Time for the Megaphone

THERE is sufficient authority for the allegation that a soft answer is useful in various contingencies, such as turning away wrath; but we search the precepts in vain to find any similar virtues ascribed to a soft impeachment in really tough cases.

You may be able to divert the novice from the broad road to the narrow path by being gentle with him, but you cannot correct the delinquent tendencies and practices of the old offender by taking him aside to a secluded place and whispering a mild admonition into his furry ear. You cannot start a case-hardened culprit toward repentance and reform by slapping him on the wrist.

The basic reason for the mess the politics of this country is in at the present time is that no considerable number of Americans have ever had the nerve or taken the time or appreciated the necessity of lining up the political bosses against the wall at sunrise and shooting them full of the obvious facts of the situation—the fact that the American people are the bosses and that the alleged bosses are not bosses at all except by assumption of boss-ship that has been allowed.

It has been soft and easy picking. The number of elections that have been held in this country cannot be computed, but of all sorts that number is enormous, and in ninety-nine per cent of those elections the American people have gone meekly and dumbly to the polls and voted men into office who were selected for them by the so-called leaders instead of exercising their own powers and selecting men themselves for whom to vote. Occasionally the people have asserted their authority and made their own selections, but not often when the total number of elections we have held is considered. Talk about free and untrammeled suffrage! That is the biggest laugh in our history. Suffrage has been free enough, but it has been trammeled by expert trammelers since we first began to vote.

Whose fault is it? The people's. You cannot blame an astute politician in a village, a township, a city, a county, a state or a nation for taking advantage of a national characteristic that gives him political power and the perquisites thereof. Why shouldn't he, if he can get away with it? Ours is a great democracy, but it isn't a Utopian democracy, and won't be for the next forty thousand years, no matter what the glad-glad brethren and sisters tell you. A human is a human no matter whether you gild him or veneer him. Underneath and inside he works according to the old instincts, and never more so than in politics.

Sit down and figure this thing out for yourself. Of what does political power consist? The getting of votes for certain specified men and policies. Whose votes? Your vote and the votes of your neighbors. Normally, how many votes has a political boss? One. Where does he get other votes, enough votes to put his men into office, to control the Government, to direct the political, the economic, the social and all other phases of the daily life and conduct of the people? You give those votes to him. Why?

Why? Because not one-tenth of one per cent of the men and women who vote in America have ever given five minutes of consecutive thought to the utter absurdity of the process; because politics instead of being a paramount subject for personal and community and national consideration is a matter of incidental consideration, rampant once in four years, nationally, for a few weeks, and after that subsidiary to every other personal interest whatsoever; because the American people haven't had gimp enough, vision enough, mass interest enough to take a real initiative in politics instead of a supine and directed participation—a participation based on what a few men tell them to do instead of on what they decide to do themselves.

This has brought about the political situation that exists at this moment. There have been an earthquake, a fire, a flood, a cyclone, a blizzard and a drought. In common with the rest of the world the United States of America has been grabbed up by the roots, tossed in the air, juggled about, cuffed, kicked, disorganized, demoralized and slammed back on its props. It is no more the United States it was before July, 1914, than it is the United States it was when the Constitution was adopted. Old conditions have changed. Old theories do not fit. Old procedures are inadequate. Everything has shifted, except the politicians and their politics. Those are of the former and obsolete brand.

Wherefore we observe the politicians making an alleged new deal with a frayed and greasy deck of cards—a frayed and greasy deck, but a cold deck, in which the cards are stacked just as they used to be. And the people—who buy all the chips, who have all the money in the game, who are the producers, the ones who pay—are sitting round the table, taking their stacked hands, fatuously hoping that the dealer is honest, but always discovering that the professionals show down the four aces on the call.

Why do not the people put in a new, clean deck, shuffle the cards themselves, cut them, and deal them as they run? Why do not the people chase the professionals out of the game, destroy the bugs and holdouts, and eliminate the "readers"? Merely because the people are used to taking the cards that are dealt to them and accustomed to putting up all the chips. It is habit. If by chance the people do get a hand that seems to have merit they discover, when they have shoved in all their blues, that the professionals have a lulu that tops everything, and that the house rules permit it once in a game, that once being the one of the moment.

Here we are, then, in this situation: We are coming to a presidential election that will be more important in its bearings on the future prosperity and national and international progress of this country than any that has been held in this generation—or ever—and a few men in the Democratic Party and a few men in the Republican Party, a few bosses, are going about the business of nominating as candidates for that presidency none other than men of their own sort, of their own affiliations, of their own control, of their own partisan stripe and fancy. These men are not primarily taking heed of the needs of America, of the new conditions that demand new consideration, of the changed aspect of all our national attributes, of new problems that impend, of new relations of capital, of labor, of life in all its phases. What they have in mind is the success of obsolete parties, which in turn will mean their success and their continued power.

Party is paramount with the politicians and party that is nothing but a name, a ghost, a fetish rather than party that stands for the advancement of America and the needs of the people.

All this present political activity is predicated on the premise that the people will do this year what they have done many times before—nothing. The bosses are working on the assumption that they can fool the people because the people will not go to the trouble of not being fooled.

Will they? Probably not. To unfool themselves will cost effort. It will entail the lining up of the bosses and the telling them where they get off. It will require a national uprising that shall demand of these bosses the nomination of men who represent, stand for and are committed to the people and their needs, instead of men who are beholden to the bosses. It will exact the turning aside from the sleuthing of dollars for a space, and attention to the United States as a nation instead of exclusive concern with the legal tender thereof, and easy methods of accumulating it. It will require the subordination of selfish interests and the promotion of American interests.

But it can be done. It can be done in a fortnight. If the American people will simply line up these self-selected bosses and, instead of mildly rebuking them and begging for their consideration, take the megaphone and shout to them: "Here, you petty, partisan, manipulating, obsolete, backward-looking bosses, drop this game you are playing, quit it cold, and nominate real men for President, instead of some one of the party hacks or we, the voters, will pick the candidates ourselves and throw you on the dump!" the bosses will not hesitate a moment. They will obsequiously reply: "Certainly, voters. Name the persons of your choice."

If the command is as peremptory as it should be and can be if the people will go to the trouble of making it peremptory; if the megaphone is big enough and the voice that comes through it is clear, distinct and authoritative enough, the bosses will come in instantly. Take a megaphone, you American people, and holler some. Otherwise you will get what you deserve, and that is nothing at all; and the bosses will get what they are planning for, which is continued power and partisan control, and all the fat and fullness of the national direction of a hundred and ten million dumb and dense and politically damned producers who will be taxed until they squeal to pay the expenses of their own property without participation in either its direction or its disposal.

How to Know the Profiteers

THERE are three types of profiteer. The simplest and crudest member of this numerous and interesting species is the seller who exacts a profit of eighty or one hundred per cent, or more, upon whatever he sells. Sometimes the law reaches him, but more often not. For him there is a hereafter.

The second variety of the species is the dealer who compels his customers to buy extravagantly or go without. This stripe of merchant adheres to his old prewar gross profit figured on a percentage basis; but he refuses to stock any but the most expensive goods no matter what quantities of lower priced merchandise the manufacturers and jobbers offer him. Instead of buying four-dollar units to retail at six dollars he stocks ten-dollar goods to resell at fifteen dollars. This type of the genus profiteer is a familiar figure in every shopping district. His system is law-proof. At the moment there is nothing that can be done to him; but when relatively normal times return and medium-priced goods become his best sellers there will be no obligation to buy from him.

The third and by far the trickiest branch of the profiteer family often infests the smaller shops in the side streets. He displays his native cunning by judiciously combining the methods of the two more primitive types. He marks his goods with code figures and charges every customer whatever the traffic will bear above an exorbitant minimum. Angels and uneasy profiteers are the only ones who would not hear with grinning malice that stray members of this plunder league are being rounded up and put into little stone rooms with openwork iron doors.

Many a retail dealer has come through the era of high prices with a clean slate and has resisted every temptation to gouge his customers. Buyers who know such merchants should put them on the white list.

Where America Fell Short With Me

By EDWARD BOK

WHEN I came to the United States as a lad of six with my family of reversed fortunes, the most immediate factor for my family and the most needful lesson for me, as a boy, was the necessity for thrift. I had been taught in my home across the sea that thrift was common sense applied to the spending of money, and that it was one of the fundamental factors in a successful life. I had come from a land, the Netherlands, noted for its thrift, and we had not been in the United States more than a few days before the realization came strongly home to my father and mother that they had brought their children to a land of waste. Where the Dutch saved the American wasted.

There was waste, and the most prodigal waste, on every hand. In every street car and on every ferryboat—the main means of travel in those days—the floors and seats were littered with newspapers that had been read and thrown away or left behind. If I went to a grocery store to buy a peck of potatoes, and a potato rolled off the heaping measure, the groceryman, instead of picking it up, kicked it to the curb for the wheels of his wagon to run over. The butcher's waste filled my mother's soul with dismay. If I bought a scuttle of coal at the corner grocery the coal that would miss the scuttle, instead of being gathered up with a shovel and put back into the bin, was swept to the curb. My young eyes quickly saw this. In the evening I would gather up the coal thus swept away, and during the course of a week I would gather up a scuttleful. The first time my mother saw the garbage pail of a family almost as poor as our own, with the wife and husband constantly complaining that they could not get along, she could scarcely believe her eyes. A half pan of hominy of the preceding day's breakfast lay in the pail next to a third of a loaf of bread. In later years, when I saw, daily, a scow being towed out of New York Harbor to sea with the garbage of Brooklyn householders it was an easy calculation to make that what was edible and thrown away in a week's time from Brooklyn homes would feed the entire poor of all the Netherlands.

At school I soon learned that to save money was to be looked upon as being stingy; as a young man I soon found that the American disliked the word "economy." On every hand, as plenty grew, spending grew. There was literally nothing in American life to teach me thrift or economy; everything to teach me to spend and to waste.

How Aliens are Taught to Waste

I SAW men who had earned good salaries in their prime reach the years of incapacity as dependents. I saw families on every hand either living up to their means or beyond them—rarely within them. The more a man earned, the more he—or his wife—spent. I saw fathers and mothers and their children dressed beyond their incomes. The proportion of families who ran into debt was far greater than of those who saved. When panics came the families pulled in; when the panics were over they let out. But the end of one year found them precisely where they were at the close of the previous year, except in those instances where the families were deeper in debt.

If I traveled it was to see the prodigal waste of the railroads: railroad ties, rusty rails, spilled coal, telegraph poles that had been cut down—all were lying beside the tracks for miles and allowed to go to waste. Fallen trees blown down by storms, but full of good wood for kitchen and open fires, were lying within sight of the dwellings of the poor, yet not one effort was made to chop and haul the timber. The implements of farmers remained exposed in the fields during the entire winter until the elements rendered them useless in the spring. And yet on every hand the people were complaining of hard times and of an inability to make both ends meet. It was an amazing panorama of waste, with apparently no one thinking in terms of conservation.

It was in this atmosphere of unwise expenditure and waste that I was to practice thrift, a fundamental in life! And it is into this atmosphere that the foreign-born comes now, with every inducement to spend and with no encouragement to save. For as it was in the days of my boyhood, so it is to-day—only worse. One has only to go over the experiences of the past two years, to compare the receipts of merchants who cater to the working classes and the statements of savings banks throughout the country, to read the story of how the foreign-born are learning the habit of criminal waste as taught them by the American.

(Continued on Page 46

SAWING WOOD

CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

YOU who have followed my confidential adventures to this place will recall that there are three charms by which the human oblation is befuddled to the altar—the resources of the earth in mines, wells, lands and quarries, the resources of the brain in inventions and the resources of Wall Street in speculations. Of the former two I have already told and retold enough. In this, the last of my revelations, practically all my attention will be centered upon stock frauds, though bonds and the pit will not be overlooked.

It was as a speculative operator that I began my flagrancies and as a person of this stripe that I came to grief. Twenty-five years and more intervened between these stages of my journey. I shall not try to tell you the story of the trip. Instead I intend to review comprehensively the various games, frauds and swindles I have perpetrated and seen perpetrated. I shall indulge in no generalities.

Those who have been reading my articles will already be clear on the subject of stock washing, the commonest, broadest and costliest form of fraud practiced to-day on bourses and exchanges. This is the system of making pretended sales and purchases of stocks among a selected clique of brokers, no actual shares being transferred. The purpose of the operation is to raise shares in given companies to wholly fictitious values in order that actual trading and purchases by the public may result. The public, to be sure, invariably holds the bag. The instances of the employment of this fraud could be multiplied to the end of the chapter. What use? It is enough to repeat that this practice is resorted to in connection with a large number of the highly speculative oil, mining, inventions and general promotions stocks which come upon the market—and especially the curb market. This fact alone should be enough to keep the unsophisticated public away from all venturesome stock games.

"Yer in No Position to Argue," Said He. "You Need Money"

The Importance of Personality

NEITHER need I devote any extended attention to false tipping, rumor starting, misguided pyramiding, dumping and all the other common practices used to strip the foolhardy. These things are too familiar to everyone.

One obvious thing is worth emphasizing again—the importance of personality. The broker you deal with, his standing, his past record or that of his house, is generally more vital than all the fiduciary information you can cram into your head. Investigate the man and his reputation. The right man betokens the right investment or speculation. The finest security in the world is no eventual protection against the wrong man or house. There are countless swindlers dealing in or through government bonds, as I explained in my last article. On the other hand, not a single really reputable broker would see a client lose money through the worst stock if he could help it.

Investigate carefully the name and record of your house. Only a few years ago it was the fashion to start wildcat concerns trading on great names. Tradesmen having them were hired and used as cloaks for questionable dealing. Do not be tricked by similarity in names.

It is often a little hard to understand why many men who operate the most flagrant swindles are not in prison. When all is said and done, there are two reasons for the escape of the supermen of con; and these two really resolve themselves into the same thing. In the first place these financial swindles are planned and executed so cleverly that conviction of crime is most difficult. Again, the laws now on the statute books are insufficient—which only means that the criminals have found ways of circumventing them. A new crop of statutes must be written into the corpus and both the Congress and the legislatures of several states are now at work on this problem.

Though the payment of protection money is by no means unknown, it can generally be assumed that the authorities are honest and active. The Federal law against the use of the mails to defraud is specially rigidly enforced. In one recent instance a bunko man talked his victim into parting with some money. He could not get the cash out of his dupe and eventually took a check on an Arkansas bank. This had naturally to pass through the mails for collection. On this fact alone the swindler was convicted and sentenced to serve two years.

A similar case concerning Harry Homer, now serving out a sentence in Atlanta, has a touch of genuine romance about it. Homer and a confederate were formerly card men and they were aboard the Titanic on her fateful maiden voyage operating a card racket. They were shaken out of their chairs when the great ship hit the iceberg and rushed for the decks like others. They heard the cry "Women first!" and acted with the swift resourcefulness of their kind. In the confusion they got into cabins deserted by their women occupants, quickly slipped on women's clothes and were put over the side into a boat, whence they were rescued—but only to go to jail.

A Difference

HOMER and several others were out in Toledo a few years later and managed to steer a victim against the ancient wire-tapping racket. The dupe hadn't enough money with him and wrote his brother for a remittance. The swindlers did not write the letter, but it was held that their machinations caused it to be written, and the court sent all the implicated rascals to Atlanta for six sedentary years.

Nevertheless, many swindles succeed and many swindlers never see the insides of jails. My own case is illuminating. I got away with it for twenty-five years previous to my trip to Atlanta. Modesty compels me to admit that others have done much better.

Here is an example of jail evasion by a very simple subtlety: Formerly everyone who dealt in stocks and securities was a broker. To-day there are many dealers. The crooks among these men made the change for just one reason.

If a broker misuses money he has received from a client for a specified purpose it is a clear case of fraud and conversion, for the client is a principal and the broker only his agent or trustee. Where such fraud can be shown jail ensues like a Q. E. D.

But if a stock man is a dealer and charges no commission he immediately becomes a principal and the transaction assumes another aspect. For instance, in the sale of stocks on the installment plan if the dealer eventually fails to deliver the stock there is probably ground for civil action only. He commits a breach of contract and can be sued. If he were acting as a broker and did the same thing he would be subject to immediate arrest. In other words, dealing is much less risky than brokerage. I advise you to remember this point.

Perhaps the oldest form of market swindle is the so-called discretionary game. This may be played with bonds, stocks, grain or blue sky. It consists of intrusting your money to an agent to be employed at his discretion, the only limitation being that he promises you a large profit. The notorious Five-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent Miller, who promised profits of ten per cent a week, was a discretionary operator.

(Continued on Page 32)

"I am a Campbell's farmer boy
Wherever I appear
I sow the seeds of health and joy
With Campbell's wholesome cheer."

You sow good health when you eat good soup

You begin at the very beginning.

Good soup supplies valuable nourishment which you cannot obtain so readily in any other form.

It also tones the appetite and strengthens digestion so that you obtain increased nourishment from all other food.

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The strong invigorating stock made from selected beef is combined with plenty of delicious vegetables —fifteen in all beside fine herbs, nourishing barley and dainty macaroni alphabets.

A feast in itself—this appetizing soup, especially so for the youngsters, and for all whose appetites need coaxing.

Enjoy it regularly and often.

21 kinds 15c a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

Some men will tell you that discretionary games are no longer used and that this form of swindle has been driven out of existence. Most premature, I assure you.

A good many years ago Mr. Will Crosby, under colors not his own, opened a discretionary wheat business in Philadelphia. I forget at the moment just what my name was at that time. It does not matter. As soon as my office was fitted up I put the following advertisement in the newspapers:

I TRADE IN
WHEAT FUTURES EXCLUSIVELY

Why jeopardize your speculative account in haphazard trading when you can have someone handle your account who understands and can direct speculation successfully? Write me to-day.

The good people of all the surrounding country wrote me as I commanded asking for information, which I was most accommodatingly anxious to give. I sent them form letters and reports showing how much money I had made for others, letters on the wheat market that would convince the most doubting of all Thomases. I demonstrated, or seemed to demonstrate, my powers. It was simple enough to do. In those days the wheat market had a habit of reacting. If it fell heavily to-day it was almost certain to jump up at the opening to-morrow. And if there was a boom on to-day, to-morrow's opening was likely to be lower. A keen man watching carefully and couching his predictions in sufficiently general terms could readily make himself out a prophet.

Where the Quarter Million Went

I SPENT a thousand dollars a week in advertising and soon had above five thousand correspondents on my list. I took accounts as small as two hundred dollars and pretended to trade in wheat futures. What I really did was to put the money into the bank. At the end of the first month I generally sent each two-hundred-dollar client a check for about twenty dollars. I saw to it that he seemed to make nearly ten per cent the first month. If this encouraged him to send in more money and enlarge his account he received twelve or fifteen per cent the second month, and so on as long as he kept enlarging the ante. But woe unto the fellow who sat tight and would send no more. The second month his profits were cut in two and the third month he was wiped out and received an apologetic letter.

This game's heart lay in an elaborate card-index system, where every man was tabulated and rated. All letters sent him and all received were recorded, and the customer was watched carefully and rerated from time to time. The three main ratings were prospect, good prospect and very good prospect. There was also the rating, dead one. Anyone so listed was doomed to be cleaned in the current month.

Strangely enough in this out-and-out swindle some few customers strung along and held out hopes of future large accounts in so rosy a way that I was myself duped and actually paid them real profits. They made money out of me—if you will believe it. But the ninety and nine paid me handsomely. This discretionary wheat business paid me a quarter of a million dollars while I was at it. I made the mistake of branching out into too many directions at once. In the midst of my wheat discretions I opened a bucket shop. I got caught in a bull market and was sent into bankruptcy. With me went my wheat game and the quarter million.

Some years later I revived this game in a slightly altered form, known as the professional-trader game. For the purposes of this fraud I enlisted the aid of a saloonkeeper out of a saloon. He was dressed up, given a high-sounding name and put into offices. Meanwhile I had a brokerage firm of my own and I joined another brokerage house in the game.

My ex-dealer in fluids, whom I shall call Jones, now began to advertise himself as a professional trader in stocks, setting up the claim that he had studied the market for many years and was able to tell where money was to be made. Money intrusted to him would earn large and quick profits. The people wrote for information and he sent them a statement showing the money he had won in the last month. This statement had been made up by me after the fact and was based on the market records. Jones added one touch of novelty at my suggestion. He did not want to handle the money. No indeed! You were to take your account to your own broker—anyone you liked. But you were to instruct your agent to take orders from Jones.

The dupes wrote in and wished to open small accounts, usually not larger than five hundred dollars. If a man said he wished to have Mr. Jones handle his business through an honest broker, Jones wrote back a letter saying that he was sorry, but he had no accounts with this broker and could not afford to handle one little five-hundred-dollar account separately. If the customer wished to make the account as large as five thousand Mr. Jones would be happy to handle it. Or come to think of it, the client might be satisfied with some other broker. Jones was handling numerous small accounts through my brokerage house and through the other conspirator's firm. Both these houses were of good repute, wrote the infatuated Jones. The client might investigate these two houses and if he cared to use them Jones would be glad to accommodate his small account.

No Chance of Legal Redress

THE psychological effect of such a letter needs to be noted. Its tone is mild but contemptuous. Jones is not in the least anxious to be bothered with the poor little client. And the client instantly believes that Jones must be both honest and a big busy man. Thousands of people sent their money to our brokerage houses.

As soon as this was done Jones wrote to each client and asked him to come in. The victim appeared and was made to sign a contract with Jones empowering him to handle the money. The sucker was then led to my office or that of the other broker and there made to write an order instructing us to accept the commands of Jones. He thus signed away all chance of legal redress and put us into the clear.

We now washed trades on the curb market to cover what deals we wished to represent as having been made. As in my discretionary wheat game, each speculator was sent a profit of eight or ten per cent for the first month. If he responded by enlarging his account he received a fatter slice the next month. If he stood pat he was shortly wiped out amid the laments and apologies of Jones, who wrote that no man was infallible. I suppose it is supererogatory

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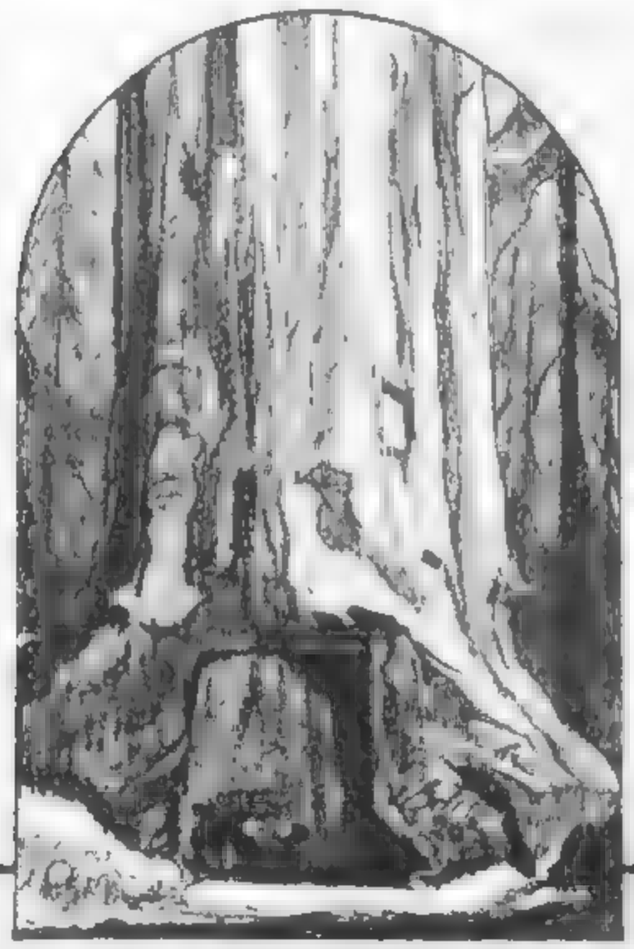
I Went to My Elongated Friend and Relieved Him of a Jolly Little Silver Mine Down in the Lair of Señor Don Pancho Villa



Giant Redwood
Mariposa Grove
California

The simple truth is that car owners who use Republic Tires do not like to accept substitutes.

That is why so many of them now order tires far in advance of their actual need. They want to guard against disappointment; or, at the least, waiting until the Republic dealer can supply them.

It is a perfectly natural thing to do.

There is no doubt that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

There is no doubt that the greater wear of their Prodium Rubber is still further increased by the long oval studs of the Staggard Tread—which, itself, is a scientific and really effective non-skid.

Hence, users have learned that they get full and overflowing measure of tire value; and their preference for the Republic above all other tires, is readily understood.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tubes, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC
GRANDE
CORD TIRES

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to say that we dealt in no stocks, but put the money into our capacious and hungry pockets—one half into mine, one fourth into those of the other broker and one fourth into the jeans of the debonair Jones.

The newspapers finally exposed us and we had to decamp with only two hundred and twenty thousand in takings among us.

Here you have the discretionary game in its simple and its complicated forms. To-day it probably is not played by either method, at least not in the East. But it has been succeeded by the tipster game, as follows:

A tipster goes to a broker of none too good repute and makes an arrangement whereby he is to guide his dupes to this broker in return for twenty-five per cent of the money made out of the account. This arrangement signed and sealed, the tipster begins to advertise himself as a professional trader. No pay is asked beyond ten per cent of the winnings.

The dupe reads this advertisement and says to his alleged intelligence, "This sounds good. This man can't make anything unless I win. He must know what he's doing. Let us be up and speculating."

Whereupon the dupe goes to the tipster in person or by mail. The tipster directs the dupe to the broker, who takes the money. If the dupe is really verdant he intrusts the account to the tipster and it becomes again a straight discretionary racket. If the dupe is somewhat wise to the ways of the market he is let handle his own account, but the tipster directs his trades. In either case the dupe loses, take my word for that. He loses so inevitably that the broker does not wait developments before paying over the fourth part to the tipster. He pays it as soon as the account is opened. This form of the discretionary game is being played every day on every market in this fat and fatuous land.

How the Double Deal Was Worked

A SOMEWHAT rarer and pleasanter form of the good old racket was played by yours confidentially and Freddy Capes some few years back. We called it the double deal. Capes opened an office on lower Broadway, New York, and I simultaneously opened mine across the street, or nearly so. We got hold of a list of active speculators in stocks, the list being procured in one of the methods I have already explained. Capes wrote every man on the list a bull letter and I simultaneously wrote each one a bear letter. One of us was bound to be right and it mattered not which. We kept at our game consistently. I was always doleful and sure the market would fall. Capes was an incurable optimist. He knew prices were going up. If prices went up Capes immediately wrote to all his correspondents, crowing with lusty lungs.

"I told you so!" he shouted from the mimeographed page. "See what you would have made had you followed my advice!"

If the market went down it was I who wrote the I-told-you-so letters. In this way we soon established relationship with large numbers of persons, some having been made to have confidence in me and some in Capes. They began by writing us for information and ended by seeking our advice and guidance. We steered them to brokers with whom we had a prearrangement, which provided that we were to have twenty-five per cent of the account the moment it was opened and half when it was finally closed. Here again we either had actual charge of the accounts and were thus able to blow them up when it suited us, or we directed or misdirected the speculator. In the end the result was the same. In those days I went to work in a limousine.

At this moment a further refinement of the game is in common use. In the refining process some of the dishonesty has been eliminated. Two tipsters open separate offices and proceed exactly as Capes and I did. In fact, the fellows who are operating to-day learned this little trick from us. A business man out in Indiana writes in and wants to operate through one or the other of these tipping gentlemen. He is told that he must handle his own account through his own local broker. The tips are wired him daily in code so that his townspeople may not discover that he is playing the market. If the tips are wrong and he loses no one suffers but the speculator. If he wins he must pay from ten to twenty per cent to the tipster. Nothing criminal here, I suppose, but just a nice sure-thing game with the other fellow's money.

When, half a generation ago, the bucket shops were slowly and finally put under the ban the hundreds of men who had been operating these places looked about for other ways of handling narrow-margin speculations. Various expedients were resorted to, but in the end everything simmered down to the installment-stock business. To-day all the prominent bucketeers of other years are in this game. Some of the houses are decidedly prominent and they do a tremendous volume of business.

The theory of the installment-stock game is simple enough. If you wish to buy a share of stock you may acquire it by paying an initial installment of ten per cent based on its current value. The usual arrangement is that five per cent a month must then be paid, so that the stock is acquired outright in eighteen months. If the stock goes higher in the eighteen-month interim the investor is naturally the gainer. Otherwise he loses, for he must pay out at the value of the stock when originally bought. He is privileged to sell his share at profit or loss any time in the course of the eighteen months.

Undoubtedly some stock is bought, paid up and finally acquired by this system. But in my judgment a good many installment-stock transactions represent mere margining. The same old crowd that used to play the bucket shops now hangs its wraps before the blackboard in some of the installment-stock houses and bets furiously. The house, unless it is really on the level, does not actually buy or sell the traded shares. Why should it? Shares are not deliverable under the contract for eighteen months and much may happen in that time. Here we have the good old bucket shop under another name with the margins a bit bigger—nothing more. The buyer simply bets that his stock will rise and the dealer lays him it will decline. Nine out of every ten trades find the speculator on the bull side.

Frankly I cannot see why this method should be objectionable if the house is honest and discharges all obligations. There is always, to be sure, the danger of an adverse market and a bankruptcy, but this danger is not absent from other forms of stock brokerage. The fly in the amber here is really an adventitious institution called the switch. A yarn to explain it:

Some years ago—ten to be exact—I decided to have a fling at the installment-stock business and I immediately opened offices in Broad Street, New York, those very offices I spoke of in the beginning of my articles. I had been out of the Street for some time following paths afar and amiss. Naturally I must have clients. Simple enough by way of the sucker list. But I had suffered some experiences with these fool rosters. I knew—as all brokers do—that ten letters are written to one that is read. A sheer and painful waste of postage. How then manage the thing more economically?

I bought, from a regular Wall Street dealer in stockholders' lists, the names and addresses of holders of shares in half a dozen standard companies such as United States Steel, Standard Oil, American Can, Anaconda, and so on. To each of these stockholders I now wrote an original letter, which began by extolling the virtues of the particular stock held by the addressee and wound up by announcing my entrance into the financial field and my willingness to serve. Soon a second letter reached each stockholder. This again called attention to the many virtues of the stock in question, predicted future increase in value, spoke of possible stock dividends and generally dosed the security with copious flatteries. I wound up this letter by saying that I dealt in this stock, was a specialist in it and sold it outright or on the installment plan.

A Switch to Mining Stock

THE calculated effects were felt in two directions. My addressees took unto themselves my flattering estimates of their investments. To compliment a man on his possessions, whether these be his wife, his children, his art objects or his securities, is to compliment the man—and is much more effective, being indirect. My prospects felt I must be a man of good judgment. Did I not agree with them? And again, most of the letters I sent out were read, for they dealt with a matter in which the addressees had already an interest. I was shortly in correspondence with hundreds and later with thousands of shareholders.

At my suggestion they bought further blocks of their own favorite stocks on the installment plan. Some even put up the shares they already held to cover the initial payments on larger blocks and I was soon doing a thriving business. I must explain that I acted in this matter as a dealer and charged no commission save that paid to brokers for buying the shares. How was I going to make money without committing larceny? you wonder. To be truthful, money could have been made and is made honestly in such establishments. In the first place the dealer has the use of the buyer's money for nearly eighteen months, beginning with a small part and ending with almost the total amount involved. In the second place the dealer has the advantage of being able to buy the requisite stocks at any time in the course of a year and a half and he naturally acquires them when the market is lowest. He is dealing in only half a dozen or a dozen standard stocks and it takes no great astuteness to watch the market on such a list with care and practical intelligence. It is therefore possible to conduct an installment-stock business dealing in first-class securities bought for investment without any fraud or trickery. I regret to say it is too seldom done.

As soon as I was well launched in my Broad Street business I looked about for an undeveloped mining venture and bought up such an affair for a song. I prepared elaborate literature on this proposition, listed the stock on the curb and slowly worked it up to a respectable price. All this was done quietly with small transactions, without bluster or advertising. But once I had my fraudulent stock at three or four dollars a share I began the preconceived attack on my stockholders.

The thing was begun slowly and cautiously. I merely called their attention to my mining stock without asking them to buy. When I wrote them about their standard stocks or sent receipts for money received I slipped insinuating circulars into the envelopes. I showed my investors ever-higher markets for the mining stock. Over a period of a whole year I prepared them. Then as their installments on the standard stocks began to approach maturity I launched into each customer with fervid advisings.

I had been sending my customer the literature on this mining stock for nearly a year merely to call his attention to it. I had never advised him to buy, for he was a conservative man, and I made no practice of suggesting speculative ventures. However, the mine was now in such a state that I felt I would be remiss in my duty if I did not call the customer's attention to the tremendous possibilities and advise him to get in on the ground floor. Perhaps if he was short of other capital he would like to convert his standard stocks into these shares. I was convinced such a change would pay surprisingly.

I need not go into the full details of the campaign. By repeated urgings and advisings more than eighty per cent of my customers were persuaded to surrender their good stocks for bad and they naturally came utterly to grief. Those who refused to exchange received their securities in due time and continued as my customers. They bought further stocks and I tried to persuade them into a substitute swindle. This is the switch. If some customers are immune it is because they have demonstrated their good sense. Others are not in this happy family.

The eminent Dr. John Grant Lyman, of whom previous mention, rung a desperate change on this game. He advertised as an installment dealer, got many buyers of good stocks interested, received heavy remittances through the mails and then simply decamped. They caught him on the Florida coast, whence he was about to put out for Honduras in a small ship.

The Municipal Bond Game

IT IS generally safe to assume that bonds are safer instruments than stocks, but not always. A year or two after I opened my installment-stock business I was approached in New York by a pair of conspirators who had a supply of police-graft money on hand and wanted to go into the bond business on the installment plan. I entered this venture, which we launched on a small scale with less than thirty thousand dollars capital.

We watched the advertisements for small municipal-bond issues and underwrote them. Our first buy was a one-hundred-thousand-dollar block of sewer bonds in a small town. We paid just under par for them, put up the required deposit of nearly twenty thousand dollars, took the bonds to New York and immediately hypothecated them in our bank at better than eighty-five. With this money we paid the city, having a little cash to spare.

We now went to this little city and advertised the bonds for sale locally on the installment plan, ten per cent down and five per cent a month. It was no trouble at all to sell them on these terms, so we almost immediately had ten thousands dollars of our investment back. At the end of the first month we had fifteen per cent in hand and our original thirty thousand dollars was practically intact.

Without delay we bought up another block of municipals in a similar amount and went through the same operation. In thirty days our capital was again intact and we ventured in a third issue. Thus at the end of a year we were spread out over a dozen issues, with nearly a million and a half of bonds in hand and only thirty thousand dollars involved on our side. We were simply using the money of our bond buyers as it came in to us. As soon as the first set of payments matured—eighteen months after our first venture—we would naturally have to take up the loan at the bank and deliver the bonds, but this occasioned no worry. We would have the installments from eighteen issues coming in by that time and would be abundantly able to handle the situation. Meantime we were making a little money, for we sold the bonds at a reasonable advance over our purchase price and we collected the difference between call-money interest and that borne by the bonds, often as great as three per cent. On two millions in bonds this difference in income would amount to sixty thousand dollars a year. Plainly as long as call money remained cheap we were making profits. This was, I regret to say, not our plan.

The fraud was to be applied at the right moment. By investing and reinvesting on the lines already explained and by returning all profits to the business we expected to enlarge our operations till they covered a matter of fifty or a hundred millions in bonds. This accomplished we planned to sell out the business, or appear to sell it out, and leave the country with the profits of a last huge deal. Our successors, who would have been hardy characters hired for the job, would have held on for a time and then transferred the business to still another set of yet hardier

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Going the limit in Style but not in Price

Every fabric all-wool and guaranteed

This Spring, Styleplus will go even their own reputation one better. They will offer such style perfection and such a wealth of fashionable models and fabrics that literally no taste will go unanswered.

Every shade of style demand from the extreme to the ultra-conservative will find its exact response in the big Styleplus line. Style backed up by all-wool fabrics that give real wear.

Buying will concentrate on clothes that offer genuine style and all-wool fabrics at sensible prices. The lion's share of popularity will go to Styleplus on all counts—style, quality and price.

Sold by leading merchants from coast to coast. Manufactured, trademarked, guaranteed and priced (each price printed on the sleeve ticket) by Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

$45-$50-$55-$60

And a limited assortment at $40

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Registered

Trade Mark Reg

© H. S. & Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Needless Coal-Waste

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

A GREAT many people hold the idea that the conservation of a commodity results from decreasing the use of the material. This is not the case. True economy does not come from using sparingly, but from using well. The greatest waste in the world to-day is in the burning of coal. The greater application of science to the utilization of our fuels does not mean that this action will lengthen the life of our coal deposits, but that through the exercise of increased knowledge we will insure the fuller use of our valuable resources. The more economy that we practice in the consumption of coal the more of it we will consume. It is a proved fact that conservation not only increases the value and efficiency of a material but widens its use.

Less than two hundred years ago an Englishman named Darby succeeded in making the first cast of iron from a furnace fed with coke. It was not until seventy years ago, however, that the first coke furnace was started in blast in the United States. At the end of the Civil War the consumption of coke in America totaled a little more than 100,000 tons. To-day coke consumption in the United States has reached a yearly total of nearly 57,000,000 tons. Of this quantity approximately 30,000,000 tons are produced in the old-fashioned beehive ovens and 26,000,000 tons come from by-product ovens. In the year 1920, if the capacity of the nation's new by-product ovens is utilized, it is likely that the output of by-product coke will exceed the production of coke from beehive ovens.

This large output of by-product coke is particularly gratifying when viewed in the light of the fact that the total output of such coke in the United States only a decade ago amounted to less than 6,000,000 tons. In 1908 there were 3799 by-product ovens operating in this country; at the commencement of the present year we have more than 10,000 by-product ovens in service, the greater part of which large increase in capacity has taken place since the beginning of the war.

The Germans have been the leaders in the practice of extracting the by-products from coal through coking. In 1914 the Teutons were well prepared in this most essential industry, for at the outbreak of hostilities Germany was coking 10,000,000 tons more coal in by-product ovens than the rest of the world combined. Even with all of our remarkable development of the by-product coke industry in the United States during the past few years we have not yet attained to the production that was reported for Germany as long ago as 1913.

This farsighted policy of the Teutons in the matter of extracting the highest possible value out of their coal supplies is largely responsible for Germany's supremacy in the dye industry and other important lines of endeavor. In 1907 the German output of ammonium sulphate from by-product coke ovens was greater than the production from the same source in all other countries combined. When hostilities commenced and after the Teutons had procured control of the coke ovens in Belgium and Northern France they possessed an advantage so far as ammonium sulphate was concerned of more than 100,000 tons of this important commodity per year.

Let me turn now to the equally great importance of the by-product coke oven as an industrial asset in the present days of peace. Though the production of coke in beehive ovens has not been increasing during recent years, it is nevertheless true that the consumption of coal in this wasteful practice has not shown any material decrease. Assuming that the annual production of beehive coke has averaged 33,000,000 tons during the last fifteen years, one authority estimates the yearly loss of valuable products as follows:

Coke, 2,400,000 tons; tar, 396,000,000 gallons; ammonium sulphate, 545,000 tons; surplus gas, 300,000,000,000 cubic feet; benzine, 82,000,000 gallons; and toluene, 20,000,000 gallons.

There is good basis for the assumption that of the 500,000,000 tons of raw coal that was burned in the United States in 1918 without first being coked no less than 400,000,000 tons could have been profitably treated in by-product ovens and the resultant coke used for domestic and industrial purposes. This yearly waste of valuable elements through firing raw bituminous coal may be expressed as follows: Gas, 2,240,000,000,000 cubic feet, worth $224,000,000; tar, 3,600,000,000 gallons, worth $144,000,000; ammonia, 1,250,000 tons, worth $300,000,000; and benzol, 1,500,000,000 gallons, valued at $140,000,000. This indicates that our present national waste of useful coal constitutents through adherence to crude methods of daily practice is equivalent to an annual loss of $808,000,000.

For every ton of coke made in a by-product oven there is saved in fuel alone the equivalent of 825 pounds of coal. For every ton of coke made in a by-product oven and applied to use in a blast furnace there is a direct saving when compared with beehive coke of 200 pounds in the oven and 282 pounds in the blast furnace. When a householder burns one ton of good bituminous coal in a heating furnace or a kitchen range he has sacrificed something like 11,000 cubic feet of gas, nine gallons of tar, twenty-five pounds of ammonium sulphate, 2.08 gallons of pure benzol and 0.56 gallon of pure toluol.

The largest by-product coke plant in the world is located at Clairton, Pennsylvania, and is owned by the Carnegie Steel Company. This plant carbonizes 12,500 tons of high-volatile coal daily, producing 8000 tons of metallurgical coke, 150,000 gallons of coal tar daily, 75,000,000 cubic feet of gas, 40,000 gallons of light oil and 175 tons of ammonium sulphate each twenty-four hours. The production of the above ingredients varies in different parts of the country according to the character of the coal that is coked.

Practically everyone knows that it is wasteful to burn raw coal, and still the nations of the earth are having great difficulty in bringing about the realization of an accepted ideal. Even the British, who were pioneers in coke making, utilize only seven per cent of their total coal production in by-product ovens and but ten per cent in gas works. One authority estimates that a four-foot seam of coal contains enough ammonium sulphate to fertilize the land above it for 1000 years. The permanent loss each year of several million tons of nitrogenous fertilizer by the coal-producing nations of the earth is a matter of such importance that one must express amazement at the continuance of this economic crime.

Here in the United States it is customary in certain agricultural sections to use about 100 pounds of ammonium sulphate per acre of cultivated land. It is a fact, therefore, that we are burning up each year in our beehive ovens enough nitrogen to fertilize 10,900,000 acres. An acre of wheat land with a normal production of twenty bushels will yield from twenty-seven to thirty bushels if treated with an application of 100 pounds of ammonium sulphate. It follows, therefore, that the country's production of wheat would be increased by more than 80,000,000 bushels a year if the ammonia that is now wasted in our beehive ovens were to be saved and used.

The other day I was talking to F. W. Sperr, chief chemist of the largest coke company in the United States, and got a new slant on this matter of coal distillation.

Said he: "The idea is widely prevalent that ammonia, tar, benzine, toluene, naphthalene, cyanogen, and so on, are contained in the coal the same way that iron is present in hematite or calcium oxide in marble and that all the chemist has to do is to analyze the coal to find out the amounts of these substances it will produce when coked in a by-product oven. Such an idea is far from the truth. Coal contains merely the elements that under certain conditions of heating may go together to form these and other substances, but it no more contains these substances originally than an acre of uncultivated soil contains cabbage or corn. The amount of variation possible in the yields of by-products under different conditions of treatment is quite analogous to the variation possible in crops per acre of soil depending upon fertilization, temperature and rainfall. Most published results of laboratory coal distillations are valueless for this reason so far as any close comparison is concerned.

"The geological age of a coal is no criterion as to its coking quality. As good by-product yields and as good coke are obtained from the comparatively recent coals of Colorado as from the early carboniferous strata of Pennsylvania. The phenomena of prime importance seem to be those of deoxidization rather than of devolatilization. The highly oxygenated coals of Illinois may have less volatile matter than coal from a portion of the Pittsburgh seam in Pennsylvania and yet produce a much inferior coke. In fact, the best basis we have

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One of the Newest and Biggest of Our Modern By-Product Coke-Oven Installations

C A D I L L A C

It has taken seventeen years to make the Cadillac what it is today.

Such an achievement is not to be attained in a single year--scarcely in a decade.

No matter how sincere the desire, no matter how complete the manufacturing equipment, no matter how capable the executive minds, time is indispensable.

It must be a growth, an unfoldment, nourished by the highest ideals.

It is possible only with an assembly of skilled craftsmen working in unison, year after year.

Long training in Cadillac standards has so imbued Cadillac craftsmen with the Cadillac spirit, that the unworthy method and the inexpert practice would excite their contempt.

An organization may be likened to a fine machine. It may be well designed, its parts may be accurately made and carefully assembled, but its highest efficiency is reached only after it has been "run in" and its components brought into thorough accord.

The "running in" process of the machine may be a matter of days or weeks, but in a huge organization it is a matter of years.

The Cadillac organization comprises thousands of high-type human units. The most essential of these, through years of association, have come to co-operate in a harmony which parallels the product—the Cadillac car—Standard of the World.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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for differentiation with respect to coking quality seems to bear a close relationship to high or low oxygen content."

Mr. Sperr estimates that in the year 1917 the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland produced 92,000,000 tons of coal that was suitable for conversion into metallurgical coke. Of this coal only 21,000,000 tons were treated in by-product ovens. The loss to the two states mentioned amounted to $140,000,000. Similarly in West Virginia and Kentucky 51,000,000 tons of coking coal were consumed for other purposes. The resultant loss to West Virginia and Kentucky amounted to $87,000,000. The state of Utah in 1918 produced 5,535,000 tons of bituminous coal. Nearly ninety per cent of Utah's output comes from Carbon County and it is generally agreed that all of the Carbon County coal can be coked. There are no by-product ovens in Utah, but Carbon County does contain several plants of beehive ovens, which burn about 800,000 tons of coal annually. Accepting this latter figure as a basis, it appears that the products wasted through the coking practice in Utah total about $1,784,000. Furthermore, the products wasted by burning 4,183,270 tons of raw Carbon County coal, which is exclusive of the coal coked, are as follows:

PRODUCT	AMOUNT WASTED	NORMAL PRICE PER UNIT	VALUE WASTED
Gas . . .	23,168,432,000 cu. ft.	10c. per M cu. ft. . .	$2,316,843
Tar . . .	37,234,980 gallons	4c. per gallon . .	1,489,399
Light oil .	14,480,270 gallons	10c. per gallon .	1,448,027
Sulphate .	103,430,500 pounds	3c. per pound . . .	3,102,915
Total .	. . .	. . .	$8,357,184

More and more American cities are procuring their supply of gas for domestic fuel purposes from by-product coke-oven plants. The diminishing supply of natural gas in many fields has directed attention to the coke oven as an efficient source to draw from. The present high cost of materials has made water gas very expensive to manufacture, because the gas must stand all the increased costs, there being no by-products to absorb a part of the extra expense. The manufacture of coke-oven gas carries with it the production of coke, tar and ammonia. When the price of coal increases the prices of these products also increase and the gas alone is not compelled to carry the full burden of higher costs. Among the cities that are now getting their municipal gas supply from by-product ovens are St. Paul, Toledo, St. Louis, Baltimore, Terre Haute, Jersey City, Newark, Camden and Providence.

Most people have heard that coal tar is a material possessing wonderful possibilities. However, it is not generally known that more than 4000 dyes and chemicals are now being derived from coal tar. During the war there was a tremendous demand for benzol, toluol and phenol for the production of explosives. The price of toluol advanced from less than one dollar a gallon to $4.50 a gallon. Hundreds of individuals as well as manufacturing companies sought to engage in the coal-tar business. Many of these concerns are still in business and the big problem just now is to provide a market for a rapidly growing output of coal-tar products. Strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Government to establish a reasonable measure of tariff protection so that the United States will become independent of the European producers of dyes. However, it should be borne in mind that only ten per cent of the whole composition of tar can be used in making synthetic dyes and chemicals. Therefore, the continued growth of the tar industry must depend upon the profitable disposal of the two principal constituents of tar distillation—that is, creosote oil and pitch.

It is likely that in coming years American engineers will pay more attention to the fact that both tar and the crude fractions that are obtained from it can replace petroleum fuel oils in steam plants and metallurgical furnaces whenever the relative value of the products makes the burning of tar a good economic policy. In European countries tar oils have been successfully used in Diesel engines. In fact, the Germans prefer the tar oils as a fuel for these engines. Coke-oven tars average about 16,500 British thermal units in heat value and the heavy distillates yield something like 17,000.

In this connection it is interesting to know that the composition of coke-oven tars varies with the style of oven and the time and temperature of coking. The tar that comes from the old-fashioned gas works is the heaviest, most viscous and contains less oil and pitch. Vertical retort gas-works tar is the lightest, while that from the by-product oven occupies an intermediate position. Several years ago a number of coking plants increased the temperature of their oven heats and reduced the time of the process. As a result the tars that were produced had been deprived of practically their entire content of the acids from which carbolic acid and all of the disinfecting and antiseptic compounds were derived. Such action reduces the value of the tar through eliminating many of its commercial constituents.

When the time comes that the greater part of our coal production is treated in by-product ovens and the valuable constituents are recovered there will then follow many radical changes in the practices that now prevail in a number of our industries. Carbolic acid is the standard disinfectant. When we seek to determine the efficiency of any other disinfectant it is necessary to compare its power to kill typhoid germs—the standard germ—with that of pure carbolic acid. It is, therefore, worth noting that we now obtain from coal-tar disinfectants which are twenty times as powerful as pure carbolic acid. So powerful is one such product that a gallon of it when diluted will make 500 gallons of effective germ killer. Other coal-tar preparations will destroy lice, flies, mosquitoes and such vermin as are injurious to all kinds of livestock. Here again will the greater conservation of coal products increase the health and happiness of humanity.

In our industrial life the use of coal derivatives is only commencing to be felt. The rubber industry depends upon these products for solvents, compounding ingredients and softeners. Practically all types of paint now use a derivative of coal. Printing inks, shoe polishes, brake linings, dry cleaners, perfumes, explosives, linoleums, glues, pastes and photographic developers, contain coal products as basic ingredients. The paper industry, the soap business and shoe manufacturing would be hard hit were it not for the offspring of Old King Coal. The electrical industry would likewise be cut off from its chief source of insulating material, while the doctors of the country and the druggists who supply them would be up against it for a sufficient supply of phenol from which to get common drugs that are in everyday use.

The gasoline consumption of the United States now amounts to something more than 2,250,000,000 gallons annually. Even with our greatly increased recovery of benzol following the stimulus of the war it is not likely that the output of benzol will soon amount to more than ten per cent of the gasoline now used. If we assume that the average automobile will use 450 gallons of gasoline per year a production of benzol totaling 250,000,000 gallons yearly would provide fuel for only 500,000 motor cars. This does not lead one to believe that the by-product coke oven gives us any large hope for relief in the present high price of gasoline. On the other hand, with something more than 6,000,000 motor cars operating in the United States this year, it would appear that the market for benzol seems assured for years to come. As a motor fuel ninety per cent benzol is about twenty-three per cent more efficient than gasoline and the benzol can be used in practically any car with only a slight adjustment of the carburetor.

Back in 1771 a chemist named Stauf lived in a forest near Saarbrücken in Germany. This man had spent the better part of his life in an effort to get the by-products out of bituminous coal. His ovens were located on a hill over a burning mine. After years of effort the German obtained not only oil, pitch and coke, but even a lump of sal ammoniac. The great German writer, Goethe, paid a visit to the chemist Stauf and there bestowed upon him the title of Coal Philosopher. Though this early German scientist was one of the first to recover by-products from coal, that is about all he did get in return for his years of labor, if we except the title Kohlenphilosoph, which was given to him by Goethe. One cannot help but wonder as to what would be the opinions of Herr Stauf if he were to examine one of the great by-product plants now operating in either the United States or Germany. It would be no less interesting if we who are here to-day could get but a glimpse of the by-product coke industry of no more than fifty years hence. Suffice it to say, that with all of our wonderful progress toward the ultimate recovery of the values that Nature has placed in coal we have only arrived at the dawn of a new era wherein the greater utilization of coal will be the chief feature of the day. In ten or fifteen years some of the mathematical sharks in what are now known as our smoky cities will be busy compiling statistics to show the dollar-and-cents saving that has resulted in the laundry bills of the citizens through the elimination of smoke and fumes from the surrounding atmosphere.

What Industry Needs

IT IS conceded by all that the basic ill of the world to-day is a social ailment; that it has to do with the treatment of many men by other men. Everybody is aware that in the past men were studied from an autocratic standpoint and everybody is quite agreed that we have reached a time when an employer must fail to get a proper appreciation of the human element if men are studied from any other than a democratic point of view. Less than a generation ago great financiers thought they had discovered a way out of their industrial troubles by combining many small companies into one large organization, but though they did succeed in paying larger dividends it was soon found that they had overlooked the most important thing—the human element. The formation of great industrial units tended to accentuate instead of relieve the difficulties resulting from a strained relationship between employer and employee. Even the slight personal touch that had hitherto existed in the smaller concerns was eliminated.

Out of the babel of voices that are just now engaged in reciting a multitude of remedies for our industrial problems we can here and there discern the faint plea of a wise and thoughtful mind that has based its arguments on an acceptance of simple but sound fundamentals. Throughout the world there are thousands of so-called management experts who have evolved reams of theories, much of which advice only adds to the present confusion. However, there are a few men with big ideas and high ideals who have not yet wandered off into the land of impractical dreamers. Last night I sat for hours and talked with one of these social doctors. This man, George F. Barber, has gained a national reputation as a production engineer. His ideas may not suit all classes of citizens, but they are worthy of wide attention at the present moment, when most of our industrial ships seem to be minus a rudder. As near as I can remember, the following statements embody the principal points he set forth:

It is a fundamental truth that management and not money, that leadership and not labor, is the source of all progress—the fount of all wealth in industry. The two great delusions of to-day are: First, that all wealth and progress are created by labor; second, that wealth and progress are created by capital. The truth is that neither one nor both of these factors combined create wealth and prosperity. The conditions that make prosperity are provided by mental qualities which are the very opposite of muscular or financial activity. Labor, material or equipment is not effective until it is properly directed. Russia with its teeming millions of strong husky manual laborers is proof of this. The Arabs of Arabia still live as Abraham lived. There are upward of 400,000,000 people in China who are frugal and toil diligently, yet they have never prospered. The greatest lesson of the world war is that leadership is the first essential to progress. The millions of Russia could not stop the Hun. The Allies were commencing to crumble when along came unified command—intelligent leadership—and the German machine collapsed like a house of cards.

Industry to-day is in much the same position as was the Allied cause in 1917. The capitalist asserts that labor is not working efficiently. Labor insists that capital is not treating it fairly. The air is filled with disturbing rumors and through it all the fundamental truth as to the cause of labor unrest is overlooked by many. The basic fault is a lack of sureness of direction. Old guideposts have become weather vanes and are swinging with every wind that blows. Workmen to-day are demanding leadership, and having no assurance of the proper kind are accepting in many instances the inferior and the unscrupulous rather than have none.

The capitalist justly complains that men no longer produce as much as formerly. I have seen facts and figures sufficient to prove that this is true. In some cases men are getting twice the pay for half the work they formerly did. This means paying four times as much for a product as heretofore. At one big plant the figures show that the actual amount of work done in eight hours amounts to three hours and seventeen minutes as measured by prewar standards. Jobs that formerly took ten hours in some cases now consume twenty-eight hours. This means that employees in many places are attempting to capitalize hours of idleness. The inevitable result will be that eventually people will buy where idleness is not capitalized.

Out of all this is ringing a clarion call for sound leadership. The task of the manager is to achieve good wages for labor, a cheapened product for the consumer, a profit for the management and a fair interest for capital. What is needed is a man—not men, not money, not machinery, not markets, not methods—just a man. As in war, so in industry the analogy is perfect. Foch, the greatest warrior of modern times, quotes from Napoleon Bonaparte, the greatest warrior who preceded him: "In war men are nothing—it is the man who is everything. It was not the Roman Army that conquered Gaul, but Cæsar; it was not the Carthaginian Army that made Rome tremble in her gates, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian Army that reached the Indies, but Alexander; it was not the French Army that carried the war to the Weser and the Hun, but Turenne; it was not the Prussian Army which for seven long years defended Prussia against the three greatest powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great."

A wise policy is of more avail than a huge pay roll or a large plant. The total employees of any corporation are just what their leaders make them. It is the big boss who gives the men their character and tone, their energy or inactivity, their efficiency or laxness; his firmness and discipline are reflected to the lowest man. A department or an enterprise is but the lengthened shadow of one leader. If this man is second-rate the department or enterprise will be second-rate.

Every man is the result of his ideals, and though an ideal is an intangible thing it is the only indestructible thing on earth. We think of matter as being indestructible, but ideals alone survive. They live where kingdoms and empires perish. It is just as necessary to take stock of ideals as it is to take stock of material, equipment or man power. The ideals of any leader should be simple, direct and appealing. Here are the ideals of one great captain of

(Continued on Page 145)

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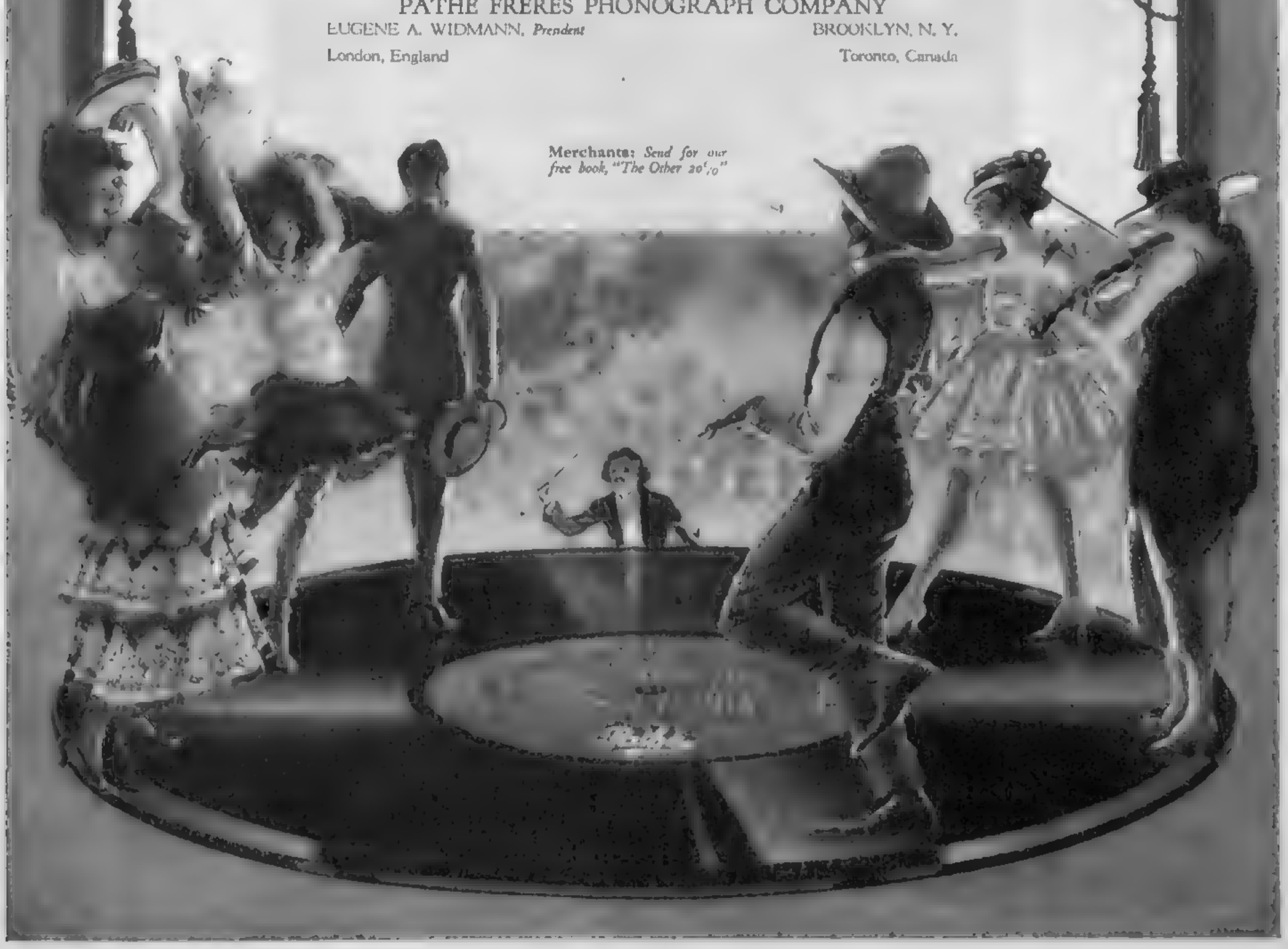

THE IDEALIST

By THOMAS JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

"SO, YOU see, I am quite alone in the world now. Forgive me. I oughtn't to—to ——"

"Not at all. Dear me, it's very natural." The kind old gentleman reassured her, while she dried her eyes. He himself was not unmoved, and cleared his throat once or twice as he affected to be closely concerned with his plate.

"And you have been so good to me—the first person who has shown me kindness since my poor mother's death."

"No relations? Dear me. Yes, of course, you said you were quite alone. Bless my soul, it's very sad."

"Quite, quite alone. It seems so dreadful—worse even than I thought it would be." The girl raised her tear-stained face—a very pretty face in spite of tears—and looked mournfully at her companion. "If it hadn't been for you I don't know what I should have done. I was feeling quite desperate."

"I thought you were looking a little bewildered."

"Bewildered—I was lost. You see I've never been in London before; and this big station ——"

"Yes, it's very confusing. I am only glad that I happened to be here, and able to help you."

"I might have lost the bag for good," said the girl, with a slight nervous shrug, glancing at the new canvas suitcase which stood beside her chair, on the floor of the station restaurant.

"And what I should have done then, I don't know. I should have been quite ruined. How lucky it was that you made that mistake!" She smiled.

The old gentleman adjusted his gold spectacles, very benevolent spectacles.

"Ah! Yes, yes. My eyes are getting very bad. I was quite sure you were Nelly—my niece, you know. Though it's true that I haven't seen Nelly for nearly three years. She certainly ought to have been on this train. But these Irish girls, you know." The old gentleman wagged his head in gentle deprecation.

"It sounds very unkind of me, but I'm glad she didn't come—or I should never have met you. And I can't think what would have happened to me then. It was really a kind of providence." She paused and sipped her tea. "But do you know," she added with somewhat of a timid look, "even at the worst, I always felt that someone would be sent to help me."

"I Hope You Will Not be Annoyed By Advice, Which is Only, My Dear Young Lady, Believe Me—is Only Meant for Your Good"

Mr. Brown was a religious man. Possibly, as he felt sometimes, and felt strongly at this moment, he had neglected the outer duties of faith, but he had never failed to respond in his heart. He looked at the eager child before him with an affectionate sadness, and gently shook his head.

"You don't think so? Oh, but I'm sure you can't think so badly of people! Do you know"—she used her favorite opening, with a birdlike note, cocking her head slightly to one side and pouting her lips—"I think it is quite wonderful to see how much goodness there is—I mean considering the awful stories one hears, and the newspapers and the things clever people say. I used to be rather cynical ——"

The old gentleman smiled, but became grave at once when he saw the serious expression, the frown of his companion.

"Yes, really and truly, I used to think that everyone was thoroughly selfish. That even people who were kind were only kind for a purpose—because they liked it or because they wanted to get something for themselves. Poor mother used to argue with me about it, but she could never answer me when I asked her why she married father. Because of course she married father because she wanted to."

She smiled sadly and looked up. The tears were again in her eyes. Even Mr. Brown felt a decided emotion. He wiped the top of his bald head with a silk handkerchief, and not knowing what to say took a large bite of bread and butter.

"It was a good thing that I was wrong, wasn't it?" she asked more cheerfully.

"Oh, but were you wrong?" The old gentleman frowned and gave his spectacles a smart blow with his forefinger, driving them half an inch up his long nose, from which they began at once to slip back toward their former position at the tip. "Were you wrong, my dear young lady? There is a great deal in what you said. People are apt to be selfish. And it is necessary to exercise a great deal of caution ——"

"But if I had believed that, I should never have made a friend," she burst out. Mr. Brown pooh-poohed this.

"Anyone would have done as much for you, I assure you. You only had to ask ——"

He stopped, to see a sudden smile.

"There!" she said, pointing at him with a piece of cake. "You have contradicted yourself already."

"No—I—why?"

Mr. Brown was much confused by this direct attack. Nevertheless, he felt a most unusual pleasure. It seemed to him that he was almost enjoying a flirtation, as much at least of a flirtation as can be enjoyed by an old man. And old men perhaps make up in appreciation what they lose in opportunity.

"You are an idealist, aren't you?" said the young coquette, leaning forward across the teapot with a roguish look.

The old gentleman actually blushed.

"Oh, no, no! Really, you mustn't ——"

She laughed, delighted to reduce him to confusion.

"Why, of course you are! You don't believe for a moment that anybody could ever be wicked."

"Oh, but I do! And I wanted to tell you ——"

"I knew it from the very first moment I saw you. You looked exactly—but you won't be offended, will you?"

"Offended? I'm sure you could never offend me. No. Whatever you did."

"Then you reminded me of the vicar at home. Honestly it is a real compliment. He is the dearest old man."

"Tut, tut! Pooh-pooh!" Mr. Brown was quite agitated.

"Yes. Really the nicest old dear. And he's an idealist. He doesn't believe anyone can ever be wicked. Not really wicked. He is sure that the newspapers give a very wrong impression, and when some burglars broke into the church and took the collecting box he refused to prosecute ——"

"Perhaps he was right. But still ——"

Mr. Brown looked thoughtful.

"You see! I knew you would agree with him. He said that perhaps they needed the money. We-e-ell ——" The young lady expressed her view of this argument in an uncertain tone.

"But maybe they did! And then of course they were the very people the money was collected for."

She burst into another peal of laughter. "I'm sorry; it is awfully rude of me. You see, I feel so different. It is so delightful for me to have anyone to talk to. I wasn't laughing at you, really I wasn't! It was just because—because I feel laughy."

"I think you ought to go on with your tea," said Mr. Brown gravely.

"If you want to leave your jewel case ——"

"Suitcase."

"Suitcase at the safe-deposit company to-day you have none too much time. They probably close at six."

The old gentleman looked at his watch and compared it with the station clock.

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid I've been talking too much. Have some more tea. I declare your cup is quite empty!"

(Concluded on Page 42)

IT *cannot be told too often,* that those who conceived and designed the Liberty, were dreaming and building it in their minds and hearts, for years, while engaged in developing other motor cars.

The result was its almost instant acceptance as a car of indubitable quality—quality not only evidenced in outer beauty, and in inner perfection of practical manufacturing, but immediately recognized by the delightful difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 40)

Mr. Brown passed his cup over the table. He bowed and beamed at his hostess, and made her smile at him again. As a lonely old bachelor he seldom had handsome young ladies to pour out his tea for him.

"But you can't think what a difference it makes to have someone to talk to," she burst out with another of her sudden changes of expression—"someone really sympathetic. And you do remind me so much of my dear old vicar. I dare say that is why ——" She stopped as she handed back the cup. "Don't spill it—I'm afraid it is rather full."

"Thank you, thank you. You were saying ——"

"What was I saying?"

"Something about the—er—vicar."

"Oh, yes!" with a grave glance. "I think that was why I trusted you. Do you know, I knew at once that I could trust you."

Mr. Brown stroked his beard and frowned over his spectacles at the floor.

"It is very kind of you," he said at last.

"Nonsense. It is only the truth. Why shouldn't I? I owe you more than that."

"But I wonder—ahem ——"

"Yes?"

"I think I ought to warn you against—ahem—I think you would be wise not to—er—confide in—er—total strangers.

"I don't want to suggest—um—unpleasant doubts, but, my dear young lady, I think you should know that it is very dangerous to make—er—friends with people on short notice; especially at railway termini."

She raised her eyebrows and gazed at him.

"But how should I have met you? And I had to tell you about the suitcase—er ——"

"Even innocent-looking old fellows like myself may be—ahem—very undesirable acquaintances," interrupted Mr. Brown, with a significant and kindly look. "In fact, old age, so far from being a testimony of virtue, is often the most favored disguise of vice, and you know that old people are much more—er—more vicious than ——"

"I can't believe that."

"Yes, indeed, indeed they are!" Mr. Brown shook his head sadly. "I admit they are not so often criminal, but that is only because they are too lazy or cowardly; they have lost their ambition, and care as little to do wrong as good.

"But those who still have the energy—or the inducement—are the very worst sort. You know that old women are the—er—that they lie in wait at just such places as this for young girls from the country. And old men ——"

"Oh! but really ——"

"Yes, old men just like me—as far as you could tell, of course," Mr. Brown added hastily. "Just like me—are quite as bad. That is why I warn you against sudden acquaintances, especially at railway stations; and I hope you will not be annoyed by advice, which is only, my dear young lady, believe me—is only meant for your good."

Mr. Brown wiped his head again after this speech, and coughed. He was unaccustomed to express himself at such length, and found it trying.

"But if I hadn't met you—what should I have done? I knew nothing about there being two vans—and you see that the suitcase has only got a label on it with my name—no initials or anything. In fact, it's quite new."

"I was stating a general case. I know that for young ladies a general case is not perhaps so impressive as the particular instance." Mr. Brown smiled and dipped his long nose into his cup.

"Oh, but you mustn't think I would have told just anybody! I'm not so silly as that. I don't go about informing everyone I see that everything I have of value in the world—everything my poor mother left—is in this one suitcase."

"Except the trunks in the cloakroom. I thought you said you had forwarded your heavy luggage."

"Yes, but that's only clothes. They're worth nothing except to myself. Of course there is a balance at the bank—poor mother's balance; but that's not much—not comparatively."

She glanced at the suitcase, whither Mr. Brown's eyes also followed.

"I suppose you have had it transferred to your own name," he murmured, still gazing in deep abstraction at the suitcase.

She laughed so merrily that he looked up in surprise.

"I see you think me very stupid," she said.

"No, no. You mustn't suppose that because ——"

"But you do," she nodded; "and it's all because I told you about the old case. I call that just like a man! Because I have broken a general rule of common sense you can't see that I was very wise in this particular instance. Now, am I not right?"

"This is too deep for me." The old gentleman wagged his beard.

"Well, wasn't I wise to trust you?"

"Um!" The old gentleman pursed up his lips, and seemed disinclined to surrender his point.

"As a matter of fact I am a very good business woman, and quite able to look after myself. That sounds conceited, but the lawyers said so themselves ——"

"Why, of course, I'm sure you are."

"How do you know?" This sudden question popped out so pleasantly that they both laughed.

"Perhaps in the same way that you saw I was an idealist."

"So you see I did remember to send a signature to the bank, and the thing from the executor ——".

"Authority?"

"Yes—a paper of some kind—so that I could get the money. In fact, I shall want it at once, because I'm going to France to-morrow by the first train—so it's just as well I did remember."

"To France?"

"Yes. I'm going to try and find a relation of my father's at Marseilles."

"You must be careful abroad. And you will need a certain amount of money. It would be most risky to be stranded. Did your mother—excuse me—but did she keep a large balance at the bank?"

"Not much." She looked meditatively at the ceiling. "There's—let me see—sixty pounds four and fourpence; no—I drew a check for three guineas on Wednesday—there's fifty-seven pounds two and fourpence there now." She dropped her eyes with a look of some triumph at this feat of mental arithmetic.

"One and fourpence."

"No; two and fourpence."

"You said three guineas."

"Well, then, and if you take three guineas from ——" She stopped and knitted her brows. Her lips moved. At last she smiled. "Yes, you're right. I'm sorry. It just shows, doesn't it?"

"Shows?" Mr. Brown did not follow.

"Yes, it just shows. I mean you were quite right in saying I can't be too careful."

"A shilling is not a large error."

"No, but it's the principle of the thing," she replied gravely, eying Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown caught the glance and smiled. Both smiled. They laughed. Really this was a charming tea party.

Mr. Brown finished his tea and suggested that it was time they went on to the safe-deposit company.

"Yes. Good gracious, it's five o'clock! I'll go and get those trunks out now."

"If you will allow me ——" Mr. Brown half rose from his seat.

"I'm afraid you can't." The young lady was already standing. "You see they're all on one ticket, and I only want two. Besides, I want you to watch the suitcase for me. It's too heavy to carry about."

"If you trust me so far." Mr. Brown sank back into his chair.

"Not at all. I haven't forgotten the principle."

"No?" He raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"I certainly won't trust you."

"In that case it is rather rash of you to leave me in charge of your jewel case."

"Suitcase. I never said anything about jewels, did I?"

"No, no; I believe you didn't."

The old gentleman chuckled. The young lady looked slightly perturbed.

"I thought I only said property. But it only shows, doesn't it? In fact, just what you were saying?"

"What was that?"

"How careful one must be. Because I was quite sure I didn't say anything about —— However"—with a smile—"you can't run away with the suitcase, because I shall watch the door from the cloakroom. It's right opposite."

She nodded cheerfully and went out.

Mr. Brown poured himself out another cup of tea, and sat gazing at the suitcase. From time to time he rubbed his pate, frowned and pulled his beard. Once he leaned forward to inspect the lock—an inspection which seemed to meet his worst expectations, for he shook his head vigorously, and muttered, "Cheap. Cheap and flimsy. Just the sort of thing all women seem to choose. Poor girl!" he added. "She's very inexperienced."

The name on the label was Miss S. M. Jones.

Miss Jones returned almost at once, much flushed and looking rather annoyed.

"They want nearly ten shillings!" she ejaculated. "Isn't it scandalous? The things have been there a long time of course, but ten shillings is really ridiculous; and I've only got three and twopence. I should have had to go to the bank in any case, but now I must go at once. I came back to ask you if you would mind waiting for me."

"My dear child, the banks were closed an hour ago."

"Closed?"

"Of course." He spoke gently. "They close at four. You should have told me you wanted money."

"But what shall I do?" She collapsed into her chair with a look of despair. "I haven't a penny, and I've no time to-morrow morning—let alone the cloakroom and the cab fare and the safe people to-night."

Mr. Brown cleared his throat. He began to speak, and then thought better of it and turned it into a cough. He looked at the ceiling, the floor, the teapot, and finally blew his nose.

From behind his large and rather dirty handkerchief he was heard to say at last, "Perhaps—I—mean, perhaps your hotel would cash a check for you."

Miss Jones shook her head doubtfully. "I'm not known at any hotel, and if they knew I'm going on to-morrow morning —— Oh, what shall I do?"

Her lips trembled, she was plainly on the verge of tears. Mr. Brown could not be hard-hearted before such a spectacle of beauty in distress.

"I have—er—a little money. If you have your check book with you ——"

"Oh, yes!" She brightened amazingly. "It's in my hand bag."

"I would be delighted to cash a check for you."

She was radiant. "How good of you! Thanks awfully. I'll just go into the telegraph office and make one out at once. How much may I have?"

"How much would you like?"

"Oh, well, I'm afraid I want a great deal. For traveling, you see. I may be away two months and more. But I mustn't beggar you."

"Fortunately I came out with—er—a fair amount of money. For shopping with Nelly, you know. And Nelly is an expensive niece. In fact, I think you can have nearly all your balance. Let me see." Mr. Brown took out his wallet and counted a thick bundle of notes with his shaky old fingers. "I can let you have fifty," he said.

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"If you are sure of your balance. The fifty-seven pounds one and fourpence, you know," he smiled.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure of that. And I'll give you my address—at my lawyer's. Only I seem to be asking a great deal of you."

"If you trust me, you know—I ought to trust you. Make it out for fifty. I have a fountain pen here. I suppose you don't mind notes?"

"Oh, no. I'll change them at the bureau."

She wrote the check and counted her ten notes with a very businesslike air.

"Thank you so much. I shall never forget all your kindness. Now I'll just run over to the cloakroom." She got up to go, hesitated and remarked, "You won't mind waiting? I rather want to wash my hands; and I see there is a place next the cloakroom."

"Not at all, not at all. I'll be here."

Mr. Brown was quite embarrassed; in fact, his manner for the last quarter of an hour had been one of increasing embarrassment.

Miss Jones was as long as she had forewarned, perhaps longer. Mr. Brown made a reconnaissance through the glass door, and she was nowhere in sight. He walked uneasily back to the table, looked at the bag, lifted it as if to feel its weight, and sighed heavily as he replaced it.

Even while he paid for the tea at the counter his eyes were on the bag, and when he returned to his chair he stared at it quite angrily. He shook his head and said almost aloud, "No, no!"

Another visit to the door showed no sign of Miss Jones. The old gentleman heaved a last and most tremendous sigh, seized the bag and shot out of the room with surprising agility. As he left the station the fragments of the label fell from his left hand. Yet still he sighed. It seemed to Mr. Brown that he was acting against his conscience. He was disappointed in himself. For he had truly sympathized with that forlorn orphan.

Mr. Brown suffered another disappointment that evening, when he opened the bag and found that it contained four bricks wrapped in straw. And when the next morning he presented the check for payment he was much distressed by a refusal, and a request from the manager to step into the office. There he was detained till the arrival of the police, who considered that his explanation of how he had come into possession of a check from a stolen book was hardly satisfactory.

Besides, as they said, they rather thought they had met Mr. Brown before. He was taken to the station.

"Well, I'm damned!" said a well-known and not unrefined voice as Mr. Brown appeared in custody. "Now will you believe me, here's the very man! There, Mister Inspector, that's the old faker who passed off these bad fivers on me."

"And this," remarked the old gentleman blandly, "was the young lady who gave me that check."

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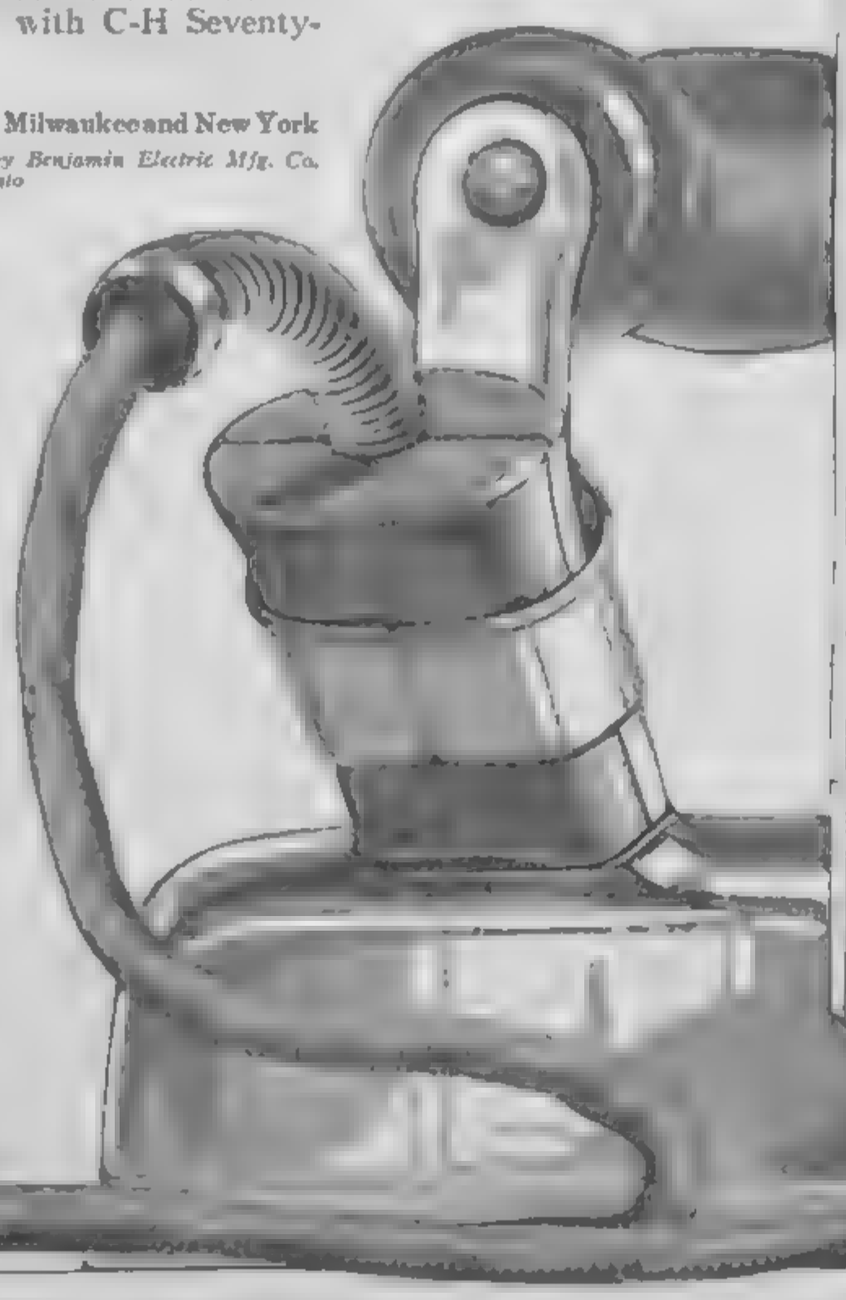

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C-H 7050 Switch

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 15)

I never knew what their differences were, though I can attest Andrew was a very decent man during the many years I saw him nearly every day. But his wife told the most terrible tales about Andrew. I have been hearing hard tales about men all my life; Mrs. Hackbarth's assortment on her husband was the worst of all; there was no viciousness of which she did not accuse him. He never said anything in reply, and about all people ever knew was that, so far as they could see, he was a good man.

Andrew's wife finally left him, going to a distant state. But she would not give him a divorce, though she often came back, usually appearing first at the county seat, where she began some sort of suit against him. Then she would appear in his neighborhood, and tell her stories on Andrew. What pleased her most was to meet him at church or other public place and tongue-lash him, but Andrew never said a word; he took it all, and hoped she would go away. Which she finally did, greatly to the relief of everybody; but within a few months we would hear again that she was in the county seat consulting her lawyer.

This kept up until both were old and worn out. Then she died, and we heard they had a daughter with whom the mother had been living. Then the daughter commenced annoying Andrew with suits, as her mother had done, but this was finally settled by the daughter's coming to live with Andrew.

The daughter had never married, and was about fifty years old when she appeared to care for the father in his old age. Some were suspicious from the first; they said she looked like her mother, and acted like her.

Andrew lived in a six-room house all on one floor, and the first night the daughter was there she noticed that Andrew slept with the window curtain of his bedroom up. The daughter said she thought it was a peculiar way to do; that she always put down the curtain when she went to bed.

Andrew patiently explained that he was accustomed to that way of doing; that he was an old man, and somewhat restless, and liked to look out at the stars while lying in bed at night, before going to sleep.

He thought that would satisfy her, but when he awoke next morning his curtain was down again.

This provoked Andrew, who was honestly trying to get along with his only remaining relative, as was his duty; so he said to his daughter that his curtain being up needn't bother her, she was at liberty to sleep with her curtain down if she liked, and should be satisfied. He therefore hoped she would let his curtain alone.

But she didn't; next morning Andrew's curtain was down; she had slipped in after her father was asleep, and lowered it.

The controversy went on a month. Every morning Andrew's curtain was down, and Andrew pleaded with his daughter to let him have his way in just one thing. He said he had submitted to a good deal from his womenfolks, and begged for peace. But the daughter was determined that the curtain in her father's bedroom should be lowered at night, and at last he drove her out of the house.

She went to the county seat and promptly began another lawsuit, which continued so long and was so expensive that Andrew was ruined. Both have been dead several years; I bought their quarter at the administrator's sale, and added it to my land.

Bill Purvis

BILL PURVIS is a steady man now, but a good many years ago was a cowboy in the Far West, and known as Pistol Billy. He once attended a dance at the old Goose Egg Ranch, on Poison Spider Creek, which lasted three days; the guests slept during the daylight hours, and danced three nights in succession. He also attended a dance at old Fort Fetterman which resulted in a tragedy.

Fort Fetterman was headquarters for all that section of the country in the early days, but has been abandoned and dismantled many years.

There were only four women at the dance; all there were in the country then—the hotel cook, two dining-room girls, and a lineman's wife. A telegraph line had been built into the fort, and the lineman who had charge of it lived in Fetterman. His wife was a particularly fine woman, and the cowboys for many miles round admired her in a chivalrous way.

The dance at which this lady lost her life began at ten P. M., and was going fast and furious at half an hour to midnight when the lineman and husband of the belle walked in. He had been out on the line at work, and came in mad. He bitterly reproached his wife for attending the dance in his absence, and demanded that she return home with him and get his supper. This she did, and her action broke up the dance, as there were only three women left; not enough to dance a set. Numbers had been sold to all the cowboys, and they had been playing cards for the choice numbers, and drinking; a cowboy who had a number likely to be called in an hour would play it against five dollars put up by some man who knew his number might not be called at all.

The cowboys were all mad when the lineman broke up the dance by taking his wife home, but they knew a husband had a right to cuss his own wife; so there was no amusement left except to drink, play poker and have the fiddler give a concert.

Finally word came to the big saloon where most of the cowboys were that the lineman, after he got his wife home, had cussed her so shamefully that she attempted suicide by taking laudanum. Thereupon the cowboys made a dash for the lineman's house, where they found the belle of the ball suffering great agony. She was so badly off that they didn't stop to shoot the husband, but hurried her to Doc Barber's office.

Doc Barber told the cowboys to clear out or he could do nothing for their friend, so they went out to look for the husband. While they were looking in the wrong place the husband procured a six-shooter and a jag and appeared at Doc Barber's office, where the Doc was doing his best to pump out the lady.

The lineman didn't want his wife to get well, the cowboys always charged; anyway, he took a shot at the Doc while he was trying to save her. And while the two men were shooting at each other from behind boxes and telegraph poles the lady died, because of the Doc's neglect. The cowboys knew Doc Barber could have saved her had there been no interference, for they knew he was the best doctor in the world.

Then they began to look for the lineman right; they combed Fetterman thoroughly, but without finding him; he had jumped on a horse and fled the country. By this time it was two o'clock in the morning, and the cowboys concluded that it was as little as they could do to give the lady a respectable funeral. They had no coffin, but knew that in the Fort Fetterman cemetery were a lot of coffin boxes; the bodies of soldiers formerly buried there had been removed to a national cemetery somewhere, that they might be more convenient on Decoration Day, and where better orators might tell of their losing their lives at the hands of fierce Indians, that the great West might be opened up more speedily.

So the cowboys, most of them drunk, raced to the abandoned cemetery on their broncos. Here they found a coffin box that suited their purpose, and dragged it up to Doc Barber's office at the end of a rope.

Then the question of decorating the coffin came up, so they went to the storekeeper and demanded that he open up. He didn't want to do it, but knew the cowboys wanted to kill somebody anyway, and finally consented. They bought yards and yards of fancy colored dress stuff, anything they could get, and completely covered the coffin box with it, tacking it on as best they could with hatchets and a paper of tacks.

When they put the body in the box they noticed that the front of the lady's white dress had been badly disfigured with some of the laudanum she had taken to end her life. The cowboys particularly admired this white dress; they also admired the blue ribbon bows on her shoulders, and her magnificent head of hair, which was still done up in a knot on the back of her head. So they concluded to bury her face downward; not because she was an abandoned woman, as a careless historian has stated, but because when lying on her face in the coffin they could not see the yellow blotch on the front of her dress, but could see the blue ribbon bows they had always admired, and her magnificent hair.

Two wild cow ponies had been hitched to a wagon to haul the coffin and body to the cemetery, but as the cow ponies had never before had harness on they ran away, and the cowboys were compelled to rope them.

The wagon finally reached the cemetery, the two broncos bucking and kicking, but they were dragged along by means of the ropes the cowboys had thrown over their necks.

There was a delay at the grave, someone suggesting that there should be religious services.

"Get a Bible!" someone cried.

There wasn't a Bible in Fetterman, but there was a notary public, and he was sent for and came; like the storekeeper, he was too wise to refuse to open up. He said he had no Bible and had never conducted a funeral service; but the cowboys said he must do something, and he did. He had a ditch contract in his pocket, and read that; there was some mysterious language in it the cowboys didn't understand; a "whereas" or two, and something about "the power invested in me," and the cowboys were satisfied. So at four o'clock in the morning the body of the lady was lowered into a soldier's grave and covered up.

Half an hour later Fetterman was quiet again, the cowboys having departed for their distant camps.

Sam Harris

THE smartest banker in this part of the country, it is generally said round town, is Sam Harris. Unfortunately he has one very bad habit: Occasionally he goes down to the city and engages in dissipation. At such times he takes with him a long pistol kept in the bank in case of burglars, and it is always feared he will shoot someone.

Ordinarily he is a very thrifty man, locally noted for getting all that is coming to him; and we country people talk a good deal about that, too, as well as about his ability in financial matters and his occasional sprees.

He has a fine family, and when he goes off on the rampage his wife hurries to her particular friends and begs that they drop their work and go and look after him. They don't like to do it, but they all like Margaret, and usually consent.

The last time Sam gave way to his weakness it was Link Morrill's turn to go to the city, look him up, care for him, and bring him back safe to his family, to sober up. Link grumbled a good deal about going and said he couldn't afford the time, but he had known Margaret since she was a baby, almost, and couldn't resist her tearful appeal.

So Link went to the city, soon found Sam by going to the roughest part of town, and took charge of him.

As they walked along down near the union depot they passed an auction store where cigars were being sold. The auctioneer was a loud-voiced man, and said he proposed to open a box of the cigars and throw them into the crowd, in order that the gentlemen present might each get one, smoke it and realize the extra quality. The auctioneer intimated very broadly that the goods he was offering had been smuggled into the country without paying duty, and that he was offering twenty-cent cigars for whatever they would bring.

The talk about giving something away attracted Sam Harris' attention, in spite of his condition, and he went into the auction room, Link following to look after him. Again the auctioneer said he would throw a box of the valuable cigars into the crowd, in order that those present might realize their extra quality. Suiting the action to the word he threw a box into the crowd.

Immediately there was a great scramble; those in the room went into a heap on the floor, wrestling round after the free cigars, and Link says it was very rough. Sam Harris promptly engaged in the scuffle and pushed and rushed with the roughest of the rough men. Link says it was the toughest bunch he ever saw.

The free samples being disposed of, the auctioneer began offering cigars like them for sale, and Link and Sam went out. As they walked on down the street trying to reach a safe part of town Link frankly told Sam he ought to be ashamed of himself, that though he was a great banker, a good citizen and the head of a fine family, his friends were through chasing after him when he went on the rampage, and that in the future he might depend on looking after himself. Link had long wanted to talk to Sam plainly, and accepted this occasion.

About this time Sam took a cigar from his vest pocket and lighted it. Link wanted a cigar also, and not having one of his own took one from Sam's pocket. In doing so he found all his pockets full, and was curious to know how many he had managed to get in the rough scramble at the auction store. He counted, and found Sam had thirty-two.

Link says if Sam hadn't been drunk he would have got all of them.

Pete Robidoux

IN THE early days Pete Robidoux operated a general store away out on the frontier, where the railroad ended on the prairie. Late one night a party of rough men brought a horse thief into the store, and told Mr. Robidoux they intended to hang him.

The weather was cold, and after members of the party had dined on cove oysters, crackers, cheese and jerked buffalo meat, someone suggested that they warm up a little. Thereupon whisky was procured, and the entire party began drinking. The prisoner joined in the festivities and seemed to enjoy himself as much as anyone. By midnight all the members of the party were drunk and good-natured; but they knew what they were there for, and told the prisoner that they still intended to hang him.

The prisoner tried to argue his captors out of the notion, and they wrangled for an hour with him; they wanted to make him admit that they were right in their determination to hang him, but he was stubborn and contended that though he had taken the horse it really belonged to him, and he could prove it.

But he failed to prove it to the satisfaction of those concerned, and at one o'clock in the morning they all staggered out, carrying a rope, but all very noisy and good-natured. In ten minutes they came back saying they could not find a telegraph pole suitable for a hanging; they had really found a pole, but no one could climb it to get the rope over the arms.

Someone then suggested that the prisoner be shot, as the night was very cold for a hanging. But no one cared to shoot him in cold blood, and it was then suggested that they all take a shot at him at the same time.

This execution could not be arranged, either, so one genius had a happy thought, and asked the prisoner to shoot himself. The man who had the happy thought said the members of the lynching party were all good citizens with families, and hated to have blood on their hands, which could be avoided if the prisoner would be reasonable.

Whereupon the prisoner said that much as he admired his new friends, and respected the majesty of the law, he did not care to go that far. So they kept on drinking, and arguing with the prisoner that since he was to lose his life anyway he might as well be a good fellow and shoot himself. They said they had fed him, and given him his turn at the jug every time it was passed, which he admitted; but he was stubborn and said he could not see his way clear to oblige them.

By four o'clock in the morning they were all asleep on the floor of the store, on buffalo robes. When they woke it was eight o'clock in the morning, and the citizens stirring; so an hour later the members of the party rode away, and Mr. Robidoux never heard what became of the horse thief. All Mr. Robidoux knows is that he went away with his captors, and was still arguing that though he took the horse it belonged to him, and he could prove it. Also, that the suggestion that he shoot himself was unreasonable.

Asberry Morton

THE day Asberry Morton was elected to Congress from the Fifth District there was a good deal of quiet satisfaction all over town; not that we expected he would be able to do much for us, but his election was a tribute to an excellent man we all highly esteemed.

Asberry was not a genius, but a good steady citizen and neighbor who for a

quarter of a century had enjoyed an excellent reputation. People liked his wife and children, too, for Asberry had made a success as a husband and father as well as a merchant and citizen.

His nomination for Congress was a compromise, but his election was expected, as he stood well all over the district and his party had a commanding majority.

The evening after the election Tom Harris gave a dinner in Asberry's honor. Only a few of his more particular friends were invited. After dinner the husbands smoked in the dining room, while the wives retired to the front room, where they talked about whatever interested them.

Asberry expressed much satisfaction because of the good friends he had, and of the compliment paid him late in life. Being the guest of the evening he was permitted to do most of the talking. This opportunity caused him to tell a reminiscence of his early life.

There were four listeners to the story, and Asberry began it by saying: "Four of the five best friends I have in the world are present to-night, the fifth being my wife, and I feel like making the confession to you I made to her long ago. When I came to this town and opened the Bargain Store the other merchants said I was a tramp, and should be taxed so heavily that I would move on without opening my goods; but I have been here twenty-five years, and shall probably remain here as long as I live. I have a lot in the cemetery for six, and it happens that I have a wife and four children. My sons and daughters do not seem to be wanderers, and all of us will probably be buried here.

"Before I came to this town I lived in a place of about the same size, and was a storekeeper there, as I have always been here. I inherited the business from my father, as I did the house in which I was born. I was entirely alone in the world, my parents having died in middle life. I knew everyone in the town, and as there had been no more against my family than there is against the average of respectable people I was accepted everywhere and lived the usual life of a fairly worthy and prosperous young man.

"Up to the time I was twenty-nine I had four love affairs—that is, I was engaged to that number of girls, but in one way and another I separated from all of them without more harm than comes to any good girl who is engaged to be married to a man if the engagement is broken.

"After my fourth love affair I supposed I would remain a bachelor. The people did not think of me as a marrying man, and so when I began calling on Mary Ward at intervals it was an affair of the kind known as platonic, a term I have never quite understood. She knew I was rather old and rather fickle, and apparently did not expect any special attention, but after going with her two years we naturally and unconsciously drifted into a situation where we both accepted marriage as a probability of the future.

"But in spite of my genuine affection for Mary Ward I fell in love again.

"It is an uncomfortable confession to make; but in spite of the fact that I loved Mary Ward sincerely I fell in love with Mary Howard, a little country girl whose people traded with me. And I acquired the habit of going to see her, without any intention of being unfair to anyone. And finally, in the vague way common in love affairs, she came to understand that I intended to marry her, as I would have done cheerfully had it not been for Mary Ward.

"Since I am old and this affair is all in the past I will confess I loved both of them; both were necessary to my happiness. I could not give up either.

"It happened that the two girls did not know each other, as one lived in town and the other in the country. So I strolled over to see Mary Ward every Tuesday night, and drove into the country every Sunday to see Mary Howard, usually taking supper with the family and remaining until bedtime, when I would sneak home. I resolved to break with one or the other, but it disturbed me to think of either as the wife of another man. Besides, neither gave me the slightest excuse, not knowing I wanted it; so I gradually got in a little deeper with both. As a rule country girls are more jealous than town girls, but Mary Howard was as gentle as I could wish, as was Mary Ward. For a wonder, neither ever heard of my perfidy, and both treated me with the consideration a good woman lavishes on the man she expects to marry. I was always rather reserved about my love affairs, and the people did not make me much trouble. But I appreciated my own meanness, and worried about it.

"From going to see Mary Ward once a week she somehow arranged that I should call twice a week. I knew there was bound to come a clash, but finally went to see Mary Ward every Friday night, as well as every Tuesday. And in the same indolent way I found myself at Mary Howard's home in the country every Wednesday night in addition to every Sunday night. And I remained late at both places; to confess I was in need of sleep was to confess all, or confess lack of affection, and I felt no lack of that for either.

"Finally neither could understand why I did not wish to see her at least every other evening, so my health as well as my conscience became involved. Lack of sleep caused me to become nervous and I frequently pretended illness as an excuse to remain at home and secure the sleep I so much needed. I actually did not look well, and both Mary Ward and Mary Howard were greatly concerned about me. The result of it all was I was seized with an illness, which worried them greatly, as it did me; for I knew the sword hanging over my head was becoming heavier, and that the thread suspending it was greatly worn.

"During my illness I received pretty notes from both of them, and both expressed a wish to see me, to do something for me. But I hurriedly replied by trusted messengers that I had every attention, which was the case. The elderly widow who kept house for me had been in our family since I was a child, and was very capable and kind. But I feared that Mary Ward and Mary Howard might come to see me, and meet.

"This was what actually happened; this is why I am in this town, a runaway, though there is actually nothing against me except that I had two love affairs at the same time. It is fortunate the opposition papers did not hear about it during the recent campaign; I spent many a sleepless night because of the fear that they might.

"One evening when my illness had been relieved by rest and sleep, and when I was much better, except my guilty conscience, the door of my room quietly opened, and Mary Ward came in. She was all in a tremor, and her devotion would have pleased me except that I feared Mary Howard would do the same thing.

"Mary Ward explained that she was so worried that she could not longer remain away, and that her mother had at last consented to her coming; she felt sure the people would not object since they knew we were to be married. So she took off her hat and said she intended caring for me until I recovered, expressing the hope that her determination would meet with my approval.

"You know some things are going to happen before they happen; I knew Mary Howard was liable to come in, and she did.

"I had said almost nothing to Mary Ward when Mary Howard came in, and Miss Ward explained to the strange woman, with coolness and good breeding, that she was my promised wife, and felt it her duty to care for me in spite of conventions.

"I knew there was only one thing for me to do, and I did that; I went out of my head. And when Mary Ward appealed to me to verify her statement I pretended to be unconscious, and she called the housekeeper.

"Also the doctor. He was a wise old scout, a particular friend of mine, and when he came understood the situation, I think. I think the housekeeper also suspected the truth, and what they did to bring me back to consciousness didn't hurt, nor did they send out a general alarm.

"Though I had my eyes closed and pretended to be out of my head I knew what was going on; I knew that Mary Howard accepted what Mary Ward said as the truth. I knew that she rose, and with as much coolness and good breeding as Mary Ward had shown said I was a family friend; that she had merely called to inquire how I was, at the request of her parents. Then she quietly departed.

"Though I realized that I had terribly hurt and wronged Mary Howard her action was the most agreeable thing that ever happened to me; my election to Congress was a trifle compared to what Mary Howard did for me. The long-expected blow had not fallen; I was free, without humiliation or difficulty.

"I soon rallied as a result of the restoratives given me by my friend the doctor, and Mary Ward's devotion was really beautiful. I appreciated it, too, but could not forget the greater service Mary Howard had done me."

After looking at the floor for a time as if in deep reflection Asberry continued: "I married one of those girls. Which one do you think I selected?"

We all refused to guess, pretending that we preferred to hear the end of the story; but I had an opinion, and the others confessed to me later that they had, and we were all wrong.

"I very easily persuaded Mary Ward," Asberry continued, "that though I appreciated her interest in me it was best for her to return home, as I was improving; and she did this so quietly that the incident was never known.

"At first I felt that Mary Howard did not greatly care for me. But the more I thought of it the more I appreciated her dignified behavior and her action in rescuing me without scandal from a very bad situation. I soon recovered from my illness, and went to see Mary Ward, who seemed to have no suspicion whatever of the true situation. She was indeed more agreeable than ever, and I loved her more devotedly than before. I suggested marriage earlier than we had intended, which was agreeable to her.

"I had feared gossip about the affair, but it never developed; I was free. But all the time I was thinking of Mary Howard. How was she taking it? What did her folks think? Apparently they had no ill will, for they came to the store as usual, though Mary herself never came.

"It is getting late, and we should join the ladies, therefore I will shorten the story. I wrote Mary a note, asking for an interview. She did not reply for a week, but at the end of that time consented to see me. I told her everything as candidly as I have told you. In addition, I said I could not get along without her. She confessed the same thing to me, and I resumed the old situation—going to see Mary Ward one evening, and Mary Howard the next. Finally I could think of but one way out of the difficulty, so I sold out quietly, ran away with one of the girls, and appeared here. What became of the other? I know no more than you do. I have avoided news from my old town."

Asberry stepped into the front room while we were looking at each other in astonishment, and returned with his wife.

"Mary," he said to her, "I have been telling these gentlemen that I love every white hair in your head, and that you have always been a good wife to me."

Mary patted her husband's arm gently, and then said gayly: "Come out and tell the girls that!"

And they went away together, to the front room. We followed, and heard Mary say he was the best man the Lord ever let live.

Ben Bradford

BEN BRADFORD, known to be a little gay, says the first time he kissed a woman other than his wife, he felt as sneaking as he did when he first began buying of Montgomery Ward and Co. But Ben gradually became hardened, and many say he now trades with Sears, Roebuck, too.

WHERE AMERICA FELL SHORT WITH ME

(Continued from Page 29)

Is it any wonder, then, I felt that in one of the chief fundamental factors in life and in all success America fell short with me, and is continuing to fall short with every foreign-born who comes to her shores?

As a Dutch boy, one of the cardinal truths I learned was that whatever was worth doing was worth doing well; that next to honesty came thoroughness as a factor in success. It was not enough that anything should be done; it was not done at all if it was not done well. I came to America to be taught exactly the opposite. The two infernal Americanisms "That's good enough" and "That will do" were early taught me, together with the maxim of quantity rather than quality. It was not the boy at school who could write best the words in his copy book who received the praise of the teacher; it was the boy who wrote the largest number. The acid test in arithmetic was not the completeness of method employed, but the number of minutes taken in which to work out an example. If a boy abbreviated the word "January" to "Jan." and the word "company" to "Co." he received a hundred per cent mark the same as the boy who spelled out the words and who could not make the teacher see that "Co." did not spell "company."

As I grew into young manhood and went into business I found on every hand that quantity counted for more than quality. It was always how much work one could do in a day upon which the emphasis was placed, rather than upon the point of how well the work was done. Thoroughness was at a discount on every hand; production was the goal! It made no difference in what direction I went, the result was the same—the cry was always for quantity, quantity! And into this atmosphere of an almost utter disregard for quality I brought my ideas of Dutch thoroughness and my conviction that to do whatever I did well was to count as a cardinal principle in life.

I soon saw that I would have to hold on to my Dutch ideals. And I have—to the wonder and often consternation of my most intelligent friends. Only the week before I write this I filled with utter and hopeless confusion one of the leading business houses in New York when I returned an important letter addressed to "E. Bok" marked by me as "No such person at address given." And when the matter was explained it was simply made a cause for levity.

During my years of editorship, save in one conspicuous instance, I was never able to assign to an American writer work which called for considerable research. In every instance the work came to me either incorrect in part or obviously lacking in careful research. One of the most successful departments I ever conducted in the magazine called for infinite reading and research, with the actual results sometimes either very slight or almost negligible. I made a study of my associates by turning the department over to one after another, and always with the same result—the most obvious lack of patient research. As one of my editors, typically American, said to me: "It isn't worth all the trouble that you put into it." Yet no single department ever repaid the searcher more for his pains. Save for that assistance which I derived from a single person, I had to do the work myself for all the years that the department continued.

It was simply impossible for the American temperament to think in terms of sufficient patience and care to achieve a result.

We all have our pet notion as to the particular evil which is "the curse of America," but I always think that Theodore Roosevelt came closer to the real curse when he classed it as a lack of thoroughness.

Hence, again, in one of the most fundamental factors in life did America fall short with me, and is falling short with every foreign-born that comes to her shores.

In the matter of education America fell absolutely short with me in what should be the strongest of all her institutions, the public school. A more inadequate and incompetent method of teaching, as I look back over my seven years of attendance at three different public schools, is difficult to conceive. If there is one thing that I, as a foreign-born child, should have received care in being taught it is the English language. The effort, if effort there was, and I remember none, was negligible. It was left for my father to teach me in the evenings or for me to dig it out for myself. There was absolutely no conscious responsibility on the part of the teacher or principal to see that a foreign-born boy should acquire the English language correctly. I was taught on an equality with the American-born children, and of course I was left dangling in the air with no conception of what I was

(Continued on Page 49)

Plan for Good Roads—Now!

Bad Roads waste money

Before—

Photograph shows condition of road leading from La Crosse, Ind., before "Tarvia-X" was used.

NOW is the time to plan for good roads—and by that we mean roads that are good all the year round—free from mud, bumps and ruts in winter and spring, and free from dust and dirt in the summer and fall.

Such roads are the greatest asset any community can have.

They stimulate business. They increase property values. They lower taxes. They cut delivery cost. They tap new sources of supply. They broaden your markets. They also add much to the comfort and convenience of life.

And good roads, contrary to popular opinion, are *not* expensive.

The experience of thousands of towns all over the country, which use Tarvia regularly, absolutely proves this. In many instances the mere *saving* in maintenance amounts to *more* than the cost of the Tarvia treatment.

Whether you require a good binder for new construction, a dust preventive or a patching material—there is a grade of Tarvia to meet your needs.

As we said at the beginning: "*Now is the time to plan for good roads.*"

So talk to your neighbors, to your road officials, and last but most important, write about your road problems to our Special Service Department, and booklets covering the subject and further information will be supplied promptly without charge.

Tarvia Roads save money

After—

The same piece of road as that shown at the left after being rebuilt with "Tarvia-X."

Tarvia

Preserves Roads—Prevents Dust

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems.

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you.

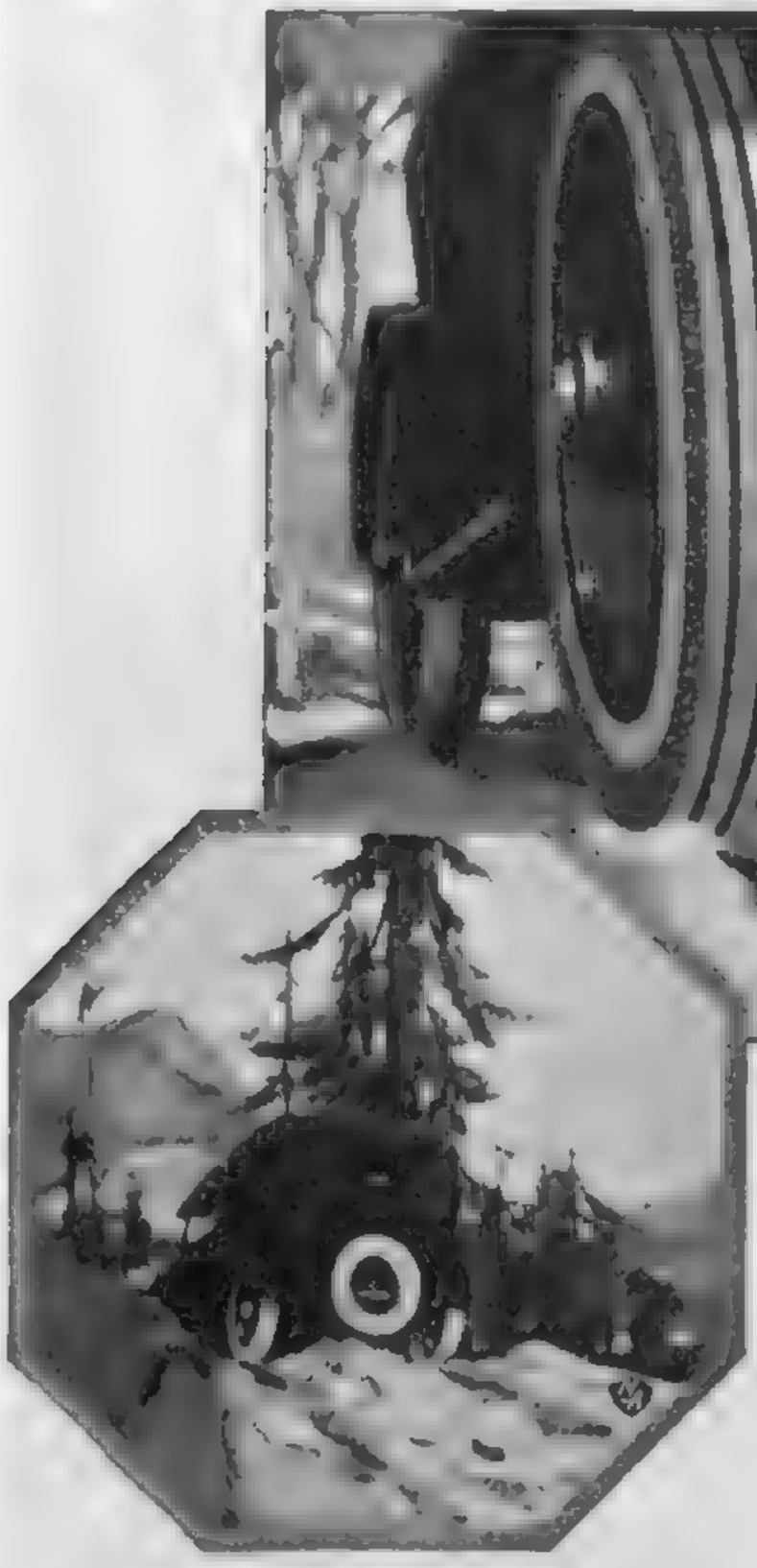
New York, Cleveland, Birmingham, Seattle, Youngstown — Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Peoria, Toledo — Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Columbus — Boston, Detroit, Nashville, Washington, Elizabeth — St Louis, New Orleans, Salt Lake City, Johnstown, Buffalo — Dallas, Bangor, Bethlehem, Baltimore, Lebanon

The Barrett Company

Duluth, Milwaukee, Richmond, Latrobe

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited — Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St John N B, Halifax N S, Sydney N S

Columbia Six



The Thermostat

For the Mechanically Inclined

At this time when the changing seasons bring almost every day a shuffling together of winter's raw cold with spring's balmy warmth, these 'Sylphon' thermostatically controlled radiator shutters are a constant source of delight to Columbia Six owners.

For, automatically they maintain motor heat at the point for highest motor efficiency. Almost humanly they sense the slightest temperature variation and open and close to meet the motor's needs. They eliminate carburetor fussing and contribute to carefree motor service.

A Car of Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm—the divine spark that has fired the ambitions of men for every worth-while accomplishment since history began—

Enthusiasm—marks the difference between the leaders in every activity and the laggards who put in just enough effort to "get by".

Is it an exaggeration to say that some cars put enthusiasm into their work? Drive a Columbia Six and see.

Instant responsiveness—verve and snap in action—the easy, confident way it goes through with the toughest job of muddy, rutted hill climbing—imparting no sensation of working to the limit of its strength—these qualities can only result from abundant vitality and reserve strength. They are accurately expressed by one word—enthusiasm.

The Columbia Six owner never has that feeling of uncertainty when he approaches a difficult bit of "going." He has perfect confidence that his car is willing and able to do even more than he asks of it.

Talk with a Columbia Six Owner and You Will
Find that the Enthusiasm in his Car is Contagious

Five Models—Touring, Sport, Roadster, Sedan, Coupé

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Gem of the Highway

COLUMBIA SIX

(Continued from Page 46)

being taught. My father worked with me evening after evening; I dug my young mind deep into the bewildering confusions of the language—and no one realizes the confusions of the English language as does the foreign-born—and got what I could through these joint efforts. But nothing came to me from the much-vaunted public-school system which the United States had borrowed from my own country and then had rendered incapable by a sheer disregard for the thoroughness that makes the Dutch public schools the admiration of the world.

Thus, in her most important institution to the foreign-born, America fell short with me. And though I am ready to believe that the public school has increased in efficiency since that day, it is indeed a question for the American to ponder well over just how far efficient is the method employed in the education of the child who comes to the country's schools to-day without a knowledge of the first word in the English language. Without a positive knowledge of the subject I know enough of modern conditions in the average public school to warrant at least the suspicion that the American would not be particularly proud of the system for which annually he pays hundreds of millions of dollars in taxes.

I am aware in making this statement that I shall be met with convincing instances of intelligent effort being made with the foreign-born children in special classes. No one has a higher respect for those efforts than I have—few, other than educators, know of them better than I do, since I did not make my five-year study of the American public-school system for naught. But I am not referring to the exceptional instance here and there. I merely ask of the American, interested as he is or should be in the Americanization of the strangers within his gates, how far the public-school system of to-day, as a whole, urban and rural, adapts itself, with any result of actual efficiency, to the foreign-born child. I venture to color his opinion in no wise; I simply ask that he will inquire and ascertain for himself, as he should do if he is interested in the future welfare of his country and his institutions. For what happens in America in the years to come depends in large measure on what is happening to-day in the public schools.

Little Respect for Law

As a Dutch boy I was taught a wholesome respect for law and for authority. It was impressed upon me that laws of themselves were futile unless the people for whom they were made respected them and obeyed them in spirit even more than in the letter. I came to America to feel on every hand that exactly the opposite was true. Laws were passed, but not enforced, and the spirit was lacking in the people to enforce them. There was little respect for the law; there was scarcely any for those appointed to enforce it.

The nearest that a boy gets to the law is the policeman. In the Netherlands a boy is taught that a policeman is placed there for the protection of life and property; that he is the natural friend of every boy and man who behaves himself. The Dutch boy and the policeman are naturally friendly in their relations. I came to America, to be told that a policeman is a boy's natural enemy; he is there to arrest him if he can find the slightest reason for doing so. A policeman was a being to hold in fear, not in respect. He was to be avoided, not to be made friends with. The result was that, as a boy, I came to regard, as did all boys, the policeman on our beat as an enemy. His presence meant for us to stiffen up; his disappearance was the signal for us to let loose. So long as one was not caught it did not matter. I heard mothers tell their little children that if they did not behave themselves they would get the policeman to put them into a bag and carry them off or cut their ears off. Of course the policeman became to them an object of fear; the law which he represented, something that was cruel and stood for punishment. Not a note of respect did I ever hear for the law in my boyhood days; a law was something to be broken, to be evaded, to call down upon others as a source of punishment, but never regarded in the light of self-protection or with respect.

And as I grew to young manhood and into manhood it was the newspapers that rang on every side with a lack of respect for those in authority. Under the special dispensation of the liberty of the press, which was construed into the license of the press, no man was too high to come under the vituperation of the editorial displeasure if his politics did not happen to suit the editor or his actions ran counter to what he believed they should be. It was not criticism of acts; it was personal attacks upon officials; whether they were supervisors, mayors, governors or presidents—it mattered not.

It is a very unfortunate impression that this American lack of respect for those in authority makes upon the foreign-born mind.

At the most vital part of my life, when I was to become an American citizen and exercise the right of suffrage, America fell entirely short. It reached out not even a suggestion of a hand. Moreover, I could find no place where I could ascertain what the vote meant.

When the presidential conventions had been held in the year when I reached my legal majority, and I knew, on the question of age, that I could vote, I started out to find out whether, being foreign-born, I was entitled to the suffrage. No one could tell me, and it was not until I had visited six different municipal departments, being referred from one to another, that it was explained that through my father's naturalization I became automatically, as his son, an American citizen. I decided to read up on the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, and could not secure a copy anywhere, though it was but a week since they were adopted in their conventions. I was told the newspapers had printed them.

Platforms in Pocket Editions

It occurred to me there must be many others besides myself who were anxious to secure the platforms of the two parties in some more convenient form. With the eye of necessity ever upon a chance to earn an honest penny, I went to a newspaper office, cut out from its files the two platforms, had them printed in a small pocket edition, sold an edition to the American News Company and another to the news company controlling the elevated railroad bookstands, at which they sold at ten cents each. So great was the demand I had only partially sensed, that within three weeks I had sold such huge editions of the little book that I cleared more than a thousand dollars.

But it occurred to me as strange that it depended on a foreign-born American to supply an eager public with what should have been supplied through the agency of the political parties or some educational source.

I now tried to find out what a vote really meant. It must be recalled that I was only twenty-one years old, with scant educational advantages and with no civic agency having held out a hand to give me the information I was seeking. I went to the headquarters of each of the political parties and put my query. I was regarded with most puzzled looks.

"What does it mean to vote?" asked one chairman. "Why, on election day you go up to the ballot box and put your ballot in and that's all there is to it."

But I knew very well that that was not all there was to it, and I was determined to find out the significance of the electorate. I met with dense ignorance on every hand. I went to the Brooklyn Library and was frankly told by the librarian that he did not know of a book that would tell me what I wanted to know. This was in 1884.

As the campaign increased in intensity I found myself a desired person in the eyes of the local campaign managers, but not one of them could tell me the significance and meaning of the privilege I was for the first time to exercise. I was to vote—that was all; and I was to vote their way. That was the Alpha and Omega of their song.

Finally I spent an evening with Seth Low, and of course got the desired information.

But fancy the quest I was compelled to make to ascertain the simple information that should have been placed in my hands or made readily accessible to me! And how many foreign-born would take equal pains to ascertain what I was determined to find out?

Surely America fell short here with me at my most sacred time, my first vote!

Is it any simpler to-day for the foreign-born of a healthy inquiring mind to acquire this information when he approaches his first vote? I wonder! Not that I do not believe there are agencies for this purpose. You know there are, and so do I. But how about the foreign-born? Does he know?

HEINZ

Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

A satisfying food, appetizing, wholesome, thoroughly cooked. And convenient to serve—just heat it.

All the family like it because it *tastes so good.*

The dry spaghetti is made in the Heinz establishment, and then cooked with selected cheese and Heinz famous tomato sauce in accordance with the recipe of an Italian chef, in the spotless Heinz kitchens.

An excellent food for children.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Cream Soups
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

SAY to your dealer, "I want a pair of Ivory Garters," and he'll place you for a good picker.

There's no mistaking your meaning when you come out flat for Ivory Garters, because so many of your fellow men now demand the comfort and good service Ivory Garters return you for your money.

You'll feel repaid in full for this simple precaution when you slip Ivory Garters over your shins. Then you realize how gratefully light and easy Ivory Garters are; how gentle, yet secure. For Ivory Garters have no metal or pads. Having no extra weight to support, they put in full time holding up your socks. Scientific designing adjusts them naturally to your legs without a chance of sagging or binding. Inch for inch they grip your legs, yet so unobtrusively that you don't even realize you're wearing garters. From shave time to bedtime Ivory Garters stave off that "gone" feeling from your legs, and keep up your "go."

Remember, you can enjoy Ivory Garter comfort by sticking to this easy formula: "Give me a pair of Ivory Garters," and your dealer will be glad to come across.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY
New Orleans, U. S. A.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. & FOREIGN

Is it not perhaps like the owner of the bulldog—professedly fierce—who assured the friend calling on him that the dog never attacked friends of the family.

"Yes," said the friend, "that's all right. You know and I know that I am a friend of the family. But does the dog know?"

Is it to-day made known to the foreign-born about to exercise his privilege of suffrage for the first time where he can be told what that privilege means? Is the means to know made readily accessible to him? Is it, in fact, as it should be, brought to him?

It was not to me. Is it to him?

To the American, part and parcel of his country, these factors where his country falls short with the foreign-born are perhaps not so apparent; they may even seem to some to be very unimportant. But to the foreign-born they seem distinct lacks; they loom large; they form serious handicaps which in many cases are never surmounted; they constitute menaces to that Americanization that is to-day more than ever our fondest dream, and that we now realize more keenly than before is our most vital need.

It is for this reason that I have put them down here as concrete instances of where and how America fell short in my own Americanization, and where, what is far more serious to me, she is falling short in her Americanization of thousands of other foreign-born.

"Yet you succeeded," it will be argued.

I admit it. But you, on the other hand, must admit that I did not succeed by reason of these shortcomings. It was in spite of them; by overcoming them.

But whatever were the shortcomings I found during my fifty-year period of Americanization, however short America may have fallen during my transition from a foreigner into an American, I owe to her the most priceless gift that any nation can offer, and that is opportunity.

As the world stands to-day no other nation offers opportunity in the degree that America does to the foreign-born. Russia may in the future, as I like to believe she will, prove a second United States of America in this respect. She has the same limitless area; her people, granting them education, the same potentialities. But as things are to-day the United States of America offers as does no other nation a limitless opportunity where a man can go as far as his abilities can carry him. She may ask that the foreign-born, as in my own case, shall hold on to some of the ideals and ideas of the land of his birth. She may ask of him that he shall develop and mold his character by overcoming her shortcomings.

The Land of Opportunity

But upon the best that the foreign-born can retain America can graft such a wealth of inspiration, a national idealism and an opportunity for the highest endeavor as to make him the most fortunate man on the earth to-day. He can go where he will; no traditions hamper him, no limitations are set except those that he finds within himself. The larger the area which he chooses for himself and in which he works, the larger the vision which he demonstrates—the more eager the people are to give support to his undertakings if they are convinced that he has their best welfare as his goal. There is no public confidence equal to the confidence of the American public once it is obtained. It is fickle, of course—as are all publics—but fickle only with the man who cannot maintain an achieved success. A man in America cannot complacently lean back upon a success as he can in the older European countries, and depend upon the glamour of a past success to sustain him or its momentum to carry him.

Probably the most alert public in the world, it asks of its leaders that they shall keep alert. Its appetite for variety is insatiate, but its appreciation, when given, is full-handed and whole-hearted. The American public never holds back from the man to whom it gives; it never bestows niggardly; it gives all or nothing.

What is not generally understood is the wonderful idealism of the American people. Nothing so completely surprises the foreign-born as when he finds this trait so deeply embedded in the American character. The impression is current in European countries, perhaps more general before the great war than since, that America is solely and purely given to worship of the American dollar. Though between nations, as between individuals, comparisons are valueless, it may not be amiss to say from personal knowledge that the Dutch worship the gulden infinitely more than do the Americans the dollar. I do not say that the American is always conscious of this idealism; more often he is not. But let a great convulsion touching the moralities of life occur, and the result always shows how close to the surface is his idealism. And the fact that so frequently he covers it with a thick veneer of materialism does not affect its quality. The truest approach, the only approach, in fact, to the American character is, as James Bryce has so well said, through his idealism.

It is this quality which gives the truest inspiration to the foreign-born in his endeavor to serve the people of his adopted country. He is mentally sluggish indeed who does not discover early in his effort that America will make good with him if he makes good with her. But he must play fair. It is essentially the straight game that your true American plays, and he insists that you shall play it with him. Instances there are, of course, to the contrary in American life, which seem to give color to the idea that the man who is not careful of how he plays his cards often succeeds. But never is this true in the long run. Sooner or later—sometimes, unfortunately, it is later than sooner—the public discovers the fly in the ointment. In no other country in the world is the moral conception so clear and true as in America, and no people will give a larger and more permanent reward to the man whose effort for that public has its roots in honor and truth.

The Feelings of Adopted Sons

The sky is the limit to the foreign-born who comes to America imbued with honest endeavor, ceaseless industry and the ability to carry through. No other nation offers him greater scope and more limitless opportunity. The way is wide open to the will to succeed in any honest endeavor. Every path beckons, every vista invites, every talent is called forth and every efficient effort finds its due reward. In no other land is the way so clear and so free.

How good an American has the process of Americanization made me? That I cannot say. Who can say that of himself? But as I look round me and have come to know as my close friends the American-born, I wonder if, after all, the foreign-born does not make in some sense a better American; whether he is not able to get a truer perspective; whether the desire is not deeper or more intense to see America greater; whether he is not less content to let her faulty institutions be as they are; whether, by reason of his adoption by America, he does not feel a greater sense of responsibility and make a greater endeavor to reciprocate; whether in seeing her faults more clearly he does not make a more distinct effort to have her reach those ideals or those fundamentals of his own land which he feels are in his nature and the best of which he is anxious to graft upon the characteristics of his adopted land.

It naturally gives me a feeling of deep satisfaction that two Presidents of the United States considered me a sufficiently typical American to wish to send me to my native land as the accredited minister of my adopted land. And yet when I analyze the reasons for my preferment in both these instances I derive a deeper satisfaction in the fact that, complimentary as was the intimation in each case, and I so felt and regarded it, my stronger impulse was to work in America and for America, and it was this which led me to ask in each case that I be permitted to remain where I was.

It is this strong American impulse that my Americanization has brought into my life and made part of me. And I ask no greater privilege than to be allowed to live to see my potential America, as I see her, come true; the America that I like to think of as the America of Abraham Lincoln and of Theodore Roosevelt—not faultless, but less faulty. It is in trying to shape that America and to work in that America, when it comes, that I ask a part in return for what I owe to her. No greater privilege can a man have!

BOYS' SUITS

All Wool Leatherized

Jack O'Leather Suits are tailored in the latest styles from high-grade *All-Wool* fabrics.

In addition, soft, pliable, lightweight *Real Leather* is placed on the wear-spots, inside, where half the wear comes—seat, knees, elbows and pockets.

Our Guarantee

Jack O'Leather Suits are Guaranteed to be *All Wool* and Give Satisfactory Wear and Service.

If, for any reason, they do not live up to our promise of Satisfaction, your Dealer is authorized to give you new garments, or refund the purchase price

Jack O'Leather

TRADE MARK

LEATHER INSIDE—STYLE OUTSIDE

ONCE more "Necessity has been the mother of invention!" Something simply *had to be done* to keep boys' suits from wearing out so quickly. So a leading New York clothing manufacturer tackled the problem—and had an inspiration!

Leather is the toughest thing in the world. Why not double the wear of boys' suits with soft leather lining at the wear-spots—seat, knees, elbows and pockets! Placed on the *inside*, it wouldn't show and it *would* do the work.

The result of that inspiration is Jack O'Leather—the patented "leatherized," guaranteed, all-wool Suit for Boys. It is a wonderful suit through and through! Soft, pliable, *real* leather, light in weight, placed on the inside, resists the rub and the strain, and makes Jack O'Leather the longest-wearing boys' suit ever produced.

And Jack O'Leather Suits are as far ahead of ordinary boys' suits in appearance, as they are in long wear.

The fabrics are strictly All Wool, in attractive, mannish patterns. The tailoring is of a high quality seldom found in boys' clothes.

And the smart cut and hang of the garments give them an unmistakable distinction.

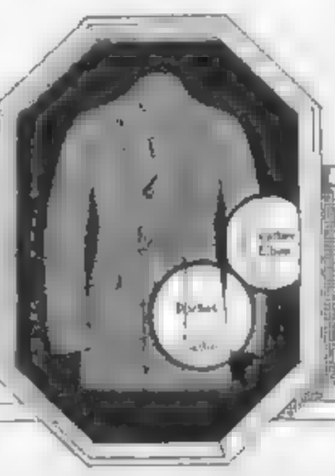
Another remarkable thing about Jack O'Leather Suits is the price. *They cost no more than the ordinary kind.*

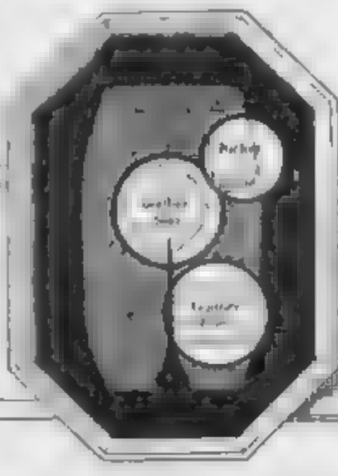
The long-wear Leatherized feature is found only in Jack O'Leather.

There's a merchant in your town who sells Jack O'Leather Suits for Boys and *guarantees* them to give absolute satisfaction. *If you can't find him, write us.*

THE DIAGRAMS TELL THE STORY

"Leatherized" where the wear comes with a lining of soft, pliable, real leather at seat, knees, elbows and pockets.





J. J. PREIS & CO

636-638 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

The Secret of Longer-Wearing Shoes

"Shoes that wear longer cost less"

By Edward O'Connor, *Editor "The Finder"*

HE had just completed the purchase of a pair of shoes and as the gentlemanly clerk handed him his bundle the customer, who had just been told what to him was "something new under the sun," said:

"*I have been buying shoes for forty years, but not until you brought it to my attention did I realize that the comfort, service and shape-building qualities of a shoe depend, to an immeasurable degree, upon the inner structure of the shoe—upon the lining.*"

"*With me,*" *continued this enlightened "consumer" of shoes, "and I suppose it is the case with nine out of every ten shoe-buyers, I've accepted what's been offered in lining, and have taken it home like a pig-in-a-poke. But I'll look for the 'Service Stripe' in the future. It identifies a service that saves shoes. No one knows better than I that saving shoes saves dollars.*"

You, my dear reader, are a "consumer" of shoes. Whether you are buying for yourself, or for a family, you want all you can get for your money; at high prices or at low prices you want to be certain your shoes will be as good as the price. This message will help you. It will show you how to select shoes that are most likely to give the greatest service, hold their shape and be comfortable.

* * *

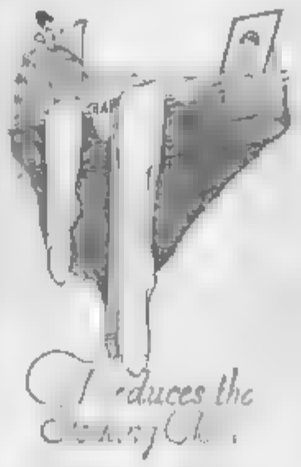
Although you may not have thought of this before, a most important factor in insuring you shoe satisfaction is the inner structure of the shoe—*the lining.*

It might be said with all truth that a shoe is only as strong as its lining, just as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

Because, don't you see, just in proportion to its lining strength does a shoe resist the strain on leather and seams.

But let us first see what a poor, weak shoe lining does to your shoes and to your pocketbook.

Recall your own experience. Haven't you a pair of shoes right now that has a broken lining at the heel? Put your hand into the shoe and see if it isn't broken at the toe also.



Notice how the shoe has lost its shape.

And you wonder, now that the matter is brought to your attention, why the lining did not outwear the sole.

* * *

Ordinary shoe lining quickly gives out, rots and tears, leaving the leather without the support it needs.

Every step you take strains your shoes at vital points. The constant strain is what breaks down the leather and bursts the seams. A weak lining cannot and does not resist the strain. It does not reinforce leather and seams, and, therefore, the wear of the shoe is lessened.

A torn lining causes great discomfort when the edges curl under and form a lump. This you have probably experienced.

A hole in toe or heel of a shoe lining ruins stockings. The torn lining exposes the stocking to the wear and tear of rough leather and seams and adds mightily to the darn-darn-drudgery of family mending. If you haven't had to pay for the stockings, you probably had to darn them.

* * *

Now let us see what a strong lining means to your shoes—*and to your pocketbook!* Here it is in a nutshell:

"Red-line-in," the strongest and most durable lining made, will

(1) Add to the length of service of your shoes,
(2) Insure you greater comfort and save stocking wear,
(3) And keep the shoes nearer their original shape.

In other words, "Red-line-in" will

(a) Effectually reinforce the leather and seams,
(b) and by easing the wear on both seams and leather make your shoes retain their shape and last longer—*and a shoe that lasts longer costs less.*

Do you realize now how important is the lining of your shoes and the bearing it has on the size of your shoe bills?

* * *

"Red-line-in" is:
First—the strongest shoe lining in test,
Second—it is the heaviest in cotton,
Third—it is the most satisfactory in wear, and,
Fourth—because it costs the manufacturer from 5 cents to 10 cents more per pair "Red-line-in" is used by manufacturers whose aim is to give you shoes that will afford the greatest satisfaction in all respects. It helps the manufacturer build good will, and it gives you what you have a right to demand—*lower shoe cost because of longer shoe wear.*

* * *

So the next time you go into a shop to buy shoes look inside the shoe and examine the lining.

If the shoes are lined with "Red-line-in," the strongest lining made, and the most durable, you will see *Red Lines*, about two inches apart, running through the lining. This marks it; identifies it; and from this *Red Thread* running through the lining the name was coined:

"RED-LINE-IN"—

the shoe lining with the red line in it.

* * *

And now that you know that the shoe lining has more to do with the life of your shoes, and consequently with the size of your shoe bills, than you ever before dreamed of, bear it in mind that the—

Manufacturer who gives you "Red-line-in" lining in your shoes and the—

Dealer who sells and recommends shoes lined with "Red-line-in" are both doing their part in giving you shoes that will afford the maximum shoe satisfaction for the money invested. If your dealer cannot supply you with longer-wearing "Red-line-in" lined shoes, give us his name on a postal card, and we will send him a list of manufacturers who can furnish him with "Red-line-in" lined shoes.

Look for "Red-line-in" lining.

Ask for "Red-line-in" lining.

And let your dealer know that *you know* what "Red-line-in" means in extra shoe-wear, shoe-looks and shoe-comfort.

FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY
Established 1856
Cor. Essex & Lincoln Sts., Boston, Mass.

THE POSSIBILIST

(Continued from Page 27)

"There they are! The mine guards!" somebody yelled again.

The crowd stopped its noise for a moment and looked. But Sonia herself could see nothing yet; and apparently no one else could. They walked more quietly now, coming toward the possible enemy at the top of the slope in Gooseville. The little man next to Sonia kept repeating over and over his incantation against injunctions. The big standard bearer, after a defiant look ahead in which apparently he saw nothing, started his war chant again, a few other defiant spirits joining him. The others marched songless, craning their heads out of the line looking for their enemies.

They came now to the first of the brown-black unclapboarded houses of Gooseville. It was empty—as most of the others were apparently. The foreigners' families had moved ahead of the approaching eviction. There was no life about the place. The hogs were gone, the anxious hens, the flocks of geese which gave the place its name. The whole ugly place was empty—unless there might be somewhere a scab family or two hidden back in some one or two of the group of fifteen or twenty dwellings. The voice of the crowd was hushed still more as the line came up. Only a few individuals went on mechanically with their chants. The rest had stopped singing—and watched for the enemy.

"They're gone! There're no thugs here!" two or three voices shouted.

As a matter of fact the guards were there—but keeping out of sight carefully. Their best policy was to let this crowd go by if it would, not provoke it—especially at this point, where so many of the foreigners might feel a sudden blaze of anger at the sight of homes from which they had been forced out. Besides this there were but very few men there. The mine guards and local authorities had been surprised at first, as a matter of fact, by the earliness of the march and had then moved their main forces to the mine entrance, giving up the idea of breaking up the parade, as they should have done, as it was starting from the village.

The Hun with the standard proclaiming vengeance for the mutilated woman stopped his chant abruptly.

"To hell with injunk! To hell with everything! To hell!" he cried with a grotesque inability at English expression. Sonia remembered, she thought, that he had had a sister living near in one of the houses.

"Come on!" she said, reaching over and pulling at his sleeve. "Don't start trouble!"

He shook his arm loose defiantly—but marched along.

There was no one in sight. The guards kept carefully behind the houses. They were, in fact, too entirely outnumbered to appear—being only three in all. They had not the impressiveness of an adequate force. The only actual power in their hands would be a power of last resort—the use of firearms, of their riot guns—those deadly sawed-off shotguns. And obviously the use of these things on a crowd like this—especially one full of women and children—must be avoided in every possible way. Besides, these were not very skilled men. Only one of the three was an older man with any experience, the other two being inexperienced youths—the main force of better men keeping together farther on at the mine mouth.

It was the part of policy then to let this crowd go by if it would—especially as they could now see from their concealment that the strikers' leaders were themselves trying to accomplish this.

"Come on! Come on!" Sonia was urging her foreigners, going back and forth on the line. "Don't stop here!"

They were moving by—muttering, cursing, yelling now and then—but moving down the highway, nevertheless. "They will be all right," she thought. "Leave everything here alone! Don't touch their property!" she called.

But as she said it she heard the disturbing crash of glass. Trouble had started in the way it so often does in such circumstances. Some one of the whistling, undisciplined, noisy boys had broken loose—thrown a stone through a window—that open challenge to the natural destructiveness of an untrained boy, the window of an empty house. The exciting sound of falling glass struck the ears of the marchers. Another stone followed—thumping against the wooden house wall—two more panes of glass—and boys' crazy, irresponsible laughter.

"Stop!" cried Sonia, forcing her way through the line. "Stop that!"

The wild youths held off for the moment.

"You young fools!" said Sonia, cuffing one. When her victim looked up, starting to protest, and saw Hecker behind her he subsided. Hecker gave him a cuff for interest.

But now all at once another action just as unexpected happened. A woman with a shawl about her head darted from a back line into one of the side alleys entering Gooseville. She was a foreigner, it appeared afterward, who had had a home there and thought that she had left some small article of furniture, some kitchen utensil, when she had moved out.

Sonia started after her when she saw her. The woman hurried; she was well in the alleyway before Sonia had caught sight of her.

"Come back here!" cried Sonia. "Come! Come!"

And as she called this one of the mine guards—one of the two younger ones—stepped out from behind a ramshackle woodshed in the yard that the foreign woman was now entering.

"Get out of here!" he shouted—his loudness of voice not availing to cover up his lack of assurance. "Get out!"

His sawed-off shotgun was ready in his hands. His hands were none too steady.

The peasant woman stood still—like an obstinate animal—in the middle of a crazy gateway in the broken picket fence about the back yard.

"You no put me out! This my house! I pay for it! I pay rent money for it!"

"Get out!" the young guard said, his voice still loud and unsteady, and came and hustled her into the alleyway.

She stood firm there. He could not budge her.

"Me no move!" she cried. "Me 'Merican citizen! Me own this road! Go hang—you!"

It was the exact formula, Sonia recalled now, starting to reason with her, that they had drilled into them—all the foreigners; warning them to keep in the public highways—but showing them their rights there.

"Get a move on!" insisted the mine guard. He was scarcely more than a boy—a boy with a dissipated light-blue eye and a mop of brown hair falling down almost to it. "Go on! Get out! This is no public road! It's private property!"

"Let her alone!" said Sonia, breaking in now. "Let her alone, you Cossack! Don't you strike her!"

The boy retorted with a vile name. He knew Sonia, of course. They all did—and hated and despised her.

"Go hang—you!" repeated the Hunk woman defiantly.

Back of them the crowd had edged into the opening of the alleyway—private property, of course, as the guard had said, but still to some extent a public way. The youth grew more and more flustered. It was a problem for an inexperienced boy—this motley crowd of men and women and children closing in on him; and no real power to use against them but a sawed-off shotgun—no intermediate step for him to take between mere words and sudden death.

"Get out of here!" he cried, menacing them with his gun—while the first ranks trampled back on those behind them.

And at this time he saw Hecker finally coming forward to interfere. He knew the gunman of course—too well!

"Put it up!" said Hecker, walking toward him. "Put it up—before you hurt somebody!" he called contemptuously, and came on grinning. "Here, give it to me!"

He made no motion to take a weapon from his pocket, so all the strikers said, though there was one on his person. He did not value his enemy sufficiently highly. He passed by Sonia and her peasant woman, still obstinately protesting against giving ground. The boy—the mine guard—his eyes upon Hecker, had started backing away. Now remembering finally, he blew his whistle sharply for the other guards—for the older men to come and give him both moral and physical assistance.

Why Men Change

Their Ideas on Baked Beans

When we were boys, sawing wood or playing outdoors, any food tasted good. And any baked beans would digest.

When men work indoors, foods need to be tempting. And beans must be baked to digest.

Win Them Back

Baked Beans form our national dish. They are hearty, delicious, and they take the place of meat.

If your folks don't eat them often, win them back.

Serve them Van Camp's.

Van Camp's Beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, so the skins are tender.

They are baked in steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat—so they easily digest. Yet the beans are not crisped or broken.

Scientific Cooks

The dish is prepared by culinary experts, college trained. They have spent years to bring it to perfection.

The sauce is a rare creation, and they bake it with the beans. Every atom shares its tang and zest.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

Compare Van Camp's with other kinds, home-baked or factory-baked. See what a master dish we have for you, ready for quick serving.

Find them out. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

Ask the Doctor

He will say that home-baked beans are unfit.

They are under-baked, very hard to digest. Yet the baking crisps and bursts them.

Van Camp's Beans

Baked so they easily digest, yet mellow, whole and nut-like.

Baked with a sauce which gives every granule zest.

VAN CAMP'S **Pork and Beans**

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce — Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe given mellowed delights by matchless cookery.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

The best Italian recipe made up with the purest ingredients.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade, made with blanched nuts. No skins, no bitterness.

"Come on now," said Hecker, following the backing youth, "give it to me!"

"Get out! Don't you come here!" said the scared boy, still backing.

"Don't be afraid! I won't hurt you!" called Hecker contemptuously. "Lay it down if you want to!"

Back of Hecker the crowd jeered—adding to the boy's confusion and to Hecker's recklessness.

"All I want," repeated Hecker grinning, "is for you not to hurt anybody."

He came forward steadily up the alley, keeping the youth's eye. He was venturing too far—misjudging the man's nervousness.

"Come!" he commanded. "Don't let's have trouble! I won't hurt you." And still went forward.

"Don't you come any nearer—I warn you!" said the youth with the shotgun tremulously. "I warn you!"

Hecker by the terms of his profession would not stop now.

Behind the youth the other two guards came running about the house.

"Stop!" cried the older. "Don't shoot! Don't."

It was too late. The boy, scared out of self-control at his opponent—mistaking his purpose perhaps—in a sudden panic had discharged the shotgun without even raising it to his shoulder.

Hecker went down—crumpled, torn—at a distance of less than thirty feet from the muzzle, his grin still on his lips.

Back of him, at one side, the figure of the women in red, releasing her hold on the peasant woman she was drawing back, clapped one hand to her forehead, whirled and fell to the ground. The peasant woman with her ran back, stumbling away from her, voiceless with terror.

There was utter silence—broken soon by the outcry of the man who had fired the shot.

"You saw him! You saw him!" he cried excitedly to the older guard who had come up. "I had to do it! I had to! I had to!"

"Shut up!" said the older man.

"You saw him—didn't you? You saw him! He was reachin' to shoot!" the scared boy pled. "You saw him reachin'—didn't you?"

"Shut up!" said the other.

"You got the woman too!" said the third man.

There were curses now—and threats from the crowd.

"Shut up!" said the older man again. "Come on!"

The two new guards went forward, gesturing with their shotguns, to where the woman's body lay.

The crowd broke and ran—as they advanced—the third guard after them. The crowd ran from the alleyway and started down the road—the women carrying children, the boys throwing down their clattering pans and basins, the musicians their instruments.

The miscellaneous mass of women and children, the foreign men, fled down the yellow-rutted road over the shoulder of the hill.

The few English-speaking miners stopped out of gunshot like a herd of stampeded cattle, watching angrily before another flight. Suddenly they started on again still faster, down the hill.

The reenforcements of the mine guards were coming up the road from the mine mouth on the opposite hill slope.

"They're dead—both of them!" announced the older guard in a level, matter-of-fact voice. "Dead as smelt!"

"Her too!" cried the boy in a jerky voice—his palsied eyes fixed in a stare of fear and wonder under the brown unruly mop of hair upon his forehead. "Her too!" he persisted hysterically.

"Just one buckshot—as far as I can see. Must have got her here—in the temple!"

"I didn't see her, Jim!" cried the young guard, clutching the other's arm. "Honest—I didn't see her, I tell you! I didn't even see her!"

"Shut up!" said the older man. "Get hold of yourself!"

"No—leave her alone!" he instructed, checking him. "You'll have to leave her here for the coroner."

She lay there in her red dress on the yellow rutted alley road till the coroner finally came. Round her on either side lay the littered grassless back yards, the crazy sheds, the gaunt black ugly tenements of Gooseville. Beyond her, with his final grin upon his lips, lay the gunman, Hecker—the joke of life finally over.

■■■■

THEY brought the body of the girl in the late afternoon to the two rooms over the store where she and Spinner had lived together. After the coroner and his physician had finished it was the property of Spinner. The body of Hecker was taken directly to the union hall, where it lay in the one anteroom.

After the allaying of the first excitement, after a hard struggle to prevent retaliation by the miners which would have been clearly suicidal, Spinner learned that the girl's body had been returned at last to what had been in a way, after all, their home. He went there. They left him alone with her at his request. It would be now but a short time at most.

The body lay beneath the sheet upon their cheap couch bed against the wall, which had been let down for it. Spinner did not attempt to look at it. He did not wish to. He sat down in the cheap machine-turned rocking-chair which had been Sonia's and lighted a cigarette. He should not smoke, he knew. His throat grew worse and worse. But in times like this he found he could not resist it.

The thing had been a shock to him—more than he dared to own himself. He had pushed the thought of it away from him during the intense and necessary activities of the day. But now he must face it, as we must all face such things—alone. His mind was too keen, too insistent and too straightforward for him to be able to avoid the situation if he had cared to. There she lay finally, after all her tireless, feverish activities. This was the end. And he himself bore how much responsibility? A great share.

It was well toward the end of afternoon. A late clearing had left a bar of open sky, translucent as a blue-green jewel, on the horizon, through which the sun now shone into his room, and striking upon the glass of a cheap ornament on a table focused a spot of light upon the wall above the couch. Outside, the street, after the excitement of the day, had gone still. Spinner knew, of course, that the special constables, heavily armed, patrolled up and down the walks outside in pairs—clearing the street. Occasionally he could hear them. He got up and lowered the shade against the sun, blotting out the spot of light.

Coming back to sit down, his eyes fell again upon the wall—and the gallery of Sonia Silver's martyrs: the portrait of Joe Hill, the great-eyed romantic face of Charlotte Corday forever at its bars; the nervous irritable countenance of Rosa Luxemburg. Now the girl herself was there at the end of the same journey—subconsciously chosen from the beginning—a martyr of the class war, the new gospel of hate. What strange creatures women were; how they take all emotion—for emotion's sake—at its face value! How she had taken to herself, in spite of all her insight into its machinery, the propaganda of a current religion of class hatred! The radical's chants of praise for the strange company of its martyrs!

But that, of course, did not clear him from his part in this. He saw that—and lighted another cigarette before he let his mind run on, gnawing at this train of thought, which was now full upon him. Shock, of course, provokes different reactions from different temperaments—some lachrymose, some boisterous, some loudly rebellious! With him, with his type, it brought a touch of cold, of utter depression—of doubt—of questioning—of self-review.

"This is the end," he repeated to himself, and glanced once again at the sheeted figure, which after all at times had meant much to him.

The covered face he did not yet wish to see! "The end for all of us!"

And as he thought this his eye fell again upon the pictures; and from them upon the wall paper—the same reiterated ugly pattern, a type most common in cheap houses, which they had had when Sonia lived in that room in the Restful Valley lodging house in Chicago. Released by this chance suggestion of sameness with a former experience, his mind was off again upon that questioning—that main doubt of his—which more and more as he grew older and less robust lay always just underneath the surface of his thought—that sense of the purposelessness of all things—of the return of life upon itself—the vicious circle in which all things move.

This then was the end of her—of the individual life—as a matter of course in a radical's belief; in any modern radical's thinking. But if so, why this other thing—this modern gospel of race progress so-called? Why all this fuss and excitement and outcry over the race? What was this doctrine after all but just another race illusion, another man-made religion, founded most obviously upon the inferences of Darwinism, that had brought the idea of progress in vegetable and animal and social life into an easy, universal popularity; that had created that familiar religion of social progress of the late nineteenth century in all its various cults—all grown commonplace and trite now almost to banality? Progress to what—of what? Was something suddenly made from nothing in the passing from the individual to the mass of individuals? Or was it all the same old grotesque trickery of animal instinct—the appetite to live and hope until the race like the individual was forced to die, having traveled finally its own vicious circle?

He got up—walked about the room, never looking yet at what he must finally see, and would not—that face! His cold fit was well on him now. The black abyss, the bottomless pit which is the hell of modern thinkers—of too mental a type—opened just beneath him. He turned from bad to worse. He was doubting now much further than at first—doubting even the temporary value of the one enthusiasm, the mainspring of his life; the hate of modern society, which alone kept alight for him the will to live and marshal one day after another.

"Waive that!" the doubt within him went on like a living, speaking thing, leading down into the ultimate blind ending of his thought—already too familiar to him. "Assume that there is no intelligent purpose for life, individual or general, as in the teachings of the old creeds. Assume as you do that all we need is an instinct, a driving power, a universal stimulus to live out life—perform the routine of this senseless circle—is this thing that is going on through us—this gospel of hate, an effective biological impulse even—for the thing you want so much; for the improvement of the living conditions of the race? Is hatred after all a positive force—in any way? Is it anything—in animal life, in social life, in mental progress—but a negation?"

This gospel of hate that had flourished so since the great war—that greatest fever of all the world's long hating—was it a process of progress; or in the end a degradation—to lower forms of society? Was anarchy itself, as its enemies claimed, a grotesque return to archaic and primitive social conditions—really a turning back upon the vicious circle of the life of the race? Of Europe back to Asia?

It was growing dusk. The low sun had gone well below the high horizon of the valley. The chill shadows of the late-fall twilight filled the room. Spinner still went walking to and fro across it—thinking, fighting with his doubt.

Was this whole thing—this propaganda which had absorbed his life; for which this woman had just given hers—not merely of no permanent intellectual consequence? Was it not even the shadow of a shadow—not even a good working illusion? Was it even—he stopped his pacing to and fro to question—viewed from a working standpoint, anything approaching in value its opposite—that creed of the diametrically opposite motive in life; that social propaganda which starting in the historic mists of Asia Minor two thousand years ago had grown across the map of Europe into what the common man calls Christianity? Was not even this Christianity, for which his intellectual contempt had been so great during all his adult years, really set upon a sounder foundation than the structure which he had planned

(Continued on Page 57)

This Was the End. And He Himself Bore How Much Responsibility?

8% to 35% More Output

Bringing your LIGHTING up-to-date will increase your PRODUCTION

A RECENT SURVEY in nearly 500 manufacturing plants reveals this contradiction: While practically every official interviewed recognizes the effect of lighting upon output—and while 25% of the work reported upon is done under artificial light—yet 60% of these plants are UNDERLIGHTED!

Is your plant one of the sixty per cent?

Any improvement in lighting has a direct effect in stimulating production. Even plants now considered well lighted can increase their output by means of *more* light—properly distributed and safeguarded against glare. In fact, illumination intensities *two or three times* as great as those in vogue in the better lighted shops can be very profitably employed! A series of careful tests in actual factories has shown that these so-called "productive intensities" will yield increases ranging from 8% to 35% for different factory operations!

Tables have now been prepared showing the minimum illumination suggested for best results in all important operations. And as a *final* step toward eliminating guess-work, the Foot-Candle Meter shown below has been developed. It measures the *useful illumination actually delivered in the "working plane"*—at the bench or machine where the work is done.

Through the man who sells you NATIONAL MAZDA lamps you can arrange to have foot-candle readings taken throughout your plant and secure the other data that will help you modernize your lighting.

The matter is too important to permit of delay. Will you not phone him TODAY for an appointment, or write to NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., 32 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Division of National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

All night—all day—your skin never rests from its work

DO YOU realize that your skin is far more than a mere covering for your body? It is a *living organ* with vital work to perform.

And the whole beauty of your skin depends on how it works.

Is it soft, supple, fine in texture, brilliant in color—a delight to everyone whose eyes rest upon it? If so, it is simply in its *healthy, normal* condition—the condition in which everyone's skin *should* be. Its delicate pores are working actively, freely—bringing it the oil and moisture that keep it soft and flexible—carrying away the waste products and allowing it to breathe.

But if, for some reason, your skin looks tired, dull—if it lacks the color and freshness you would like it to have—then you can be sure that it is not functioning properly. The pores are not doing their work—the little muscular fibres have become relaxed.

This condition can be relieved—your complexion *can* be made as fresh, clear, and colorful as you would like to have it. For every day your skin changes—the old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the proper treatment you can stimulate *this new skin which is constantly forming* into healthy, normal activity—you can give it freshness and color.

How to rouse a dull, sluggish skin

To correct a skin that has become dull and sluggish, use every night this special treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Before retiring wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice* and dry carefully.

This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores gently and thoroughly and stimulates the fine muscular fibres of your skin, giving it *tone* and life.

Very often a skin lacks beauty from no other fault than a gradual coarsening of its texture. This condition, too, means that your skin is not functioning properly. The pores do not contract and expand as they should—and as a result they have become enlarged. Your skin has lost the smooth, fine look it should have.

You can make your skin finer in texture

Don't feel hopeless about correcting this condition. A smooth, finer-textured skin *can* be yours if you will give it regularly the kind of treatment that its particular need requires.

Try using this special treatment for a skin that is losing its fineness of texture. Every night before retiring dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice*.

Use this treatment regularly, and before long you will notice a marked improvement in the texture of your skin.

Special treatments to meet the needs of each individual type of skin are given in the little booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Find the treatment that is adapted to *your* skin—then use it every night, regularly and persistently.

You will find that the very first treatment leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This only means that your skin is responding to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly treatment with such a soft, clean, healthful feeling that you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

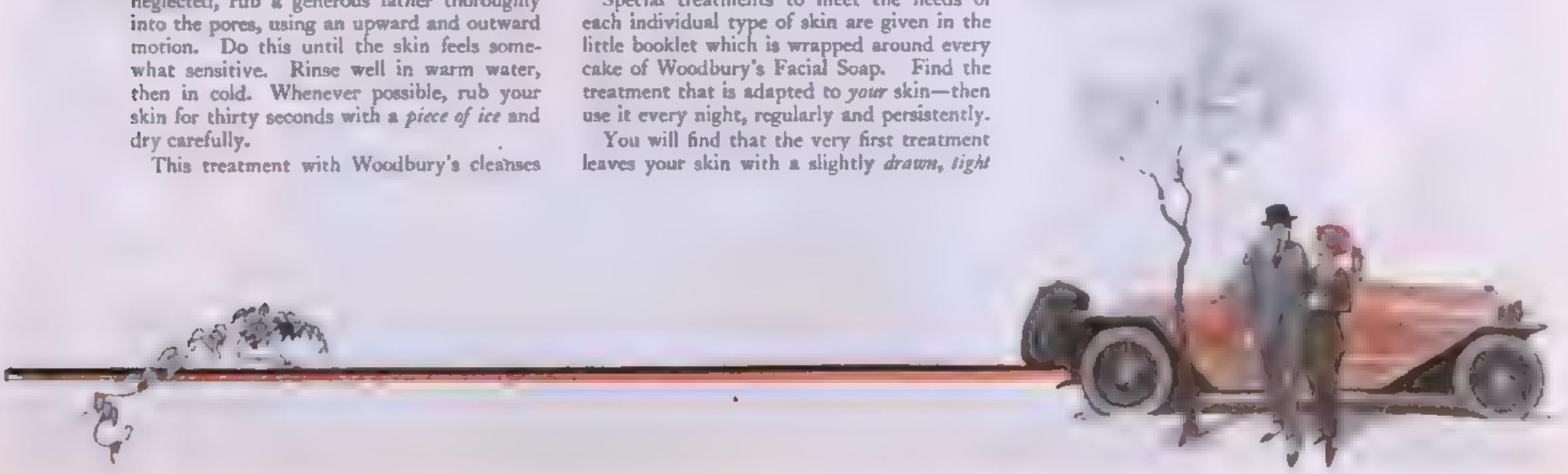
Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 603 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



(Continued from Page 54)

to build? Was it not a common-sense inference that its very survival over so great a time was—in spite of all the countless absurdities which had been fastened on it—a practical demonstration that it stood at bottom on a social and biological impulse which was more valid than its opposite—the hatred which furnished the main driving impulse in his own philosophy of life?

He stood at the window looking out upon the empty street. Below him he saw a pair of constables and faintly heard their footsteps upon the walk—going back and forth, the patrols of a small civil war. He had brought them there himself—as he had brought this woman back of him to the place where she had now arrived. This was all to a great extent his handiwork. He turned back from the silent street to the still more silent room and started once again walking—thinking.

He knew, of course, the stereotyped answer—the old conventional patter of sentimentalism—that this new thing was not at all the gospel of hate, but the gospel of equality and fraternity and affectionate comradeship. He saw exactly the face of the believer in this sort of talk; and the face of the phrase makers who retailed it to him, with all its professional suavity—the shopworn benevolence of the politician and the professional social worker.

He knew the phrases well enough, and he knew exactly what they meant to this movement as a vital force. This campaign was war, organized hatred, in every letter of its propaganda, in every public cry, in every song, in every appeal! It had exactly the same motive power as any war—active and carefully stimulated hate. And if that motive power were withdrawn it would be limp, inert and dead! If you doubted this you had merely to look at the faces of its leaders—of its Lenines and Trotzkys, with their different individual expressions of the same emotion—hate—hate—hate! And his own face for that matter he saw, stopping and staring for a moment into the faint reflected twilight of a mirror. He liked it better, too, the expression in these faces, than the fatuous inexperience of the parlor Bolshevists. It was honest, at any rate!

And suddenly a new and last descent brought him to the final depths. What was this thing—this movement—these men and women leading it? What was he himself? his doubt asked him sharply.

He saw the faces—of the leaders; the faces of the cheap prints upon the wall—of the martyrs of the cause; that face of Sonia herself—which he did not care to see! Yes—and his own face too. These faces—somber, angry, scornful, savage—were they the faces of sound normal-minded men and women? Or were they all touched with a strange abnormal fire—the old wild light of fanaticism?

He stopped and scrutinized the fretful features of Rosa Luxemburg upon the wall; straightened up again. He could not blink it—his inexorable mind would not permit it. The thing was there! It was there in Lenine's face—in his own, no doubt—that light of the thing he had so often mocked and derided; that old recurrent racial delirium of a new fanaticism—a new religion—a new faith!

"And if so," he was driven on—his bitter soul writhing to escape in vain—"if so—what are you? What are all of you—you leaders, these martyrs on the walls, this woman lying dead; all you who held yourselves so high and scornfully—as intellectuals—the seers and unfrightened prophets of cold ugly truth?

"Dupes! Dupes, that is all, of another wave of race emotionalism—set rolling in an age of wild and terrible emotions! Of a new fantastic faith, self-contradictory in its very statement—a religion of hatred! Victims of a newer and wilder latter-day social fever—with dreams about as likely of fulfillment as were the visions of the early Christian sects in Asia Minor of the impending millennium of clouds and fiery angels!

"Could even these," his doubt inquired, "be more fantastic than some of the expectations he had heard for the immediate social regeneration of the world—under the impetus of the new hate?

"So this was all," his black personal devil demanded, "all that you have lived for? That this woman died for—a helpless, useless victim of the fatuous dreams of one more wild fanaticism?"

He sat down—helpless. The thing held him—gripped him with hands of ice. He could not escape it. It seemed to him—that it was so!

It was quite dark now. The chill blue light of a November evening in that high-walled valley filled the room. It was cool in the room too—as it must be. Spinner shivered slightly—ran his long cold fingers across his eyes—with the gesture of one dismissing a deadly dream—and forced himself to get up. It was time for him to look in the face of Sonia—the woman who had lived and planned with him; for whose death—useful or useless—he had been so much responsible. He turned once more to the window. Across the street he could see a pair of constables standing looking up, speculating no doubt on what was going on within the room. He pulled down the shade and turned down the white glare of the one electric light.

He must hurry now. He looked at his watch. The undertaker should have been there already. With the universal human hesitation Spinner, walking across the room, drew back the covering from the face of the dead. There she lay at the end of the vicious circle of life—at an end which was in a way of her own choosing. In other circumstances she might have had the traditional life of woman, with its more instinctive affectional life—in the family, bounded by the narrow confines of marital and maternal experience.

Instead she lay here, another martyr of the gospel of hate!

But Spinner's thoughts outran all this at once; at his first glimpse of the face. For he saw, of course, first of all, the thing which he had been prepared by previous information to look upon—the result of the clumsy autopsy of the coroner—performed with the carelessness of the public handling of the bodies of the poor by some official hack physician.

The gleam—the rekindled light of his fanatic hate—lived again in Spinner's eyes.

"The fools!" he said with a smile that was in itself a curse and a vow of bitter vengeance. "The fools!"

He saw at once the use that could be made of this: A campaign of martyrdom such as had never yet been carried out in the United States; the martyrdom of a woman, young, attractive, in the height of health and promise; an organizer giving her whole thought and powers for the worker—not only killed, but mutilated beyond belief by the hired thugs of capitalism! All that was needed now was the photograph.

Spinner's cold fit was gone now entirely. The vital purpose, the mainspring of his daily action was back once more in his life; the old bright light of his fanaticism in his eyes. He was still planning his campaign when the light tap of the undertaker came upon the door.

"The photographer," Spinner said to him; "you remember—that I told you I might want?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you get him?"

"Yes, sir. Any time."

"Get him. And when he comes—before he takes the flashlight—do this: Remove the top of the skull—here—entirely—as it was in the autopsy! Take the photograph without it."

"Yes, sir. I understand."

Spinner went out—over to his pressing work at the union hall.

XXIV

THERE was some difficulty over the funerals. Obviously the authorities could not take the chance in the circumstances of allowing the excitement and possible violence which might come out of a double funeral of labor martyrs. Hecker was buried with the briefest possible services. The ceremony over Sonia Silver was allowed finally to take place before a company of intimate friends in Spinner's rooms.

It was a small company of radicals only—people whom the girl had known or worked with—from the vicinity, from Chicago, from Pittsburgh, from New York. Spinner himself conducted the simple exercises; made the one extended speech.

"We are allowed at last," he said bitterly, "after long negotiations, the supreme concession of the right to bury our own dead—whom the capitalists have murdered. Free public speech of course is denied us. Fortunately," he said, "we do not need speech. Our dead will speak for us—much more eloquently than we ever can!"

He alluded to and, in fact, displayed the terrible picture of the dead woman, which was to constitute, according to his plans, her vengeance and her triumph.

"My old mother," he went on, "who was a believer in the tribal religion of the Hebrews and its successor, had an ancient saying, a text which was much used in the religious gatherings of her day. It represented the shrewd wisdom, the working knowledge of mass psychology of the greatest and most successful propaganda in the history of the world—though it was not one of its directly inspired doctrines so-called. It went, as I recall it, like this: 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' I will use this," he said ironically, "with your consent, as the text of what I say to-day."

He went on in a bitter travesty upon a religous service, with a castigation of the brutality and ignorance and blindness of the enemies and persecutors of that present-day religion, radicalism—the murderers of its martyrs.

"They bring them back to us," he said, "from their hired butchers and throw them, when they are ready, at our feet. As they did with this"—he said, pointing—"this woman—this broken body—of whom I will speak to you, as she was to both of us—not to me alone! Whom we can consider from our standpoint as a fellow worker—not a woman who belonged to me—or you or anyone! A fellow worker, with a heart and mind and will of her own!

"They bring her back to me and throw her at my feet!" he said with a bitter and terrible mimicry. "'There she is, pick her up!'

"The fools!" he cried. "They have yet to learn the first elements of human feeling—to say nothing of any intelligent social action!

"And so," he continued, "by the grace of these intrenched brutes in this systemized brutality we call capitalism, we have our broken dead for the old conventional racial services of burial.

"We have her here before us," he said, looking down—"to exercise our own choice in our ritual of death. Shall we sniffle—whine—howl—groan submission? Would that be a service—for us—for Sonia Silver, this fellow worker who is gone?

"You laugh!" he said. "I do! She almost laughs herself—out of death! We have one service we can perform—one only! We can erect one monument that will appeal to us and her. One only! We will not cry or whine or cringe to them. All that is a matter of course. We ask no quarter—in this fight; and will give none—when our time comes! We can do one thing now—one only! We can hate—and hate—and always hate these fat fools who wax so hearty and so powerful to-day from the sucking of our blood! We can hate! We can build a monument of hate in all the minds of the workers—of them and all they are and do!

"This," he said, pointing to the body with his lean forefinger, "three days from now will be a handful of white ashes. And what of it? Its essence will live in other minds.

"The human intellect," he cried, voicing sharply the center of his creed, "the human intellect is all that lasts—that will survive; the collective mind of the race. There and there alone men can erect the only monument which can be built for any individual memory. There we will build our modest monument for Sonia Silver!

"Let them watch us," he said, "the fat, blundering, murderous fools of capitalism! Watch us closely now! It may be of advantage to them; we are not without our purposes of revenge; and we are not so very far away now from the power to fulfill them."

He paused a moment, thinking.

"When I was a child," he continued finally—he spoke now not the language of the street-corner orator but of the thinking, cultivated mind, which with certain obvious limitations he really was—"when I was a boy," he said—"a very young one—I was greatly terrified by an old doggerel which carried from mouth to mouth one of those recurrent outbreaks of superstitious panic which passes through our so-called civilization once in about so often concerning the approaching end of the world:

"The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one,"

he said. "It didn't come," he ended, and paused once more.

"And now," he said again with a faint smile of mockery, "I will stand here myself and take a leaf out of the book of this present intelligent and just and unsuperstitious capitalistic society. I will turn religious for once, and prophesy myself. There is no law against that—so far as I know," he claimed ironically.

But now his face grew somber, almost eager—the light of his real fanaticism showing through that bitter, self-defensive, ironic facial mask behind which with but rare intervals he hid his major purposes and emotions.

"In the United States the new year is coming on—a year with such possibilities as you and I have never seen—and never perhaps dreamed to see! What are the signs for it—right here beneath our eyes?

"They say we will be beaten—are being beaten, in the steel strike, in the coal strike. We are not! But say for the sake of

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argument that we are? What then? What will they have done to the worker—to the new class-conscious worker of America?

"Don't ask me," he cried, "this question! Or any other radical—any interested party! Ask someone else—who is entirely disinterested; ask the professional observers—those observers for bread-and butter's sake, the professional politicians—the national politicians and the labor skates both!

"Next year," he explained, "in 1920, we have again the quadrennial politicians, bunk fest—the year of the sacred promises of the practical politicians. Whom are they watching now—already? You know and I know! They are watching—just as they are in Europe, in England—the class-conscious workman. And framing and changing and adjusting the promises they are to make to him to fool him—to appease him—to satisfy him with as little as he can be induced to take.

"Will they fool him—now? Can they? Will he be tricked again? Do they think so themselves? Judge them by their actions! Don't ask them—watch them move! They know!

"But do these others know—these crushers of the steel strike, these pirates of the coal mines, these railroad vampires in Wall Street—all the head brutes of this ridiculous savage social order of to-day? Or are they too dull, too thick-witted from their overfeeding to know and see this sight that now stirs the politicians—the class which must live continually by its wits—by seeing first? Do the others see what all the politicians, labor and national, see—the sight that sets them milling in blind circles to-day on the so-called labor question, not knowing what to do?"

Before him the immaculate Frenac nodded gently—Max Steinig with clumsy abruptness.

"They are trying to save their politicians' skins! Will they save them? Who knows? It depends upon the worker—and upon them! If they go far enough—they may be permitted to remain. I think not myself. I think it is too late for the labor fakers to change their spots.

"For whether the labor faker comes along or not with these men, or without them—as he will eventually be—the worker within a year from now, I prophesy, will more than probably hold in his hand—and know he holds it—the final power of control of economic civilization. The power and ultimate freedom taught by anarchy!"

Steinig, the communist, Spinner saw, grew a little red at this doctrine—with smothered dissent. But Frenac smiled softly in his beard.

He talked on but a little further. The gathering was soon over now—its members preparing to take the early evening train—on which, too, the body of Sonia Silver was to go back to Chicago—for incineration and final scattering to the four winds—according to the wish expressed by her many times in life.

By agreement with the authorities the body was taken out surreptitiously and put on board the train at another station to prevent any gathering or demonstration by the strikers. Spinner had agreed to this. Frenac was to take charge of it in Chicago, Spinner remaining here at his post. He went with Frenac to the little wooden station to say good-by.

"That was the best speech altogether," said Frenac, leaving him, "that I have ever yet heard you make. It was all precisely true. Sonia herself, I know, would have been glad at it!"

Spinner did not answer this—beyond an abstracted smile. He was looking ahead—to his revenge, his perpetuation of the spirit and ambitions of the dead woman—this new radical labor martyr, Sonia Silver—now about to be canonized throughout the country.

He could see that terrible picture—that ghastly photograph of a woman's face with the whole forehead gone—going out from here—across the United States—a document, a proof positive, a proclamation of social outrage, talking a language that all men understood—and no man could successfully contradict! Telling the frightful story of another martyrdom of radical labor.

It was false—yes. There had been no such mutilation and brutality by the capitalists' thugs at the time of the woman's death as would appear from that picture. Let it be! It served the purpose, the eternally honest purpose—to Spinner's mind—of pushing forward the great campaign of class hatred! Of toppling down the brutal towers of capitalism! Of bringing nearer the time of justice and utter freedom when no man's life need depend upon any other man's or woman's—or be chained to them in any way. But each man and each woman would be free to act—go his own way—live his own life—under the basic right of every individual who lives, to deal or not to deal, for his own personal advantage; to work or not to work with or for society—or for his fellow individual—under the final guaranties of theoretical anarchy.

Spinner smiled—was smiling faintly when he said good-by to Frenac and the others—when the little fussy local train went clattering, coughing, shrieking down the valley. Its lights turned a corner of the hills—were gone!

All at once the faint smile faded from its lonely watcher's lips. They were gone, all of them—Sonia with them—forever! He would miss her in many ways—more than he had known! He was a homeless man again!

And again, before he moved from his position, his cold fit was on him—down like the black-velvet curtain at the end of the play, when the last of the audience goes straggling out. He heard again the words of Frenac's last compliment, as if the man were repeating them aloud:

"The best speech that I ever heard you make! All precisely true!"

"True! Was it true—that thing you prophesied?" asked his cold-voiced personal devil again—that doubter of all things—even doubt—which possessed him now so great a portion of his time.

Spinner started, turned and walked away toward the union hall—head down, thinking, doubting.

The more recent turn in the labor movements came back in review across his mind; the turn toward compromise in the coal strike; the apparent gradual fading away of the steel strike; the softening of the tone of labor on the railroads—the general lowering of tone, in fact, of radicalism everywhere.

"Does this sort of thing mean revolution?" his doubt asked him as he walked mechanically along. "Does this mean your radicals will control the elections of the American Federation of Labor? Or even of the United Mine Workers? You grab control of American labor—like the anarchist-syndicalists in France!" the sneering devil within him laughed. "Who says so—you?"

Spinner tried to drop it. It was impossible. He could not dismiss the thing.

"Who said so—you? You and your fellow prophets! Those fellow cranks of yours in this crazy new class religion! Sure! The East will meet the West; the working stiff and the jungle buzzard, the Hunk and the Bolshevik will join hands and sweep this continent in 1920—at six o'clock on the first night in the fifth quarter of the last blue moon!

"Prophets! You—all of you!" it jeered. "Yes! Like a cracked-voiced leader of the Holy Rollers raving warnings of the Judgment Day—alone upon a misty night on a cold corner of the dark street of the homeless men!"

Spinner had come now almost to the labor union hall.

"A pipe dream!" his mind kept on. "Just one more pipe dream of another bunch of crazy crooked-minded cranks!"

Damn that brain of his—would it never stop? Could he never stop it?

But at last it did stop—or was stopped rather, for him! He had come to the labor hall. As he turned to go in he started coughing in a sudden paroxysm which he could not control. He coughed too much lately. Sometimes he thought that his lungs were affected. He had lived a hard and bitter life of course. His coughing ended finally. He straightened up and wiped his lips.

"Never mind," he said hoarsely, half aloud. "Whether it's 1920—or 1960! We'll have it—damn you!"

He raised his fist a second toward the sky—against some power or powers unknown. Brought it down again. He turned then and went on. The marred door swallowed him as he went in and toiled slowly up the blind, dirty-walled stairway to the union hall. He had to be there continually, of course, to keep them in line—especially the foreigners! You never could quite tell about them. They might go off at any tangent—if somebody did not watch them—all the time!

(THE END)

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FRANCE WORRIES THROUGH

(Continued from Page 23)

Nothing so dispirits the soldier as to feel that things are not right with his family. For this reason, and also in order to secure the vital production of food, the farms were exempted from excess-profit taxes. When a survivor of this peasant army returned to the little farm he was usually presented by madame with new family funds—either cash or war bonds.

He proceeded, peasantlike, to spend it on land. Now France has always been the model of the world for small independent holdings—the most happy condition for any farming class. The Napoleonic law of inheritance was enacted for this purpose; and unlike most laws it has worked toward the end for which it was devised. There were before the war nearly four million landowners in France. Still, in the past generation peasant capitalists had here and there managed to acquire large properties. Between Paris and Lyons the train traverses a district whose broad acres resemble those of Indiana or Iowa. These tracts were sometimes worked by the owner with farm hands, but more often by leasers—the English system of tenant farmers. With the deaths of the war many of these tracts, split into smaller parcels by the implacable working of the Napoleonic law, came into the market. The leasing farmers took their war savings and hastened to buy; the large tracts are again in process of being broken up. How far this tendency has gone no one has as yet calculated; but the average monthly real-estate transfers of 1919, as compared to those of 1913, stand in a ratio of five to two.

The reconstruction period shows another change, less obvious; probably in the end more important. It is that in the whole status of woman—the new outlook of French femininity toward life and the world. The ideal of womanhood, as held by the women of France up to 1914, was what one of our American feminists called "the perfection of the old system." In any family which could afford it the young girl was brought up a tenderly nurtured hothouse flower. She received an education which comprised not much more than the three R's, a modern language, church doctrine and ornamental accomplishments, like music, dancing and drawing. When she came to marriageable age an alliance was arranged.

It has been said that marriage brought freedom to the Frenchwoman. That, from an American or English point of view, was only relatively true. Through nearly all classes ran the social theory of the closed family. A woman's associations must be mainly with her relatives and, for the rest, with only a very few intimate friends made in childhood. For a woman to go out of the home to work or to participate in the larger affairs of the world was a calamity—a case of dire necessity. Her form of self-expression, if she happened to be clever, was through her husband. In the upper classes she made herself his political or business manager; in the lower bourgeoisie, his partner. In these capacities she approached perfection. These rules did not of course go for the poor; but doubtless they would have followed them could they have afforded the price.

The New Status of Women

The war dragged the Frenchwoman out of the home. By hundreds of thousands those women of the upper and middle class, who give the social tone to the femininity of any country, got to work at something—organizing relief, nursing, clerking in the banks, on the railroads or in government offices, caring for refugees. The efforts of Frenchwomen to organize often gave a comedy touch to the first year of the war. Unlike their British sisters, who took to war organization like a duck to water, they went at it awkwardly. This class, just dragged from a half cloistral life, was bound by too many whims, notions and impracticable sanctions. That stage passed, their real native intelligence swallowed their defects. By midwar they were working wonderfully together. By the end of the war they seemed a little touched by that spirit which has become so strong among British, Scandinavian and American women in the past generation—a feeling that when not absorbed with the primary business of wifehood and motherhood a woman should occupy herself with something beyond pretty trivialities. However grievously the war bore upon her in other particulars the Frenchwoman seems really to have enjoyed the adventure of this excursion into the world, to have taken pride in her work. An American stationed from 1917 to 1920 with our S. O. S. in Brittany tells me that last summer the women used sarcastically to indicate to him weed-grown fields. "When we ran these farms," they would say with pride, "we had no weeds."

The new spirit might have died out had it not been for one melancholy fact: A million and a half Frenchmen, whose places the women had taken, never came back. Perhaps two or three hundred thousand more came back wholly or partially incapacitated. France needs labor, both physical and intellectual. Also, until she has a strong wave of immigration there are a million and a half women either left widows or deprived of hope for marriage. The latter class is by far the greater. In France, as in all countries, the brunt of war fell on the young unmarried first-line troops. Of her mobilized men up to thirty, sixty per cent died in the war. In consequence, any spinster under thirty—the age at which most women marry—stands less than half a chance of a husband.

So, much work which the woman of 1914 considered temporary has become for the woman of 1919 permanent. In the first two years of the war I saw the men gradually fade from the public and municipal offices, the banks, the commercial institutions; saw women take their places. I expected, upon returning to a world in readjustment, to find the men back at their old jobs. Not at all. My checks are handled at the bank, my papers made out at the police station and headquarters, my railroad tickets sold at departure, collected at arrival, by young women. The men do not even fully staff the Paris subway; half of the ticket choppers, half of the guards are still women.

Coeducation by Necessity

And the Frenchwoman has gone at her job as though with serious intention of making it permanent. All schools that give practical training for life find themselves flooded with women or with female applicants. A few years ago women obtained, after something of a struggle, the right of admission to the bar. Yet up to the war French women lawyers were so few that the admission of a new one was always worth a story to the newspapers. In Paris alone they are going in for law by the hundreds. Woman physicians were formerly quite rare; now the medical students outnumber even the law students. The rush to the technical and trade schools is even greater. The serious-minded young women of France seem characteristically to be fitting themselves not for temporary positions but for careers.

Coeducation has always been regarded in France with superior disdain. The smallest primary school in the most remote farming commune has been divided into a boys' wing and a girls' wing. Now coeducation is appearing, at least temporarily, all along the line. In the troubled northern departments the new temporary schoolhouses educate mixed classes. The money to install separate buildings is lacking. The separate technical schools and institutions of higher learning were founded for men only. Generally there are no corresponding schools for women. The schools must open their doors to mixed classes or the women must go uneducated. French educators have generally faced the bitter fact that this new generation will be largely a woman's age, and the doors are opening.

All this unquestionably will have some effect on the social outlook of France. The mercenary marriage, practiced in every class above the bare margin of existence, existed only by virtue of the fact that young women were chaperoned to the nines, that they never could associate with young men in the free and natural way of Anglo-Saxon girls. Already coeducation is establishing such relations by the tens of thousands; soon it will be hundreds of thousands. Given only proximity, and the mercenary marriage cannot resist the power stronger than death. And all social philosophers agree that the marriage customs of France, buttressed as they are by marriage laws, explain largely if not wholly the declining birth rate.

Another little tendency in this new outlook of French women is both significant and amusing. When the suffragette agitation broke out in England the heavy-minded German regarded it only as another proof of Britain's degeneracy; the more agile-minded French took it as a colossal, unprecedented joke. At the beginning of the war Frenchwomen to whom I mentioned our suffrage agitation in the United States replied with an expression of polite disdain. Some went further than that. I was introduced in 1915 to a woman who called herself a feminist and president of a feminist society. Her feminism, I found, consisted mainly in a dislike of the prevailing marriage customs, especially the dowry. When I asked her if she believed in woman suffrage she bounced out of her chair.

"Women vote!" she exclaimed. "Women do politics! I have heard that in parts of your country women vote. You tell me so yourself. I must believe you. But, monsieur, it is difficult to believe. If there is anything distasteful to a right-minded person it is one of those creatures, half-male, half-female, who disgrace womanhood by their noise."

Before the war, in fact, only a handful of woman lawyers, physicians, and the like, ever so much as suggested woman suffrage. They were regarded as short-haired freaks—Priscilla Jawbones. Now, five years later, agitation for the ballot is beginning, and it is no longer taken as a joke.

Indeed, the French, who love to trace wide, intellectual tendencies, are talking and writing much concerning the changing French character. Most speculation on this point comes from observation of the reckless manner in which Paris is spending just now, whereas before the war the French were conservative spenders, putting their gains into the little French stocking before they thought of automobiles. One piece of proof often mentioned is the demand for first-class railway accommodations.

"Before the war," remarked a Frenchman, "we used to say that only royalty, nobility and rich foreigners traveled first-class. Second-class was good enough for anyone. You would see in a train of twelve passenger cars, one first-class coach, four or five second-class, the rest third-class. Yesterday I counted the classes in the trains at the Gare du Nord. I found thirty-six first-class to thirty-nine second-class."

A Riot of Spending in Paris

If you confine your observations to Paris you must agree. In this uncertain year a riot of spending has touched all life in the capital. Never have the jewelers of the Rue de la Paix displayed such enormous gems as during the Christmas season of 1919. One window which I remember had as central exhibit a pure white diamond of 119 carats, hung as pendant on a necklace of matched pearls. It was surrounded by an exhibit of emeralds almost as large. Above it were ranged three tiaras—two of big diamonds, the other of immense pearls. Nothing in that window could be looked at for less than five thousand dollars, and from there up. "They're buying 'em too!" said a jeweler whom I interviewed on the subject.

Racing was resumed last summer. It has always been the custom of the French newspapers to publish with their racing summaries the total amount exchanged in *pari-mutuel* betting. By June this sum was twice or three times as large as on corresponding days before the war. Then publication of *pari-mutuel* figures suddenly stopped—it is said on a hint from the government. An item concerning the Christmas spending in New York has just gone the rounds of the newspapers. It says, among other things, that no article costing less than fifty dollars was advertised in the newspapers, and that silk stockings were eagerly bought at $250 a pair. I was not in New York last Christmas, but I am betting it wasn't true. However, I could almost match these figures with those of the Christmas *Réveillon* here. This custom had a pious origin. Families, after going fasting to midnight mass on Christmas Eve, used to break their fast immediately afterward by a feast either at home or at a restaurant. The ungodly have turned it into an all-night revel, like an old New York Christmas Eve. During the war, and even in 1918, the government refused to take off the nine-thirty closing law even for *Réveillon*. This year the existing eleven-thirty law was abrogated for the night; the lid was off.

At the most fashionable hotel—the one usually patronized by visiting royalty—it cost 115 francs before you entered the dining room; you did well to get away for much less than 1000 francs. Scores of other establishments, fashionable or fashionably Bohemian, charged 300 francs without wine—besides the tip for reserving the table, which had to be arranged days in advance. As a little sign of the times: A Parisian newspaper announced next morning that "only one demonstration marred the gayety of the night." This occurred on the Place Pigalle, where expensively Bohemian restaurants and dancing establishments are bordered by a poor and often tough tenement district. The sight of gayly dressed women and men in evening clothes inflamed the mob; there was a demonstration bordering on a riot; the police were called out. The Parisian police use force only after every device of tact has failed. In this case they had to take to night sticks.

Why Jewels are in Demand

Yet he who judges France by Paris alone, and especially by the two or three square miles in the center of the city, is as foolish as he who judges America by Broadway. The French people in general, it would seem, are not spending. I passed four December nights in Lille, which has at this moment nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Though the factory machinery stolen by the Germans has been very little replaced, though not a fifth of the mills are as yet running—the average citizen of Lille has at this moment money in his pocket. Now for entertainment at Lille I found beside two or three cafés only two cheap and humble shows and one café-chantant not much bigger than a barroom, where the performers passed the hat for pennies after their turns. If the people of Lille demanded entertainment it would have been there. Similar reports come from the south and center, which were untouched by the direct destruction of the war. In many cities the theaters have not yet opened; the road companies report poor business; the demand for cinema films has scarcely exceeded that of wartime.

When you look into this spending jag you find it confined to two classes—both concentrated in the capital. First come those among the wealthy whose incomes were not touched by the war. With the husband at the front, with the women working for the war, they had not time or occasion to spend. Besides, it was unfashionable. To dress in the styles of year before last, to dispense with servants, to give up the automobile—was the mode in the high society. In spite of taxes the income has accumulated; so has the desire for a good time. The other class consists of the newly rich profiteers, who in every belligerent nation slipped through the loopholes of excess-profit laws. They also could not spend much during the war, partly because it was unfashionable and partly because it would have attracted invidious attention. Like the army contractor's favorite daughter in the English song, they are spending it now.

Still another thing accounts for the expenditure on jewels—fear. If the Bolsheviki take over this world, what will become of stocks, bonds, bank certificates? They will be waste paper. But jewels though they return no interest are portable; one can escape with his fortune in his pocket. Therefore let us yield to Julie's desire for that pearl necklace. It pleases Julie, and puts the money into an investment comparatively secure. Swiss jewelers never did so well as during 1917–18. The purchasers were mostly Germans; therefore it was shallowly assumed that Germany was doing very well. Not at all; the rich of Germany were simply guarding themselves against much that has actually happened since.

Yet though the average citizen seems to keep apart from this spending jag he has been taking out his war reaction in another way. Everyone who participated in this war, even as a mere observer like me, seems to have experienced a let-down of all his forces once it was over. This is a kind

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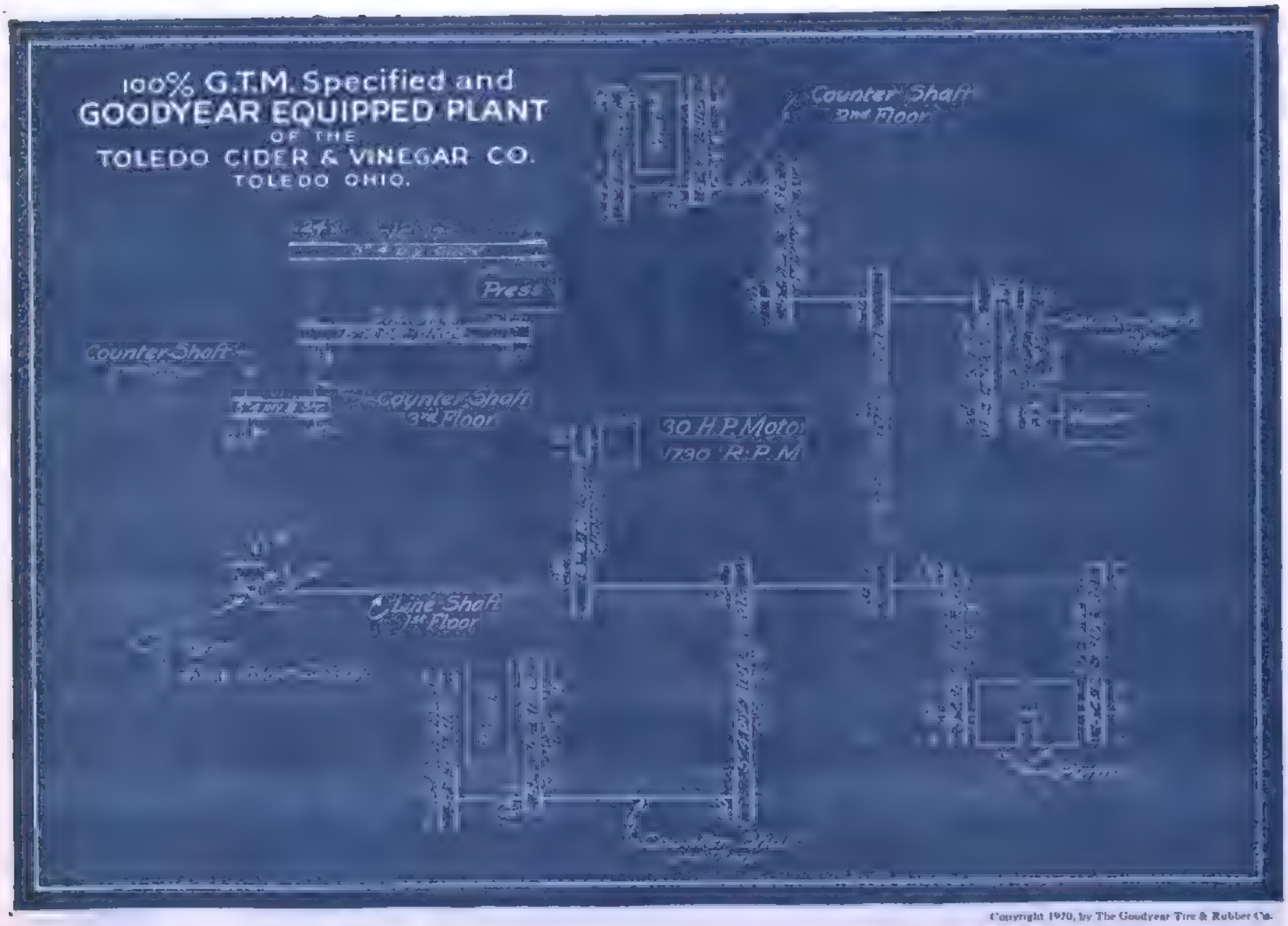

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A growing conviction that the Goodyear analysis plan gave promise of ending their continual troubles with belts led the Toledo Cider & Vinegar Company to have a single drive studied by a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—and his recommendation for a belt given the benefit of a trial.

The G. T. M. did not say offhand, "Put on a Goodyear Belt." His first request was to see the drive for which a belt was wanted. He studied the actual conditions under which the belt must operate. He figured pulley dimensions, center-to-center distances, operating speed required. He noted that a belt to be successful in this plant must resist the action of vinegar acid. In a word, he went to work on the principle that a belt is an integral part of the plant's production line.

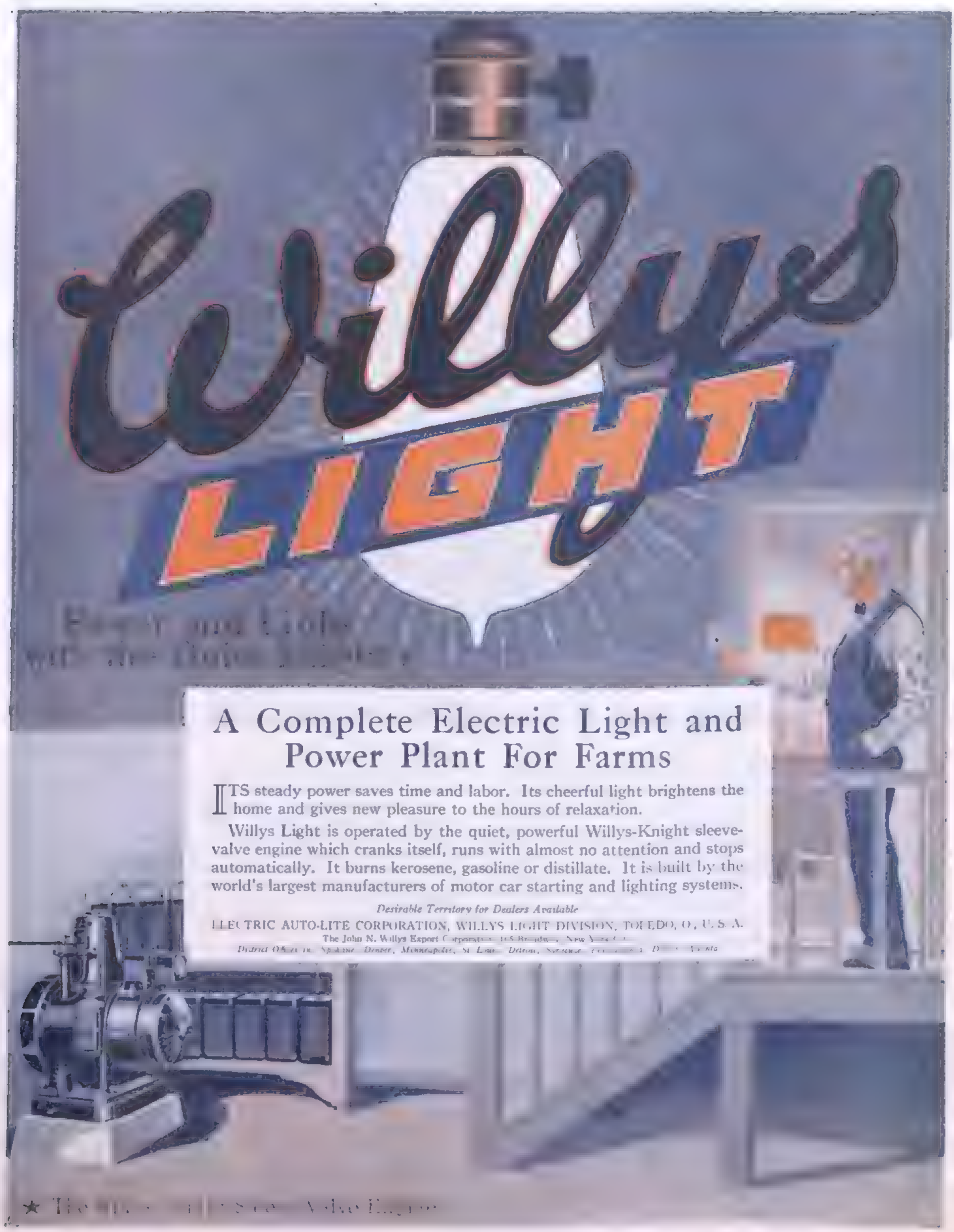
The results from the Goodyear Belt applied after this study made their own argument for an extension of the analysis to the entire plant. The G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belt held the pulleys, where other belts—bought on the basis of taking whatever the jobber happened to have in stock—slipped, and lost power, and tied up units in troubles and delays that cost money.

100% Goodyear-equipped today—this is the result of expert study followed by the service that Goodyear Belts specified to their work always yield. On the press drives there are Goodyear Glide Belts. On the main-to-counter-shaft transmission, and on pumping duty, are 5-inch, 4-ply Goodyear Blue Streak Belts—heavy, flexible, and enduring. In line with the same principle of every unit's relation to the work of the whole plant, the G. T. M. specified 5-ply Goodyear Monterey Acid Hose for the conveying of the product pressed out under the action of the power carried by the belts. At the end of a full season's run, the Goodyear equipment shows practically no wear and has furnished new records for energy conserved and power transmitted.

Single drive or entire plant, the G. T. M. looks at any problem put up to him in the light of its relation to profitable production. And the Goodyear Belt he recommends is chosen first for its ability to perform its part unfailingly, trouble-free, over a long period of economical service. The G. T. M.'s services are at your and your plant superintendent's command, without charge. Your profit and satisfaction from Goodyear Belts specified on the basis of his analysis are ample assurance of our return.

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR



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(Continued from Page 60)

of double reaction: First, though you may have hated the war you miss it too—a strange excitement has gone out of life; everything seems dull; in the second place, you want a good long vacation. Every American must have noticed that state of mind among our returned veterans—and the average Frenchman experienced from three to five times more war than the average American. Temperamental by character, liable to emotional moods, the whole nation seemed last summer to have slumped. Along with Bolshevik agitation and reasonable demands for a wage to meet increased cost of living, this was one reason for the general outbreak of strikes. "Here we loaf, while the Germans are going to work!" cried the French press last summer. I questioned on this point a French manufacturer, who as chief of a commission has traveled much in Germany since the Armistice. "They say there," he answered, "that they could make a start if people would only go to work!"

This spirit has been abroad in every belligerent nation—except one. The average Belgian did not, could not, get actively into the war. The Germans came on before he could be mobilized. For four years he loafed, since to work for the Germans meant to work against Belgium. When the Armistice arrived he was fairly hungry for a job. He plunged into it with enthusiasm; and Belgium at this moment is in better shape than any other European belligerent.

However, the high tide of restlessness and desire for a vacation has passed in France. People are working again; every week the factories of the undevastated district, which are the true criterion, report more and more satisfactory conditions. Much else is against her, but France by December seemed to be resuming production with what means she had.

Much is against her; much that her rulers and governors never saw or only dimly foresaw during the war. On first glance one seems to find a reason, beyond native French pessimism, for the low spirits of the business man. Let us look first at the bear aspect of the case. January, 1920, opens with a period of dreadful uncertainty. First the holding up of the treaty by the American Senate paralyzes much enterprise. At this moment Senator Lodge wins first prize, with no second, as the most unpopular American. What is really happening in Washington we have no means of knowing here. The reports are imperfect and loaded with propaganda. But the treaty discussion would appear, from reading the French newspapers, like an undignified squabble between politicians. That class in French business which profited by the old-time system of financial imperialism wants to know whether or not the League of Nations is going to stick. If so, the cards must be stacked in one way; if not, in another. The Frenchman concerned merely with internal business wants to know if the future means security or insecurity.

Unpopularity of Militarism

The French people—the plain John and Jane Smith of the farm in Touraine, the shop in Dijon, the loom in Lyons, the ruin in Flanders—have an uncertainty of their own, quite different from that of their political rulers or their financial regulators. In French government and financial circles the League of Nations, as we should all know by now, got only grudging acceptance. They cared three times more for the Anglo-French-American pact. It was always different with the French people. They want the League of Nations tried out at least. Their main desire at this moment is to abolish militarism. The army and military service in general are at a low ebb of popularity.

I knew during the war a colonel in the French Army so young that his rank seemed ridiculous. He was just graduated from St.-Cyr when the war broke; he entered the Battle of the Marne as a second lieutenant. In three years he was a colonel and had received every possible decoration for valor. Though twice wounded he came out sound in health. I met him last week in civilian clothes. He has resigned, and is beginning at the bottom in a bank. Hundreds of professional officers, who in 1914 regarded the army as their only career, have done the same. Appointment to St.-Cyr and Polytechnique, the military schools, goes strictly by competitive examination. The best of the superior schools give courses preparatory to the St-Cyr-Polytechnique examinations. One such course in Paris, which had a hundred students with a waiting list before the war, has only eight students this year. The government has been trying to enlist a volunteer army as a nucleus for whatever system of universal training it may maintain after the treaty passes. The enlistments to date number only 27,000—less than an American division.

When news of the successive adverse votes of our Senate appeared in the newspapers the man in the street thought not of the financial situation but solely of the army question. "If America fails us," said an average citizen whom I met in a railroad compartment, "it means another huge standing army—the greatest evil that a people can know!" I gather all this not only from my own conversations with plain people while knocking about the center and the north but from the testimony of Americans like Red Cross and relief workers, who mingle constantly with the inhabitants of the provinces. So among the people also is the timidity of enterprise rising from an uncertain future.

Then there is the internal situation, even more a breeder of uncertainty than the international.

The Taxation Problem

The French general elections of last autumn had somewhat quaint and original results. In preparation for this struggle of parties a war chamber adopted the proportional-representation system—with additions, improvements and jokers. The thing is so complex that my unmathematical brain can grasp only the general result. However, it was so arranged that the political element which won would win overwhelmingly.

Conservatism was then at grips with socialism; and French official socialism now leans strongly toward Bolshevism. Both parties were confident; Socialists as well as conservatives seemed willing to accept the terms—all or nothing. The conservatives won. The Socialist representation in the chamber shrank from a big slice to a sliver. The Socialists declared after the election that in spite of the result their vote had greatly increased. No one could absolutely prove or disprove that; the improved proportional-representation system is so complex that by varying your method of calculation you can prove that black is black and immediately afterward that black is white. However, the communal elections followed; they went by the old one-vote system. And the Unified Socialists—the near-Bolshevik party—the Radical-Socialists and the Radicals broke even with the more conservative parties on these elections.

Europe knows not the two-party system of America. Virtually never does any party in a national parliament have a majority. But there is always a kind of center of gravity, by which premiers determine just what can be done in the way of legislation. The center of gravity in the existing chamber leans well toward the right. Its composite member resembles one of our stiffly conservative Republicans. The electorate leans somewhat to the left—the composite would resemble a Roosevelt Bull Mooser of 1912.

Before the election Clemenceau was worried for fear his new chamber would be too radical; now, it is said, he worries lest it turn out too reactionary.

Now this chamber, none too strongly backed by the electorate, has inherited the failures and debts of all its predecessors. The buck has been passed to it; and the buck will travel no more. The existing government must immediately and forthwith impose upon France such taxation as she has never known.

The wise military boldness of France was balanced during the war by unwise timidity of legislation. Great Britain, Germany, the United States tried from the first to borrow as little as possible, to raise by legislation as much as possible. France taxed much more moderately. In the beginning the politicians seemed to fix their minds on the indemnity which Germany made them pay in 1871; to argue that if France won, Germany must pay, and if France lost, everything was gone anyway. After two years of war they began to suspect that at best Germany might not be able to pay. In 1917 they were prepared to begin taxing. Then came the Champagne failure of April, the first signs that Russia was collapsing, the internal defeatist campaign. French morale, as we all knew at the time, was shaken if not tottering. The government was simply afraid to let the soldier at the front, already a little doubtful of the competence in his leadership, return to the farm on leave and find his wife worried over a fifty per cent raise in taxes. The Ribot government hesitated; even when Clemenceau the Tiger came in to pull France together, he failed to put his claws into the taxation problem. It awaited the end of the war.

By 1918 every informed Frenchman felt sure that Germany could never pay in full; yet the government-controlled papers were still assuring the people that she could. The peace conference proved that she could not do much more than restore the devastated north, and that only after a long period of years; even then the government financiers were disappointed, declaring that only the softness of President Wilson prevented them from getting more. Whether Germany could have paid more is not for me to say. Our own economic experts generally say: "No—not without killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Most of my French friends declare now, looking at it all in retrospect, that the government made the common mistake of not trusting democracy. France was one of the last nations to adopt the bread card—for no other reason than that the government feared a peppery people which has in the past shown great suddenness when too far pressed. "You see," said an official when this question was broached, "the relations of the government to the people here are like the relations between a man and his wife: If you are too easy with her she doesn't respect you. If you are too severe she leaves you!" The bread card had finally to be adopted. There was not a single riot, hardly even a protest. From this it is argued that the government needed only to give the word and the people would have shaken the last sou out of the stocking.

This is only a post mortem; but what might have been must trouble the dreams of the committee on finances sitting now behind locked doors and trying to figure it out. So far as the public knows now—January—it has only nibbled at the edges. We are informed that railway passenger fares are to be still further taxed; and the theatrical world has been protesting against a proposed fifteen per cent increase on theater-ticket taxes. But on such vital questions as income tax, excess-profit tax, luxury tax and import duties there is so far silence. This uncertainty hampers all commercial enterprise; everyone is waiting. A certain society for the promotion of good international feeling has a French branch, supported by voluntary monthly contributions from a few well-to-do men. Last November and December the contributions stopped. The committee visited the subscribers. "We can't give anything—not a sou—until we know what the taxes are going to be," they said.

Demoralized Rolling Stock

Still harping on the adverse side of things, affairs here seem to be running in a series of vicious circles. Exchange is falling, that is because the imports overbalance the exports by five or six to one; with America the ratio is ten or twelve to one. Let us therefore get to exporting. But how? To increase exports you must first get in raw materials, then you must restore the machinery smashed by shell fire or junked by the Germans. How can you do that in reasonable time without imports?

Transportation seems to be the missing key to most difficulties. When the war ended not a locomotive in France, and scarcely a freight car, but needed a long term in hospital. Repairs during the war had been of necessity mere temporary patchwork. When France attempted to restore the peacetime system of transportation with a great extra emergency in the north—rolling stock was short, and what there was seemed to be falling to pieces. The locomotives and freight cars restored by Germany less than made up for the rolling stock taken by Germany when she invaded the north. Nor was this supply itself in the best of condition. At the present moment there are 900 dead locomotives piled up in the yards about Paris, waiting repairs. The repair equipment is inadequate to keep up with this job. The need is for more locomotives, and especially for more machinery to repair locomotives; which means that raw steel and coal must be hauled to the locomotive factories, the machine-making factories—which calls for more transportation. There you are—another vicious circle.

You can, of course, buy locomotives and machinery in foreign markets. But the more you buy outside the greater the decline in the trade balance and the higher the exchange. Score another vicious circle. There are many more; for example, the railroads could be better run but for the shortage of coal; and coal would not be nearly so short if you had enough railway transportation to haul it from the ports. In December 420,000 tons of coal was stacked up in the port of Rouen, waiting transportation to districts where factories were shutting down for lack of power. Much of the Rouen coal goes inland by river; it is hauled on strings of barges drawn by tugs. Now the French tugs were largely used for coast submarine scouting during the war. Some were sunk or wrecked; most, like the locomotives, went for four years without thorough repair.

The Coal Situation

The coal problem would be perplexing even were transportation in shape. France before the war produced yearly 40,000,000 tons of coal and consumed 61,000,000 tons. She lost 20,000,000 tons a year, half her supply, when the Germans drowned the Lens and Valenciennes mines. On top of that she got back the great Lorraine iron mines. The blast furnaces of Lorraine, when under German ownership, turned nearly half of this ore into blooms and billets on the spot. This took some 10,000,000 tons a year. France was given by the peace conference a hold on the mines of the Saar Valley, partly as a compensation for the coal destroyed at Lens and Valenciennes, partly for the purpose of smelting that ore. However, the Saar coal itself will not do. It is too friable to make coke. It has to be exchanged for coking coal; which again calls for transportation. The Saar mines as worked by the Germans were good in their best years for 11,000,000 tons. Having an ample national coal supply, the Germans never crowded them; they could be made, doubtless in time will be made, to produce more. But what with transportation difficulties and the friction of readjustment the French are getting coal from the Saar Basin at a rate of only 7,000,000 tons.

Under the preliminary peace terms the Germans were supposed to send into the Lorraine fields about 12,000 to 14,000 tons a day of Westphalian coking coal. They have their own transportation and labor difficulties, however; and they are reluctant payers of war penalties. Up to January Westphalian coal was arriving at only half of this rate. All in all, the acquisition of Lorraine and the Saar has done nothing or less than nothing to relieve the shortage in the rest of France. She was 20,000,000 tons short in old years. True, the northern factories which consumed much of this coal are now largely dust heaps and matchwood; on the other hand there is an increased demand for fuel among the factories of undamaged France, which would, if they could, be crowding on all steam to replace the goods destroyed in this war. Put the legitimate demand for import coal at the prewar figures—say, 1,770,000 tons a month—and you would not be far wrong.

It cannot be had. At present Belgium is exporting a little, but only a little. Germany, in spite of losing temporarily the Saar mines and possibly the Galician, could supply the deficiency; but she has her own problems of transportation, nearly as grievous as that of France; and in view of the preferential price set by the treaty on her coal exports to France she is reluctant to ship in that direction. England is the only hope. English coal production has decreased since the war; she herself has transportation troubles; and increased supply is wanted at home during the period of readjustment. Now that the military war is finished and the economic war begun the law of supply and demand strictly governs coal prices between England and France. The result—well, in the Lille region, only a hundred miles or so from the Channel ports, they could once buy coal for twenty to thirty francs a ton. In December the Lille factories, which had somehow resumed production, were eager to get coal at 240 francs. In despair some of them had contracted for American coal at 340 francs, laid down in Lille—and then even that supply was delayed by our coal strike. The average

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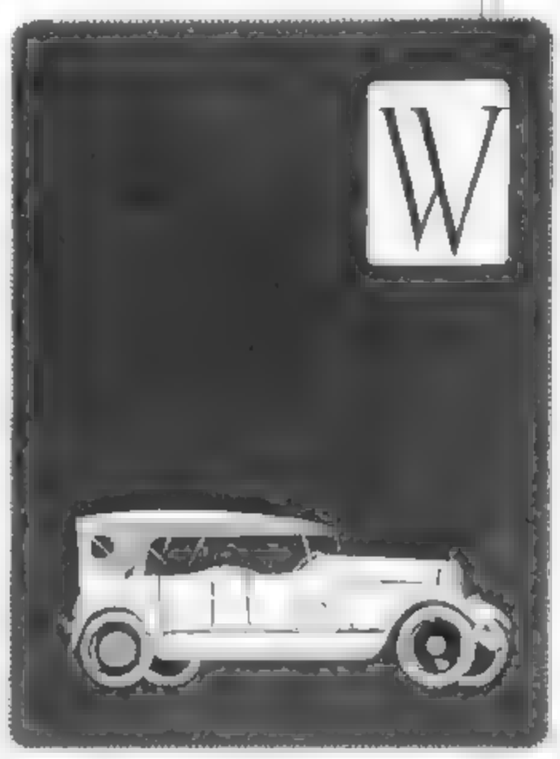
—*the remarkable situation brought about by the* MARMON 34



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VAST production—mere quantity—have no charm for us. Our enormous factory, our 5,000 chosen mechanics, are devoted solely to extra-fine workmanship.

Here we are engrossed in microscopic precision and lately discovered standards of accuracy.

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A Marmon 34—being of stabilized design—is a Marmon 34 always, whether built in 1915 or 1920.

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THE MARMON 34 stays relatively new indefinitely because of its true balance and spring suspension. Mechanism and body are impervious to ordinary road shocks. Hence its life is prolonged.

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This has brought about a feeling upon the part of those who know values that a renewed Marmon is a sounder investment than any like-priced new car.

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ANOTHER reason that has brought about this high appreciation is the intelligent restoration afforded by Marmon distributors. With them, because of this rare situation, renewal, under our factory guidance, has become an art.

Thus we offer in a renewed Marmon one of the greatest bargains and one of the greatest satisfactions any car owner can ever find.

When you own a Marmon 34—of whatever year of the series—you have at your command the greatest form of luxury transportation at the lowest cost per mile—and you become initiated to a higher conception of motor car values.

New Marmons are bespoken for some time in advance.

Renewed Marmons may be obtained in much shorter time.

The highest honor conferred on any industrial organization during the war was the award of the "Champion Liberty Motor Builders" pennant to the workers of the Nordyke & Marmon Company. Awarded for October, 1918, competition. On November 16, 1918, the award was made permanent.

The MARMON 34

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851 :: :: :: INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 63)

Lille industrial, as naturally as unreasonably, said hard things of Britain, the late glorious ally.

My inspection of the Lille factories showed that coal was being treated like diamonds. One big maker of cotton and wool tapestries was putting his force to work at seven-thirty in the morning, granting only a fifteen-minute rest period for coffee and bread at midday, and dismissing all hands at three-forty-five. So he concentrated eight hours of work into the brief daylight period of these northern winters, saving lights and consequently power. The biggest wool-carding establishment of the north, situated also near Lille, proceeds on an opposite plan. Believing that the heat lost in drawing fires and getting up steam more than counterbalances the heat necessary for lights, it keeps the plant going night and day, with three eight-hour shifts. Other factories close intermittently when their coal supply gives out, and reopen when they can get a few hundred tons.

Statistics of employment in factories of the Lille region show that they have resumed a quarter of their prewar production. An outsider marvels how, with all that is against them, they produce at all. The junking and theft of the Lille machinery—some $800,000,000 worth at old valuations—is a story too well-known for repetition here. Not a factory but had to find new machines and parts. A commission is scouring Germany for the machinery stolen bodily. When found it is shipped back; but transportation is slow. The greater part of the damage consisted in plain junking, in ruthless smashing, to get at brass and copper parts.

The factories which have resumed production must use every device of ingenuity. The tapestry works which I have mentioned above dismantled the machinery of one great room to restore parts in a corresponding room. It does its own dyeing; in dyeing vats and caldrons, as well as in the coverings of spindles, it lost 70,000 pounds of copper. Not until midsummer of 1918 could it get enough copper to resume. The Germans took away five great dynamos. One of them has been replaced; the others cannot be accounted for. With this, with one of the same size purchased in England and a smaller one made in France the factory worries along for the present. Not only coal but cotton and silk have multiplied in price. And at that, shipments were delayed, held up at ports because of transportation shortage. "We're just as likely not to have any cotton next week," said the manager.

The same thing goes for exports. This firm once did a great business with America. Patterns which I beheld forming on its looms I had seen before, displayed in Fifth Avenue windows. They were trying to resume American shipments; but at that time the last consignment had been waiting three weeks for rail transportation to seaboard. This factory, nevertheless, is back to two-thirds of its prewar output. And month after month the production of the Lille district somehow increases.

Financial Policies Blamed

However, it has far to go. "Production in our line is only one-fifth of prewar output," said a cotton man. "Our business in the Lille district hasn't gone beyond one-eighth," said a weaver of woolens. For fringing Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing, where the factories were looted and not destroyed, lie La Bassée, Béthune, Armentières and other small, busy cities, leveled to the ground.

The kickers and muckrakers of Paris declare that the successive war governments have temporized in this matter of restoring industry, as they temporized in the matter of war taxes. When the Armistice came exchange began to rise; whereupon, declare the kickers, the government became panicky over the prospect of dumping. It did everything it could, including putting up tariffs, to discourage importation. Of course, say the muckrakers, the French consortiums—trusts—struggled against this bitterly, oh, bitterly! As bitterly, for example, as the American woolen interests would struggle against a 200 per cent increase in the wool tariff. This was only passing the buck. These measures largely kept out the machinery and supplies which would have started French industry going; and the rate of exchange went up from five or six to ten, eleven and then twelve, where the disease was checked only by artificial respiration. The government, they say, should have faced the exchange situation in the beginning, and proceeded in spite of it. Advocates of the government policy come back at me to prove that dumping in 1918 would have meant eternal ruin. I, a foreigner, cannot judge between these views; I only record. At any rate, exchange stands now, in early January, at nearly eleven and is not improving. And the journey back to the old rate will be long and slow.

So much for the bear view. Now let us hear from the bulls. That side is not at first so apparent; but after you have looked a little below the surface you yourself become a bull. That matter of the national debt is perplexing enough. Against it we may partly balance the talent for saving which the French people possess, the millions of little hoards which come to light only in great emergency. We all know probably that Bismarck, when he clapped on that billion-dollar indemnity in 1870, thought that he was going to paralyze France for a generation—whereas the French peasant paid it out of his savings in three years. Less generally is it known that the Holy Alliance, when it settled with Napoleon after 1815, made the same mistake. "All their calculations concerning France were thrown out of balance by the rapidity with which the French paid off their indemnity and national debt," say the historians. Forty-five per cent of the country lives from the soil; and the French peasant is the cagiest man alive. Never are things so bad with him but that he has a buried franc or two.

Possibilities of Morocco

Early in the war the government began a campaign to make people turn in their gold. Had we instituted such a movement in America we should have witnessed a flood of gold for a few months; then a complete stoppage, because it had all been turned in. Not so with France. Month by month for years gold flowed in at about the same volume. The peasant with 200 louis in his little family stocking did not spill them all at once into the national treasury. He doled them out, say, ten louis a month. And though the indemnities after the Napoleonic wars and the Bismarckian war were tiny compared to the debts of this supreme war, the French peasant still has a golden lining in his stocking, still keeps something of his old capacity to pay, now that the government is putting it squarely up to him.

And France has some magnificent undeveloped assets, on which she will begin to realize as she gradually escapes from her series of vicious circles. Even before the war she possessed a colonial empire second only to the British. Almost the richest part of that empire, Morocco, is a recent acquisition. By 1914 she had only begun to thrust the spade into that productive earth. Morocco, exploited up to its possibilities, will be a gold mine. Even Algiers has never been pushed to its full possibilities. The gentlemen adventurers of the French colonies, an enterprising and able lot—the French equivalent for the kind of Briton who made the imperial colonies—have returned from the war convinced that this is the period of opportunity.

Finally comes the heritage of Alsace-Lorraine. When Germany took away these provinces in 1871 even Bismarck scarcely realized probably the value of his booty. In that period no one quite understood that a nation's place in world finance was to be measured primarily by its capacity to manufacture steel. The iron mines of Lorraine, together with the surplus native coal, made the dominant Germany of the nineteenth century. Those mines are now back in France. Combined with the deposits which she kept in French Lorraine they give France the greatest iron fields in Western Europe—until the Russian fields shall be developed, the greatest in the Old World. At that she cannot quite enjoy the dominant position which Germany held between 1870 and 1914, since she is a debtor nation as regards coal. But the gradual restoration of the Lens and Valenciennes mines will relieve much of the present difficulty.

Further, she has in her eastern departments large sources of electric power. Plans are already drawn for trapping from the Alpine sources alone power equivalent to 15,000,000 tons of coal a year—more than the output of the Lens mines. Spain, to

—Which?

Seal, walrus, baby walrus, pigskin, black boarded calf, tan boarded calf, cordovan—these are some of the ranges you have to choose from when you buy a Braxton—the fashionable belt for men.

Each of these leathers is beautifully finished. All have a world of wear in them.

But there's more than style and fine leather in the Braxton—there's comfort for yourself, and added smartness for your clothes.

You have only to inspect a Braxton to understand why. It is specially shaped where it fits around the hips; it adjusts itself neatly and naturally to your waist; it gives your trousers just the correct hang; your shirt isn't forever creeping up.

This same feature always keeps the Braxton looking spruce and natty—there's never any unsightly creasing or curling of the leather after you've worn it a few months.

If you are thoughtful about the details of your apparel you won't be without a Braxton—your haberdasher can supply you.

The Perkins-Campbell Company, Cincinnati, O.

BRAXTON
THE BELT FOR MEN
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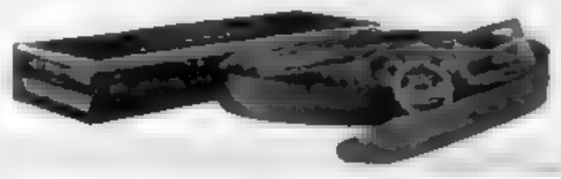

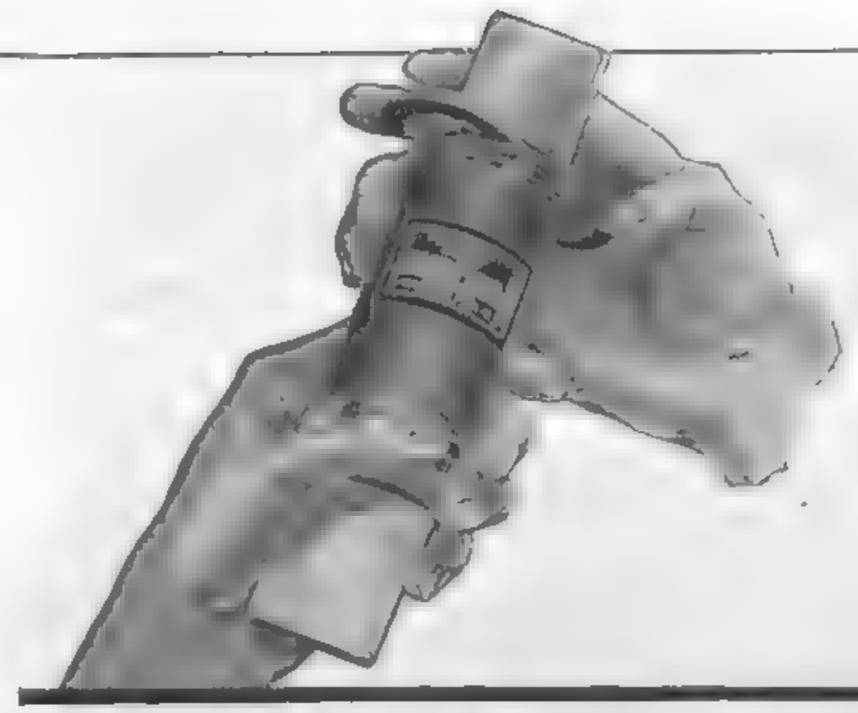

Easier than Ever to Renew

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

The first renewable fuse using an inexpensive bare renewal link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be APPROVED IN ALL CAPACITIES by the UNDERWRITERS LABORATORIES.

Sheer merit of performance in rigid laboratory tests brought this distinction to ECONOMY renewable FUSES.

Millions of Economy Fuses have for years been winning the full approval of industry wherever electrical circuits are used.

Easier than ever to renew—the winged washer now makes it but the work of a moment to restore a blown fuse. Unlock the winged washer, replace the blown Economy "Drop Out" Renewal Link with a new one, press the wings of the washer back, screw on the end cap and the fuse is securely locked, ready for continued service.

When you buy fuses insist on the Underwriters' label on the fuse—and the "Und. Lab. Inspected" symbol on the renewal links. They are there for your protection. All ECONOMY renewable FUSES from 0 to 600 amperes in both 250 and 600 volts—bear these official marks of Underwriters' approval:

And remember—Economy renewable Fuses cut annual operating costs 80% as compared with the use of one-time fuses.

Say "Economy" when you order fuses.

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
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Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal

the south, can make herself an exporting nation whenever she acquires the energy. She has extensive fields of high-grade anthracite, only lightly developed. By the law of proximity her surplus will go either to Italy or to France. That is a further possible mitigation. When all is said and done, however, France, with the Lorraine ores to smelt, must still be a debtor nation for coal.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that from the period of recovery until the time when the farthest Russia and nearer Asia settle down to intelligent modern production, France must be the ironmaster of the Old World. Italy, Spain, the Balkans, all that was Austria, Belgium, to a certain extent Germany and Great Britain, must come to her for that metal which is the bony structure of civilization. As soon as she extricates herself from some of her vicious circles and gathers the surplus for improvements she will see to it that the iron goes from France, as far as possible, not in the form of ore but in that of billets, blooms and manufactured products. Creusot will supplant Essen; and Schneider, Krupp. For this, part of the preliminary work is already done. The Germans smelted on the spot nearly half of their Lorraine ores. For this purpose they had installed the last cry in modern furnaces and mills. Those establishments have been forcibly bought out and taken over by the French. The reign of France as European steelmaster seems already to have begun.

Other inheritances went with the transfer of Alsace-Lorraine. As Lorraine holds the master deposit of iron, so Alsace holds the great European deposit of potash. That alone is an important asset. Again: Strasburg was once the great port of the Upper Rhine. The Germans during the period of their occupation built up at its expense the harbors of the German bank; Strasburg lost much of its importance. With their temporary suzerainty over most of the German harbors along the river the French are working and planning to restore the port to its former importance. But all this becomes unimportant in comparison to the iron situation.

Only, before Schneider steps into the place of Krupp, the French have to learn many things. During the period of intensified industrialism which followed 1870 France shone not in the manufacture of coarse cheap products but in that of fine products rendered individual by the native sense of art. Her modistes have gone without rivals; no one could ever quite compete with her best cottons and silks, because no one else had such designers. Art implies individualism. The defect of this quality showed in the reluctance with which the French, management and workers alike, took to industrial teamwork. They must learn this if, while importing part of their coal, they are to turn their raw ore on the spot into finished steel product. They seem to be learning. The war did much for them in that respect. American and British engineers and managers went into French factories and taught the rudiments of improved coördination. But they have much still to learn. Yet teamwork, I find, is the fashion of the day. Everywhere French factories, especially in the steel trades, are experimenting with modified scientific management and plans of like nature. Frankly, even when not handicapped by lack of coal and transportation, the factories and mills taken over in Alsace are not producing at the old scale. No one could expect this; new methods are not learned in a day. "But give us three years," said a French engineer, "and we'll show them!"

France is in a tangle just now; and yet the future looks secure. She is like a land-poor individual, certain that the value of his land will rise and bring him great prosperity, but at present troubled with debts, overdue notes, and the necessity for personal economy. At bottom, I think, the chief problem is the million and a half dead—the flower of young male France. As things straighten out their places will probably be taken by immigrants. This, however, will happen rather slowly, especially as the French will be very choosy about immigration. Much of the immediate future lies in the hands of those young women now besieging the schools. They cannot participate to any great extent in the big and vital job of steel making; but they will take the places elsewhere of the men who can. Of the next generation in France historians may record that it was especially marked by the open and independent position of women in practical affairs.

HOW COUSIN JOHN'S GETTING ALONG

(Continued from Page 19)

thirty-two hotels and being refused accommodations in each one, and slipped him a one-pound note for a bed on the billiard table. He retired to his couch and was just composing himself for slumber when the billiard-room door opened and the porter ushered in another of the Americans who had started to hunt for rooms at the same time. The two were discussing the situation in venomous tones when the door opened again and a third visiting American was admitted. Before midnight eleven Americans who had failed to obtain accommodations were sitting in the billiard room. The entire night was spent in conversation on English hotels and kindred gloomy subjects.

The average English hotel room was probably designed primarily as a place in which one or more persons could sleep; but a casual observation might easily lead a person to believe that the hotel architects had been working in collusion with the Business Men's Association, and that the rooms had consequently been designed to be as uncomfortable as possible so that the occupants would keep out of them, and consequently spend money. English hotel architects seem to have a positive genius for avoiding things that might tend to make hotel guests comfortable. The electric light, for example, is usually as far as possible from the bed. Consequently one cannot read in bed; and when one has snapped off the light in the evening one has a long walk past the washstand, which is usually made of black walnut and placed in such a position that anybody walking from the electric-light switch to the bed must run foul of one of its corners. Occasionally one finds a hotel which boasts of two lights—one over the bed and one over the bureau. In such cases there is usually a masterful and cunning arrangement of switches which prevents the one over the bed being lighted unless the one over the bureau is not lighted, and vice versa. None the less, the poorest hotel room looks like the royal suite to a man who has spent the night in an attempt to locate the soft spots in a billiard-table top with an angular and protuberant hip bone.

So crowded are the London hotels that newly arrived foreigners, after completely exhausting themselves by dashing from hostelry to hostelry only to be informed superciliously at each caravansary that there will be no vacancies for three months, frequently pile their luggage into a train and go off to some place like Brighton, where there are a number of large summer hotels. There they remain, taking two hours to go up to London each morning and two hours to go back at night, until somebody who knows somebody who has a friend that is vacating a hotel room whispers a hint in their ears and gives them a chance to move up to the big city.

The reason for all the crowding of hotels and the shortage in houses is due, of course, to the cessation of normal building during the war, to the taking over of many of the largest hotels by various departments of the government for war activities, to the large number of people who came into the cities to do war work, to the young people who have grown up and wish to start housekeeping for themselves, and to the elevated standard of living which has come about in many countries because of the war and which, among other things, makes people loath to crowd themselves into as small a space as formerly answered their purposes. Many young people, lacking houses, have started their married lives in hotels. Enormous numbers, moreover, seem to be traveling. Late in November every berth on trains running to the winter resorts of Southern France was booked through

(Continued on Page 69)

Your Presence Is Requested"

This is the invitation that a thousand merchants throughout the country will issue to the women of their communities next week. For March 15th to 20th is Printzess Week, the national style fête of tailored costumes.

It is a special event for which the Printzess merchant in your city has been preparing and he cordially invites *you* to attend. He will have on display all the attractive Printzess models for spring. You can see how charmingly Printzess designers have expressed Fashion's authoritative decree in coats and suits that combine good taste with distinctive individuality.

Printzess Week, March 15th to 20th

There is only one merchant in your city who sells Printzess garments. Watch for his announcement of Printzess Week in your local newspaper and the display of Printzess models in his windows.

You can select any Printzess coat or suit with the assurance that back of it stands a double guarantee—the reputation of his store and the Printzess "Distinction in Dress" label which is our pledge of correct style and lasting quality.

Write us for the name of the Printzess merchant nearest you

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NEW ENGLAND—WHERE MEN STILL WORK FOR THE WORK'S SAKE

TRADITIONS, like ancestors, are not ours to choose or to escape. Through generation after generation they influence our thoughts and lives, whether we will or not.

The modern New England craftsman does not go about consciously upholding the traditions of his Colonial forebears. He has a task to perform, and he does it with all there is in him of artistry, conscience and care, because he is essentially a creator, not an imitator.

But there—in the creative impulse that is his inheritance—is his tradition, truing his eye and guiding his sensitive fingers.

The tradition of craftsmanship is New England's birthright. It is like an oak that took root three centuries ago and has just come to its maturity.

Only in New England, we believe, can there be found a group of craftsmen numerous enough to make possible the manufacture of a motor car so fine as to satisfy such a tradition, and in numbers sufficient to supply a national demand.

The Stevens-Duryea Motor Car is in every sense the embodiment of this tradition. It is characteristically a product of New England—of New England modernized by the development of a native mechanical genius which creates for the love of creation; which builds for beauty, strength, usefulness and permanence.

STEVENS-DURYEA, INC.
Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

STEVENS-DURYEA

MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 66)

March. As one English business man remarked, "The world's left home."

And at this point I wish to rise for the purpose of remarking in strident tones that the person who leaves home for the purpose of traveling in Europe at this particular period of the world's development or underdevelopment when he doesn't have to is upward of fifty-seven different varieties of idiot. At a later period I propose to go into this matter at greater length, but I feel that I must mention the horrors of foreign travel in passing, even though I cannot at the moment do more than refer to them in the sketchiest manner. I know that nobody will heed my words; but I have the satisfaction of knowing that in the not distant future there will be many a person who, when sitting up all night in a European train with eight or ten strangers standing heavily on his feet and four or five others waiting for him to go to sleep so that they can steal his baggage, will hark back to these words of mine and realize with a dull throb of despair that the words were sincere and conservative.

The Mysteries of Exchange

If the hotel situation in England is bad now what will it be when the gay and carefree American tourists begin to pour in in ever-increasing numbers? I could tell you what it will be if I wanted to; but I do not care to be accused of contaminating the minds of the younger generation with low language.

England is making a valiant effort to solve the housing problem. The Ministry of Health has a well organized Housing Department, which is digging into the subject as busily as it can, while the British public stands on the side lines and curses the Housing Department as ferociously as possible. Some of the cursers shriek and tear their hair because they claim that the Housing Department intends to let the newly built houses at less than their so-called economic rent, and that the taxpayer will thus be robbed. Other cursers gnash their teeth because they hold that the Housing Department intends to let the houses at their economic rent, and that by so doing the poor, who cannot afford to pay, will be robbed. Again some howl and roar because they claim that the Housing Department is doing nothing to get bricks and building material; others wail and bellow because they claim that the Housing Department has cornered bricks and building material and thus sent prices soaring. That is one very sure sign that the English people are not consumed by the postwar lethargy that has laid some nations by the heels. The English people are always kicking. They always have something to beat their breasts about. Nobody can ever put much of anything over on the English people; for no matter what it is, at least half of the people will be against it on general principles; and they will rave so frantically against it that the rest of the country will take a good look at it to see what it's all about.

None the less, the Housing Department of the Ministry of Health has worked out some good schemes to protect the people in the house shortage. It has selected sites for the needed half million houses; it has put a ban on the building of structures that are not essential for the housing needs of the people; it has granted a certain amount of money to each individual who will build a house; it has succeeded in having plans for 60,000 houses submitted, and the plans have been approved; it has all the bricks, slates, drain pipes, doors, windows, sinks and baths for them. Contractors have made bids on the houses, which range from tiny cottages with a living room, a kitchen and a bedroom, to comparatively imposing mansions of a parlor, a living room, a kitchen and four bedrooms; and though bids have not been made on all of them the average cost of those on which bids were made was approximately £700, or the equivalent—to an American—of $2800.

The question of what a pound is worth in dollars is a rather difficult matter to deal with because of the constant fluctuation in the rate of exchange, and also because it is unfair to translate it into dollars when applying it to transactions made between Englishmen. A pound is always worth a pound to an Englishman. He is paid in pounds; and their value is always the same to him except when he is buying something from an American, in which case they aren't worth so much; or when he is buying something from Germany or France, in which case they are worth more than they ever were.

When I was in England the pound was worth a trifle under four dollars to an American, instead of being worth almost five dollars as in the old days. To say that the English were fretful over this state of affairs is to be ultraconservative. It would be more accurate to say that the clatter which resulted from their gnashing of teeth could be heard for miles. The subject of exchange is dragged into every conversation and bandied about by all the most energetic bandiers in the vicinity; in fact, I should go so far as to say that, for every cent which each English pound has depreciated in value, there has been at least two and a quarter hours of bandying by the English people.

I assume that the reasons for the depreciation in the currency of foreign nations is as clear as the finest and most expensive crystal to the average person. Noted financiers have explained it to me in nicely chosen and well modulated language, and I have written down their remarks in my notebook with considerable enthusiasm; but after I have retired to the privacy of my chamber and studied my notes the explanations seem about as clear as a chocolate-soufflé pudding. That is to say, the language in which the explanations are phrased is sufficiently clear; but they do not explain to my travel-muddled brain why the English pound should one day be worth $4.16, and the next day $3.92, and the next day $4.12.

The Morgan interests and the large banking houses of the world have nothing to fear from me as a financier. I have no intention of competing with them, and I am not trying to make anybody think that I know anything about finance. None the less, after I study the explanations of prominent bankers as to why the rate of exchange is lurching hither and yon like a Swampscott dory in a Pacific typhoon I have a vague feeling that when the financiers explain they forget to include one of the important reasons for the peculiarly drunken movements of foreign money. I think that they forget to say that the important financial interests in every country in the world are speculating merrily in foreign money, buying it when it's low and selling it to their own people when it's high. I am probably wrong, because when I spoke about the matter to several bankers they merely regarded me pityingly and gave me another ultralucid explanation which explained nothing at all.

A Case of Supply and Demand

Americans who intend to go abroad should make up their minds before starting to watch the rate of exchange with extreme care, and to be careful where they have their money changed. There is one tourist agency—not an American agency, I am glad to say—which helps itself to several cents out of every American dollar which it changes. When banks and American agencies are selling an English pound for four dollars flat, for example, this particular agency will frequently charge from twelve to twenty-five cents more for it.

Every American business man in England had practically the same viewpoint on the depreciation of the English pound; and this is about the way he looked at it:

America is selling more goods to England than England is selling to America. In one month recently the amount of goods which America sold to England was valued at £66,000,000 more than the goods which England sold to us. Therefore England needs to purchase a great deal of American money with which to pay for American goods; whereas America doesn't need to purchase nearly so much English money to pay for the English goods. If America and England both needed an equal amount of each other's money the value of both moneys would be normal. But since there is more demand for one than for the other the one for which there is more demand immediately goes up in price. It is our venerable friend, the law of supply and demand. If there is a great demand for china pug dogs and there are only seven of them in the world they are going to be worth about a million dollars apiece. Really, it's too simple!

Very well, then; as English pounds slide down in value the Englishman has to hand out more and more of them to buy American dollars with which to buy American goods. This gives the Englishman a slow

Quaker Flour

A Super-Grade for Quaker Cereal Lovers

It's On Display

Note How Grocers Boast of Quaker Flour

You find Quaker Flour out in front, on display. Grocers are proud that they have it.

For the Quaker brand means extraordinary Flour. Millions of women know that—Quaker cereal lovers; and they've flocked to this new-grade Flour.

For Matchless Bread

This is for housewives who want supreme Flour. It is for those who delight in Quaker quality and want a Quaker grade of bread.

Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly test it. So every sack is the finest Flour that modern skill can make.

Just the choicest bits of the wheat kernel go into it. Its whiteness and its fineness will amaze you.

Now You Can Get It

The demand for Quaker Flour for a time overwhelmed us. Women told women about it, and it won a million users before we advertised it.

But now we have four great mills. The daily capacity is 10,000 barrels. Now housewives who want it can get it.

Countless grocers display it, and the grocer who lacks it will order.

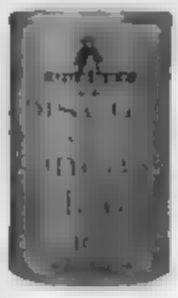
One sack will change all your ideas on Flour. For your own sake, get it now.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio **Cedar Rapids, Iowa**
Peterborough, Ontario **Saskatoon, Saskatchewan**

In our Canadian Mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used. 3279



Quaker Biscuit Flour

Good daintes require a different flour. We make [illegible] Quaker Biscuit Flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc. It is extra-fine and the leavening is right.

Quaker Farina

This is the white inner bits of wheat in granulated form. It is the finest farina that can be produced, but without a fancy price.

The granulations make farina a delightful breakfast dainty. They also add enticement to waffles, fritters, pancakes, etc. And the Quaker price makes these dainties economical.

shooting pain; for like the rest of us he hates to pay out more than he used to have to pay out in the old days. Eventually he will balk, and will emphatically refuse to buy from America anything that he doesn't absolutely have to buy there. Whenever possible he will buy from other countries where the English pound has greater purchasing power, and one can scarcely take him to task for so doing.

This applies to other countries as well. All of them are sending less goods to us than we are sending to them. Consequently they need American money more than we need their money, and the old reliable law of supply and demand causes the value of their money to remain low. They, too, are refusing to buy more from America than they absolutely need. In time England and the other countries will be dealing with us so little that our business men will have no more European trade to speak of, and no European markets for their goods.

The answer to all this is for American business men to buy all sorts of foreign goods. Yet when I was in London Americans couldn't buy much of anything from the English, in spite of the extreme cheapness of everything from an American viewpoint, because English factories weren't turning out so much material as they ought, due to a coal shortage, and the output of the factories was bought up for months ahead.

Spenders Rich and Spenders Poor

The general manager of a London firm which employs 21,000 persons spent the better part of an hour emitting heart-rending moans to me because of the underproduction of English factories. Skilled labor, he declared, was far lazier than it used to be in the old days. The workers, according to him, were working thirty per cent less hours and producing twenty per cent less goods than in prewar days. He laid part of the trouble to the coal shortage and the lack of raw material; but he also laid the chief blame with a vicious thump at the door of general restlessness and unwillingness to settle down.

"Our firm finds it almost impossible," he said, "to get glass, china, furniture and carpets. We need large quantities of these things; but they can't be had in the needed amounts at any price. When we want china from the people that made our china before the war we don't dare to tell them the total amount that we need, for they would be frightened off and wouldn't touch any of our order. We disclose only about a quarter of our actual needs; and we feel highly elated if they consent to supply us with any amount at any price."

All Americans in England agree that there is only one thing that will bring the value of foreign money back where it belongs and keep it there, and that is a large production of goods in foreign countries, and the purchase of them by America until the value of imports and exports are equal again. The granting of credits is necessary, so that the war-crippled industries of different countries can get back to a normal production; but until the trade balance between countries is restored there can be no permanent relief from the present messiness of the rates of exchange. Everything comes down to the question of production. Unless the manufacturers and workmen of the different countries produce at top speed and keep on producing, the world will continue to throw the same fit that it has been throwing for so many months.

When an American strikes England he is greatly intrigued by the relatively low rates which obtain. The best tailors in the most expensive sections of London are charging twelve pounds for a suit of clothes; and twelve pounds means forty-eight dollars to an American. The same cloth made into a suit by a good American tailor would have cost $110 to $150. Good suits of excellent materials can be had from less fashionable tailors at eight and nine pounds. All things are correspondingly low from an American viewpoint. From the English viewpoint, however, most things are as high as things in America seem to Americans, and the same ferocious howls of protest are heard in England that are heard in America.

Generally speaking, the great mass of people in England are spending their money more freely than the people in America are spending, though there are many Englishmen who deny this indignantly. I went to a number of large employers of labor; and for each one who said that the people were not kicking their money away there were three who said that they were. The poor man to-day is paying for his food and clothes what the wealthy man used to pay before the war. The prices of the things which he buys are double and frequently treble what he used to pay. The prices of the things which the rich man needs, on the other hand, have risen about eighty per cent. Before the war the poor man paid three pounds for a suit; now he pays eight. The rich man used to pay eight, and now pays twelve. Cheap articles are the ones that have gone up the most in England. Expensive fish, like turbot and salmon, have not quite doubled in price. But cheap fish, like cod, plaice, eels and whiting, have soared. Plaice used to be four shillings for fourteen pounds. Last winter it was fourteen shillings for fourteen pounds.

The rich are spending money heavily because if they didn't spend it they would have to pay out half of it in excess-profits taxes, and because they fear a tax on capital. The manager of a feverishly fashionable jewelry establishment on Bond Street told me that the month of November, 1919, was the biggest month for sales that his firm had ever had in its history. The wealthy English people were coming to him and investing their money in diamonds because they figured that their value increased at least six per cent a year, and because if the government should happen to attach a large melancholy tax on capital their diamonds would be free of the foul proceeding.

The people in moderate circumstances are spending their money freely because they have received high wages and saved money during the war, because the war has left them in a state of restlessness and excitement, and because they have become accustomed to a better standard of living than they knew during prewar days. The mass of people are living in less crowded quarters, eating better food and wearing better clothes than ever before. Since people wisely insist on maintaining a high standard of living, once they have attained it, the English people will probably continue to spend more freely than they ever did before. Working girls who never dreamed of wearing anything but cotton stockings in the old days are now wearing silk. The head of a business which employs a large number of living-in people—people who are provided with their food and sleeping quarters—casually mentioned a girl employee who received three pounds a week wages in addition to her food and lodging, and who had reported to him the loss of a coat which cost nine pounds.

Millionaire Shoemakers

The average city wage of a workman is about five pounds a week; but in some sections of England the earnings are much larger. In the Welsh coal mines, for example, there are men who can earn from £1000 to £1200 a year if they wish to hustle—which they don't often care to do nowadays. At that rate the miners would earn more money than the officials and managers. The average earnings at one Welsh colliery at a place with a peculiarly Welsh combination of letters in its name—Ebbw Vale—amounts to £800 a year; and £800 a year means nearly $4000 a year to an Englishman. Singularly enough, that particular colliery turns out the cheapest coal in the district, in spite of the high wages which it pays.

The reports of large earnings come from all parts of England. One small town in Wales boasts of fifteen millionaires. The city of Northampton puts in a modest scream to the effect that it is the boot capital of the world and that its boot manufacturers have rolled up fortunes overnight; in fact, some of them seem to have devoted only a part of the night to rolling up their fortunes. The rest of the night has been devoted to blowing in the roll. The city of Norwich also makes boots, but it hasn't made quite so many as Northampton, so that its manufacturers aren't quite so rich. Therefore they are jealous, and in Norwich they sneer cruelly and remark venomously: "Touch a Northamptonshire boot manufacturer and he will jingle because he has so much money." In Northampton they declare that two-thirds of the Allied Armies marched in Northamptonshire boots. Without their boots, they say, "America could not have won the war." And with that remark they burst into howls of merriment, significant of their opinion of the amount that America had to do with winning the war.

Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands—all industrial Britain is overlaid with money. Fine cigars and expensive champagnes are being sold with tremendous fluency in those regions. All over England people are playing the stock market to an extent never before known. They aren't investing; they're gambling. Some wealthy manufacturers were telling me about oil stocks which they considered good. I asked them what they were capitalized at, what their earnings were, how much they yielded on their purchase price. Not one of them knew or cared. They were merely gambling in them.

No matter how prosperous an English business man may be, however, he is always able to obtain great mental relief and relaxation from engaging an American in conversation and telling him what he conceives to be a few plain facts. I may say that the most popular indoor sport in England during the winter months is baiting an American. Government officials don't do it, of course; or people of tact. But the average Englishman that an American meets can't be happy until he rids himself of several remarks about America and Americans, delivered hot off the waffle iron, so to speak. Every American in England gets the same sort of talk wherever he turns. In England they are still dwelling on the fact that America entered the war about two years too late. They love to harp on that. I have a persistent feeling that years and years from now, when the members of that large body which gets under the wire in the so-called younger-generation class goes doddering over to England with long silky white beards waving gently in the breeze, the English will still be referring caustically to our slowness in entering the war.

The World's Greatest Harpers

The English are great people with whom to forgather. They speak our language, and they fight well and cleanly. They are wonderful people to do business with, because their word is as good as their bond and they are steadfast in their associations. But they are given to overmuch harping, I think. They are the world's greatest harpers. It is my belief that if an Englishman and a representative from any other nation entered a harping contest the Englishman would finish at least nine and a half harps ahead of his opponent. In addition to harping on our dilatory entry into the recent conflict they are greatly given to harping on the large amount of money which America made during the war. The common expression of opinion from an Englishman to an American is that America during the war made all the money in the world. To hear an Englishman talk you might imagine that greedy America had left about eleven cents to be divided among the nations of the world, and that she had appropriated everything else for herself. This matter is never allowed to rest. I would even go so far as to say that it is never allowed to sit down. It has been sentenced to hard labor for life by the English; and whenever an American goes to England it is brought out and made to perform all sorts of arduous stunts.

Even the people from the Belfast linen factories and the Northamptonshire boot factories and the industrial Midlands, who have emerged from the war with their wallets bursting at every seam—even they contribute to the harpers' chorus. I have seen them stop right in the middle of an abstruse argument with a waiter regarding the respective merits of 1894 and 1907 champagne, and plunge headlong into a full-toned harp relative to America's cornering of the world's money. There is nothing violent about their harping, but it is clearly intended to be a rebuke and a marked evidence of disapproval. They seem to regard every American as being personally responsible for these two serious defects in conduct.

They also appear to labor under the impression that every American wool buyer, newspaper man, machinery salesman, shoe manufacturer and banker who comes to England was one of President Wilson's personal advisers during the ante-bellum, the bellum and the post-bellum days. During the past year they have acquired the piquant and novel idea that President Wilson alone was responsible for the cessation of hostilities before the Germans were really whipped, and that if it hadn't been for President Wilson the fighting would have continued for some weeks, when the Germans would have been beaten to a light creamy froth. They are trying this on their harpers; and it seems to sound pretty well to them. They are passing it on to the Americans with great frequency; and the earnestness with which they advance it implies clearly that every American ought to feel abashed for having advised President Wilson to do such a thing, and that he ought to go right back to America and do something about it.

And then they harp on the America-won-the-war stuff. They haul it into the conversation and slam it up against the wall and mop up the floor with it. I cannot help thinking that if I lived to be 190 years old and went over to England and dropped into a restaurant for a dash of soft fodder for my ancient gums the man beside me would say something derogatory about the weather and then leer at me and make a sly remark about America winning the war. He would get that off about the time I was struggling with my suet pudding, and by the time I had finished he would have harped on all the other subjects to which I have referred above, and I would be weeping senilely into my dish of Cheddar cheese. Americans usually don't mind such remarks when they are made only eight or ten times; but when they are made with unfailing regularity by every chance acquaintance they begin to affect the nervous system in a most pronounced manner.

Much of this probably is due to the Englishman's passion for doing things in the ordinary way. Anything which isn't done in the ordinary way is no end loathsome to an Englishman, as one might say. For example, the Englishman is greatly given to saying that something is extraordinary when it isn't at all extraordinary. But to say "Extraordinary!" as a sign of some surprise is the ordinary way, so the Englishman does it. An American friend of mine in England was addicted to the habit of wearing a collar whose size was the same as the size of his shirt. He had some shirts made by an English shirtmaker, and then tried to persuade him to make some collars whose size would be the same as the size of the shirts' neckbands. But the shirtmaker wouldn't. Collars were always made larger than the shirt. It wasn't the ordinary way to make them both the same size. If made that way the collar would be too tight. Extrawdnry! He'd never heard of such a thing! It simply wasn't done! It wasn't the ordinary way! The American couldn't carry his point. He had to give it up. To speak slightingly to Americans about making all the money in the world and winning the war and such things has come to be the ordinary way to talk to Americans. That, I believe, is the reason for a lot of it. Another reason is the natural annoyance which a staid conservative feels when he looks at a very young, very lusty, very successful young person.

Quick Work With Profiteers

These things mean nothing, however. The Englishman is one of the best sportsmen in the world, and he is playing the trying reconstruction game for all he's worth. Some countries are cheating and dodging and lying and evading at every point of the game; but England isn't. When there's a coal shortage everybody in England shivers and cuts down on his lights; when there's a food shortage everybody cuts down on his food; when a man profiteers he is fined with celerity, enthusiasm and vigor.

A profiteer doesn't have to be a very extensive profiteer to get it in the neck. At Dudley, in Worcestershire, a liquor dealer overcharged one penny on a glass of rum. The judge promptly soaked him five pounds. At Willesden a milkman was found watering his milk. It cost him five pounds also. A Willesden provision dealer overcharged a customer sixpence for a rabbit, and his adventure in profiteering depleted his savings by the little matter of ten pounds and costs. One of the large London department stores sold a hook and chain for fastening a fur collar for one shilling elevenpence ha'penny. The customer, on thinking it over, decided that she had been stung; so she went before the Westminster Profiteering Tribunal and made a loud, penetrating roar, declaring that she could have got said hook and chain for one shilling and three-quarters of a penny if she had hunted a bit farther. The learned tribunal heard

(Concluded on Page 73)

I have enjoyed hours and hours of delightful music with the

AEOLIAN-VOCALION

"I AM a business woman; secretary to one of the giants of finance in the Wall Street district. Years of training for just the kind of a position I now hold lie behind me. Throughout the daylight hours my brain is keyed to respond to—to anticipate if I can—the mental workings of my employer. In the evening I must relax. Even reading is often too much of an effort.

"Consequently, when a friend 'phoned me the other afternoon, asking me to come to her for the evening, saying something about 'a surprise' and 'some good music,' I assented laconically and then wished I hadn't.

* * *

"As my friend opened the door that evening in answer to my ring, I heard a tenor voice of surpassing sweetness singing my favorite Scotch Ballad, 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee.'

"'Colin O'More, the new Irish tenor,' was my friend's reply to my inquiring glance. 'Oh, not in person—but his voice, true to the life; and the voices of several others you know of are here too, and the vehicle that has brought them all is this'—she led me into her little living-room—'allow me to introduce to you my new Aeolian-Vocalion.'

How glad I am now, that I went!

"I stood still, listening delightedly, my weariness charmed away by the beautiful music. The wonderful naturalness of the tones—the distinctness with which I could hear every word, swept aside in a moment the prejudice I had always felt toward phonograph music.

"When my friend played 'The Swan' of Saint-Saëns, a Vocalion Record by Maurice Dambois, 'cellist, and by the manipulation of a simple-looking attachment called the Graduola, almost put me to sleep by a lovely, unmuffled pianissimo effect that I had never dreamed could come from a phonograph, I came to a prompt decision!

"And my own Vocalion has given me hours and hours of nerve-soothing harmony—evenings of delightful music have been mine from that time to this."

* * *

Vocalion Features

TONE—Due to the advanced and more scientific construction, the Vocalion produces richer, deeper, more beautiful and more *natural* tones than have hitherto been heard from the phonograph.

TONE CONTROL—The Graduola, the artistic and exclusive tone-controlling feature of the Vocalion, enables the performer to shade and color the music as he will. It enables anyone to participate in the playing of the record, to give voice to his own musical ideas and to prevent monotony by slight changes in the record's stereotyped expression.

APPEARANCE—In both outline and finish, the Vocalion establishes an entirely new standard of beauty for the phonograph.

MECHANICAL PERFECTION—The Automatic Stop on the Vocalion is an example of the perfection in mechanical detail characterizing this instrument. Simple, direct and absolutely dependable, this device is the most satisfactory of its kind yet invented.

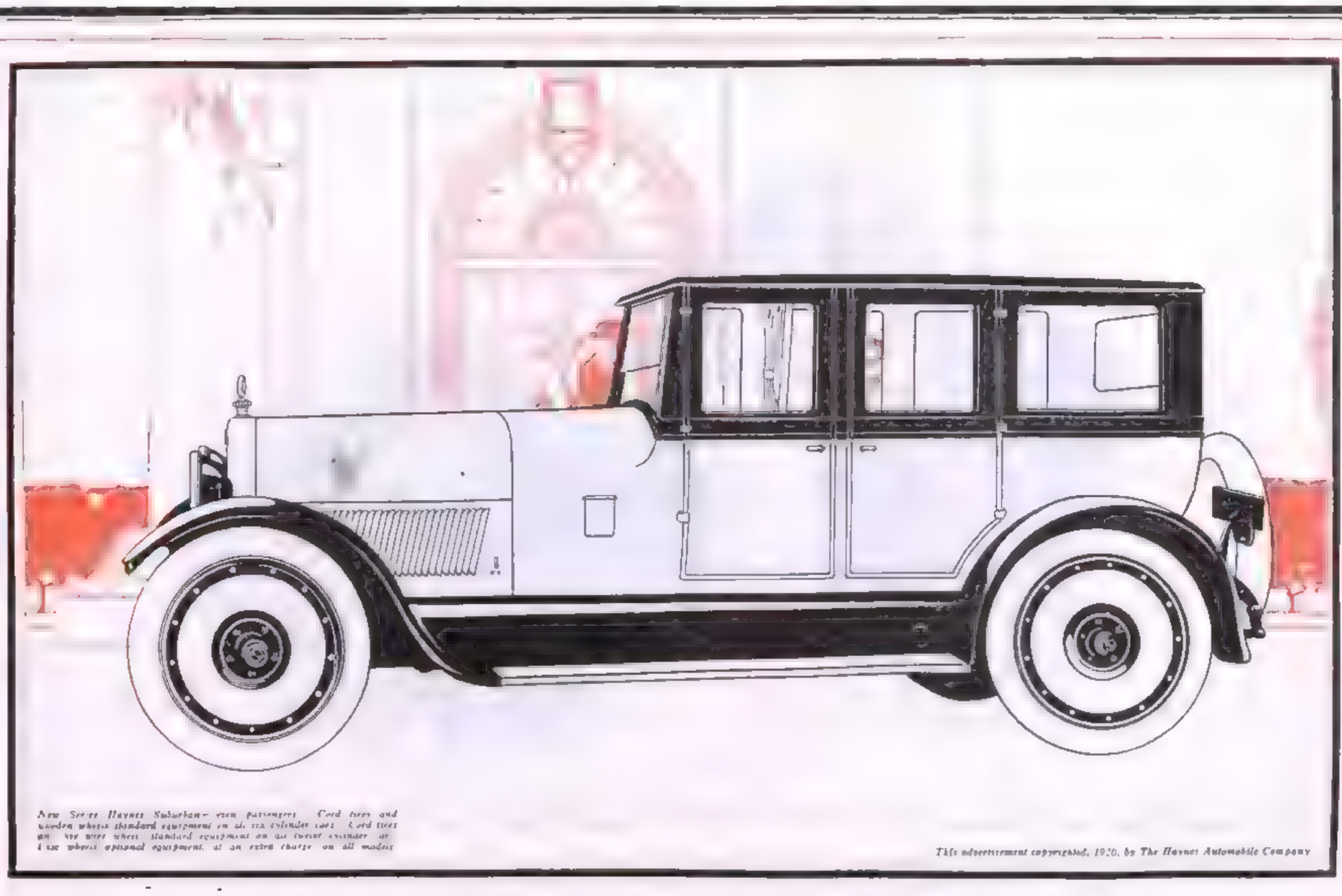
UNIVERSAL TONE-ARM—This great feature provides the means by which *every make of record can be played upon the Vocalion.*

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

LONDON • PARIS AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY MADRID • MELBOURNE

Makers of the Duo-Art Pianola Piano—Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Canadian Distributors: The Nordheimer Piano and Music Co., Ltd., Toronto



New Series Haynes Suburbans seat passengers. Cord tires and wooden wheels standard equipment on six cylinder cars. Cord tires are the wire wheel standard equipment on the twelve cylinder car. Wire wheels optional equipment, at an extra charge on all models.

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company

THE NEW SERIES HAYNES SUBURBAN

APPRECIATION of the most advanced modern taste in closed cars is expressed in the new series seven-passenger Haynes Suburban, the ultra-luxurious, dual-type closed car, which affords the distinctiveness of a chauffeur-driven equipage when desired, as well as the congenial family atmosphere of an owner-driven car.

This is accomplished by the lowering of the plate glass partition, making the entire interior a single compartment. The driver's seat and forward division are trimmed in genuine leather; the rear compartment, with its wide, lounge-like seat and roomy auxiliary chairs, is upholstered in fine woolen cloth.

Considered from every angle the new series seven-passenger Haynes Suburban is a choice exposition of the highest development of the coach-builder's art.

Beauty, strength, power and comfort—these four essential factors of character in a car, which were developed and combined by Haynes engineers and designers, naturally rule in the creation of this, as well as all other Haynes offerings.

The Haynes, America's first car, now exhibited by the Government at the Smithsonian Institution, National Museum, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, in 1893.

The beautiful Haynes Brochure is descriptive of all the new 1920 and new series Haynes character cars. This Brochure, and prices, will be mailed to you upon request. Address Dept. 31.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, INDIANA . . . . . U. S. A.

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

(Concluded from Page 70)

evidence as to the cost of the metals and various other matters, and after due deliberation decided that it sounded suspiciously like a case of profiteering. A prosecution was therefore directed, and the department store appeared to be out of luck.

Food in England is plentiful and reasonable in price, even for the English, in spite of rumors to the contrary. I was told before arriving in England that I would be unable to get meat without a meat card; but I found as few evidences of meat cards as I did of great auks, which have been extinct for a number of years. Sugar and butter were not to be had except in small, sickly portions; and I doubt whether Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself could have located any cream. It all goes for the making of butter. There was milk in limited amounts, but all that I encountered tasted suspiciously as though it had been cleverly manufactured from portions of the Dover chalk cliffs and large quantities of water.

The butter looked like butter and tasted like butter, but usually wasn't butter at all. It was margarine. Even margarine was not overplentiful. The English have become skilled in the difficult art of disguising a very small piece of margarine as a fairly large piece of butter. Sometimes they bring it on in a round pat which curves up fatly in the middle. When pressed, however, it collapses and becomes a disk about as thick as a poker chip. If one of these butter pats could be petrified and silvered it would pass almost anywhere as a half dollar. At other times they shave off a piece and curl it up so that it looks like a diminutive yellow football. This also collapses when touched, and makes a poor showing when applied to a slice of bread. I demanded butter in a London restaurant one noon, and was informed by the waitress that there wasn't any, but that the manager sometimes hid away a bit of butter in a drawer for the steady customers. She went away to see whether she could persuade the manager to part with a piece. When she returned she claimed that he had neglected to hide away any on that particular day. The financial director of the American Red Cross in London was trying to show me how to make a small piece of margarine stretch over an entire roll one evening when a head waiter approached and regaled us with a long and thrilling tale of how a friend of his in another hotel had helped a man from Devonshire to get a room in a hotel, and of how grateful the man had been, and of how he had shown his gratitude by going back to Devonshire and sending his benefactor a whole pound of real butter. Real butter, mind you! And a whole pound of it! Butter, like most things in England, is controlled by the government and distributed over the country, so that one rarely gets a good look at a whole pound all together.

Antique Eggs

I asked the head waiter how long it had been since he had seen any cream. He hadn't seen any for seven months. Sugar is also scarce. When it appears on the table at all it appears in small, mangy-looking lumps with worn-off corners. The average lump of English sugar presents the appearance of having been carried loose in a haversack during the four years of the war. The conventional English porridge, better known to Americans as oatmeal, is no longer sweetened with sugar in England, but with honey. This seems to have no effect on the consumption of this dish, and each Englishman continues to eat his weight in porridge every seventeen days.

But outside of sugar, butter and cream there is plenty to eat in England; and if one cares to go over to Ireland, where England doesn't enforce food restrictions, he will find great bowls of sugar and golden slabs of butter on the tables. One of the largest and newest hotels in London serves an excellent dinner for less than a dollar. Little things like eggs and bacon aren't quite up to standard. The English eggs are strangely debilitated, and can be cooked for long periods of time without being greatly affected. Some of those English eggs should be tremendously popular in China, where venerable eggs are highly esteemed. Yet there have been times when I suspected strongly that some of the eggs which I got in England had been ejected from China by the Chinese authorities. The bacon also had a singularly tired taste, as if it had struggled for years against its fate, and had finally given up the fight and died and been embalmed by a careless embalmer who used bad chemicals. It occurs to me in passing that most of the eggs to be found in England fall under the head of political eggs, or eggs which should be used only for throwing purposes. In London they tell a tale of a woman who had purchased a dozen eggs and didn't care much about them when she looked into them in the seclusion of her home. She picked up one of the most evil specimens, marched back to the shop where she had purchased it and placed it on the counter with many signs of repugnance. "'Ave a whiff of 'er!" she commanded. "It's a thing as I wouldn't presume to throw at Lloyd George's 'ead!"

According to prominent English business men anybody who really wants a job in England can get it. One of them fairly tore his hair out over his inability to get workmen at any price. He said that he found it almost impossible, for example, to get carpenters, electricians and painters, and that when he did succeed in getting them they were so independent that they charged threepence an hour over and above the trades-union rates.

Most of the large employers of labor with whom I talked agreed that the unrest was subsiding. Employees, they said, were becoming far more amenable to discipline than they were during and immediately after the war. Where it was formerly impossible to rebuke an employee without having him walk off in high dudgeon, employers are now able to protest against errors and slackness without being left flat on their backs by the insulted workers.

The Agony Column

"For the most part," said the head of a large London firm, "employers realize that they must do more for their employees than they have done in the past. That realization is helping the situation immensely. We have got it firmly into our heads at last that we must look after our staffs if we want to avoid trouble and general chaos."

When the government last winter stopped giving the so-called dole, which was the sum of money granted weekly to all ex-war-workers who were out of work, there was an agonized wail from all labor organizations; and the number of people out of work was represented as being very high. The figures, however, tended to show that there was no more unemployment than existed during prewar days. Many British laborers had an interesting habit of refusing to work while they could collect an out-of-work dole.

England's fighting men were well looked after. In November, 1919, more than 3,750,000 men had been demobilized, and ninety per cent of that number had been absorbed into industry.

Many ex-officers had hard times getting positions. There were 12,000 of them without work in London at the beginning of last winter. For the most part they had gone into the army while they were very young and before they had learned anything about business, and had frequently risen to high positions. When they left the army they found it difficult to get anything but clerkships, which paid very small wages. Many Englishmen claimed that the ex-officers couldn't get positions because they were too proud to take anything but the best. But the ex-officers said they couldn't get anything at all. One former lieutenant colonel started a livery stable and frequently took his seat on the box. Daily a crop of them set forth their pitiable condition through that well-known British institution, the Agony Column of the Times. Do you know the Agony Column? This is how it runs:

C——E is anxiously waiting to hear from you. Broken-hearted.—Nick Y. "Pudding."

DISCHARGED OFFICER, 32, no money, no prospects. Do anything for a living wage.—Box V65, The Times.

RHODA —Only for you, dear love, do I suffer this ignominy. I know you will be true and trust me to the end.—HAL.

IN DESPERATION I APPEAL by this advertisement to anyone for a JOB at a living wage; age 35; single; enlisted August, 1914 (Kitchener's First 100,000); commission, 1915; demobilized April, 1919; over four years' active foreign service; speak French, have good commercial knowledge and am very adaptable. Will do anything or go anywhere—in fact the farther away the better from this heartbreaking country. Agencies need not reply, but I shan't be able to say "Yes" quick enough to the first genuine offer.—S. O. S., Box V 35, The Times.

There is a highly efficient and capable American Chamber of Commerce in London, which maintains large offices near the heart of the city and is always able to steer an American toward the person who can give him the most help. American business men who had come over to London to buy goods and had been unable to locate any because of the reduced production coupled with the large amount of orders on hand, and who were consequently standing round cold hotel lobbies and making themselves general nuisances by sobbing out their woes to anyone who would drink a whisky and soda with them—these depressed individuals, after a single trip to the American Chamber of Commerce, would be in a constant state of elation because of being put in touch with someone who could sell them leather egg cups or knitted nose warmers or buffed mouse skins or whatever it was that they wanted to buy. That's the specialty of the American Chamber of Commerce in London—putting people in touch with somebody. They hold the running high and the standing broad putting-in-touch record. They can at a moment's notice write a letter which puts an American in touch with H. G. Wells or the manager of the Ross-on-Wye whiffletree factory or the auctioneer who has charge of the sale of two folding tricycles, fifty spittoons and ninety-eight Windsor chairs at the Airship Station, Mullion, Cary Cross Lanes, Cornwall. It's a great institution, and I'm glad to say a good word for it.

Among other things they put me in touch with the Ministry of Munitions, which seems to have more things to sell than anyone else in England; in fact, I didn't know that England contained as many things to buy as the Ministry of Munitions has to sell. Some of their parcels are fairly sizable, such as a floating dock which will receive vessels up to 350 feet in length, a cluster of obsolete warships and a neat bunch of steam trawlers; but there are other handier lots, such as half a dozen huckaback towels, sixty hair mattresses, 1530 coat hangers, a portable suction grain-handling plant, 2000 drinking mugs, an eighty-ton road bridge, two small kitchen tables and as many other articles as there are marks in Germany's war debt. I think there is nothing in the world that the Ministry of Munitions hasn't for sale. I haven't had the opportunity to read the extremely absorbing book of 176 pages which the ministry issues every little while. It gives a rather hazy and incomplete idea of what one can purchase from the government. I have peeped into its pages, and it has intrigued me greatly, especially the part which has reference to ammunition boxes. These can be bought very cheaply, and the book tells exactly how to make tool sheds, summerhouses, allotment shelters—though it neglects to state what an allotment shelter is—meat safes, feeding troughs, cycle stands, coops, garden seats and fencing out of them. As I say, I haven't read the book, but I feel sure that if I wanted to buy enough clothes for an army or a million hop poles or a gross of fountain-pen fillers or a cocktail mixer or a couple of elephants I could find an address in the book which would tell me just where to get them.

Suet Pudding Abundant

The Ministry of Munitions reminded me how American business men were frequently going home empty-handed when they had come to England with the intention of buying. The stock of goods which they have for sale, they think, will, if offered to American buyers, help to reestablish the trade balance between the two countries, and will also give American buyers goods on which they can obtain immediate delivery. If I were an American buyer in London I think that I'd make a bee line for the Disposal Board of the Ministry of Munitions at the Hotel Metropole before I went anywhere else.

Production may have slowed up in England so far as a great many things are concerned, but I can state authoritatively that there is at least one thing which is produced with as much generosity as in the palmiest days. That is suet pudding. Those who have never been in England are probably unfamiliar with suet pudding. It is a dessert, or at least that is what it is called in England. It is gray and soggy, and it would take only a very few portions to make a ton. One portion tossed lightly against a wall would stick tenaciously to it; but several portions tossed against the wall would make the wall fall over. The production of suet pudding has not fallen off at all. It is very difficult to get any other sort of dessert in England. Somebody advanced the theory that a great number of munition workers have gone into the manufacture of suet pudding, and that that was the reason why there is so much of it and why it keeps up its high standard of deadliness. The theory seems reasonable.

The English have always been a very frank people; but four years of war seems to have made them franker than ever. This postwar frankness has cropped out particularly in the divorce cases which are keeping the English courts working overtime. People shake their heads sadly when they think of the enormous amount of work that the stenographers and clerks and judges and bailiffs and lawyers are obliged to perform from the beginning to the end of the divorce season. The situation is somewhat similar to a long series of million-share days on the New York Stock Exchange. It's just a case of work, work, work for everyone connected with it.

The frankness of these divorce cases is astounding. In the old days a lawyer usually had to drag unpleasant facts out of the principals by main force. Nowadays everybody jumps blithely to the witness stand and takes his inmost soul out of hiding and puts it through its paces for the admiring throng. Nothing is held back. Usually, too, in the old days the principals waited for their sins to find them out. Now they appear to take the greatest delight in frankly confessing their sins in long letters to each other. These letters are produced in court and read loudly to the world. On the following day all the newspapers carry long, unexpurgated accounts of the proceedings. The English newspapers have always made a point of objecting to the yellowness of American newspapers; but there are very few American newspapers, I think, which would print such unpleasant divorce cases with the complete attention to detail that the English papers display.

Plenty of Money to Spend

England may be spending money, but she is doing it in a very decorous way. The theaters are jammed every night, but the people aren't tossing their money to speculators in order to get the seats. Long lines of people form outside the theaters every night. Sometimes for an eight-o'clock performance the line starts to form as early as half past five o'clock in the afternoon. The restaurants are crowded to the doors every night; but for every person who drinks champagne there are a great many who don't. There is a great deal of enthusiasm in England over the one step and the fox trot, which the American Army popularized; and American capital has started several dancing places in London in the past two years. All of them have coined money. The largest of them all was opened during the past few months, and the middle-class English flock to it in droves. But no alcoholic drinks are served in it, and the dancing is the most austere proceeding that can be imagined. The two American managers watch the dancers like a pair of sharp-shinned hawks; and the second a couple shows an inclination to shimmy a bit, or even to semishimmy, one of them dashes out on the floor and breaks the news that it isn't done; it isn't the ordinary way And austerity reigns once more.

England is spending money, but she's making money as well. No one can accuse her of joyriding to destruction.

One of London's biggest business men—an American, by the way—was perfectly contented with the outlook.

"Of course they're spending," he said, "and they'll keep right on. They're saving as well. My pay roll, for example, is twice what it was in 1915. We subscribed to $75,000 worth of war-savings certificates and offered them to our employees with a small bonus to the lucky number. They were taken in two days. We took another $75,000 worth, and they were gone in three days. Now we're going to take another $75,000 worth, and they'll be gone in a few days as well. Some people think that because fifty pianos are sold in a short time the country is going to the devil. It isn't. England is less off an even keel than any country in the world. We have unrest here, but it produces less high waves of discontent than it does anywhere else. The common sense of the British people is emphasizing itself and will continue to emphasize itself during these difficult afterwar days."

THE NEST BUILDER

(Continued from Page 4)

"Woman's place is the home," said Joanna.

"The home and the child." Rosalind was good-tempered about it. "I hadn't any child, and my home was so organized that I could run it perfectly in twenty minutes a day, yet I wasted years before I found work that wouldn't hurt Howard's feelings. Aren't they curious—men?"

"They're sweet," said Joanna warmly, dreamily.

"They do try," Rosalind granted them, relenting over some memory. "You will have to take one sooner or later, Joanna; especially now that you have a whole house."

"Oh, yes, I want to," was the placid answer. "Only—it's very funny, Rosalind, but if a man falls in love with me there is always something the matter with him. I have noticed it for years."

Rosalind was concerned. "What sort of thing?" she asked, ready to do something practical and efficient about it if possible.

"Oh, serious drawbacks that you can't overlook—drink or two feet shorter than I am or they already have a wife or they say 'How?' and 'What say?' Other women get such lovely ones!"

A breathless maid serving more tables than was humanly possible thrust a luncheon card between them. They ordered in turn the two desserts, but two hectic trips to the pantry brought back the news that both were out, so they accepted baked apples, receiving each a blackish dome of tough skin with a shrunken residue of apple lurking under its folds. Joanna sawed with fork and spoon, but Rosalind laid down hers with the gesture of one who gives up. The subject had apparently been dropped, but suddenly she returned to it.

"What is the matter with your chief?" she asked.

"Matter with him?"

"Yes; for you."

"What is the matter with King Albert of Belgium?" Joanna spoke patiently. "I am about as likely to be offered one as the other."

Rosalind thought that over. "Why?"

Joanna began to smile broadly. "He is too finished and complete and reasonable and right; he couldn't stand me—away from the office."

One could see Rosalind mentally setting the chief beside Joanna and appraising the result.

"But he has almost too much common sense," she said, then paused, surprised at Joanna's burst of laughter. "I mean, I think you would be good for him," she explained. "He has imagination enough to appreciate you, Joanna. Even I have that. I met him one night at a dinner and he talked about you in a way—well, it made me wonder, that's all."

Joanna sighed. "Don't," she said. "It is disturbing."

Then she signed a check that would once have stood for real food and they went out from electric light into radiant spring sunshine.

"It's funny," Joanna said at parting. "I ordered an enormous lunch and I suppose I ate it. I didn't notice, but I think I must have. And yet I don't feel very different."

"No—you wouldn't," Rosalind permitted herself to murmur, but Joanna did not hear.

Rosalind stopped her car before Joanna's door at the appointed minute on Sunday morning. Joanna, of course, kept her waiting, and came down breathless, dropping things and apologizing. It was curious that one so invariably late did not get over suffering about it. Howard had not come.

"He said he was promised for golf, but I suspect that he did not want to break in on the party," Rosalind explained, her hands resting on the wheel as though they were glad that they need not give it up. She visibly enjoyed her own quick skill as they swung into the crowded avenue.

Cars were streaming forth by the thousand like bees from a hive, all bound for the apple blossoms and dogwood of the great green world outside. The people on the sidewalks looked touchingly lonely and left behind.

After they had escaped the city Joanna, leaning back in a simmering content, developed her scheme of life.

"The firm has been too beautiful about it." She loved the firm and took its signs of appreciation as bursts of pure generosity. "Instead of a summer vacation I am to arrange my work so that I can come out every Thursday night and stay till Monday morning. I will keep a cook out here, and she will have such a nice quiet week that she won't care how many people I bring down over Sunday."

"I wonder," said Rosalind.

"In common decency she can't," Joanna insisted. "Besides, I shall have only useful guests this first summer—people who can paint and paper and saw wood and plant vegetables. Oh, Rosalind, won't it be fun!"

"Especially for the guests," Rosalind observed.

Joanna laughed. "Men really like to work with their hands. I know a young sculptor ——"

"My dear girl," Rosalind interrupted, "aren't you forgetting that you are still in the early thirties? I don't know at what age an unchaperoned woman can have men guests without scandal—but I shouldn't think any girl would want to reach it."

Joanna looked dashed for a moment; then she had an inspiration.

"All right, then; I won't have a regular cook. I will have a working housekeeper who is a lady when she sits down!"

She was touchingly pleased with her idea, but Rosalind was a pessimist about domestic inspirations.

"She will be sitting down most of the time. And if you employ a lady you have to say 'Suppose we clean the silver,' instead of 'Please clean the silver.' It is a great bore."

White drifts of dogwood were holding Joanna's dreamy gaze.

"The woods look the way the floor did the first time I whitewashed a ceiling," she said, then returned to her problem. "'Suppose we clean the silver,'" she tried it over. "'Wouldn't it be fun to clean the silver?' I don't mind saying that so long as I don't actually have to do it."

"You might. And she would be afraid to stay alone in the house the nights you were away."

Joanna admitted that that was a difficulty, but shrugged it off.

"I shall have an idea presently; you can solve anything if you have to," she said blithely. "Oh, isn't it great to have spring come, and go out to meet your own dear first-born house!"

They mounted into the hills, rejoicing in the earth's spring song but too used to freedom to realize the wonder of skimming the land unaided and unprotected, as it would have been called in the young days of their mothers. Joanna's mother had helped to bring it about, but Rosalind's at sixty had been reluctant to risk herself outside of her own garden without a gentleman.

Small adventures befell them. Once on a detour they took a wrong turn, because Rosalind had a man's objection to asking the way. A tire had to be replaced, and Rosalind seemed to do it in three movements. Near their own village they came up with a man in uniform walking slowly on a lame knee, a heavy bag in his hand. They stopped, of course, and took him in, and Joanna turned in her seat, her face alight with welcome.

"Are you just arriving home?" she asked, thrilled at helping on the happy drama of reunion.

He looked at her remotely, darkly, like one reluctant to leave some somber preoccupation.

"This is not my home," he said; and the topic was closed.

Joanna had to go on. Every man in uniform was her heart's kin, and a wound made him her own child.

"You were in the aviation service," she said, smiling recognition of his cap.

His attention came back slowly; he had to take off his cap and stare at it before he could wholly grasp what had been said. It struck a wrathful laugh out of him.

"Service," he muttered. "Service!"

Then he replaced the cap and turned to the landscape as though he had done with her. He was not intentionally rude; he was only behaving exactly the way he felt. Though he must have been at the end of the twenties his smooth face had a perennial boyishness; unruly brown hair lay rough on his forehead, and under scowling eyebrows little sea-blue eyes looked out from a world of their own with scant heed for the world of others. The long thin limbs showed a jerky nervousness.

His silence grew oppressive. Rosalind dropped an occasional remark as though he were not there, but Joanna felt tangible currents of distress coming from the back seat. Something was acutely the matter. They passed through the village, henceforth Joanna's own village, but she could take no account of its long main street, where shops and houses and churches were indiscriminately strung, following the line of the valley. At its farther end Rosalind looked over her shoulder at the passenger.

"Where would you like to be put down?" she asked.

Her manner was subtly disciplinary, a reminder that he had scarcely played up to his opportunities. He started. "Oh—I meant to get out at the post office."

She brought the car to a stop and turned to face him.

"That was at the other end of the village," she explained very distinctly. "You are as far away from it now as you were when we picked you up. I supposed you would tell us ——"

He had gathered up his bag, fumbling over it, and stumbled out of the car. "Oh, I am sorry. You were kind—thank you," he exclaimed, looking hopelessly toward them from some far-off place of lost souls. Then he limped hurriedly away.

"Queer individual," Rosalind disposed of him, starting the car, but Joanna was leaning out to look back.

"Something is frightfully the matter," she said unhappily. "And he is so lame—with that heavy bag. Oh, Rosalind, couldn't we turn and pick him up again?"

Rosalind thought they would look rather silly, chasing him down Main Street and probably being refused. He was not a very mannerly person. Joanna continued to look behind them until she saw another car stop for the limping figure; then she settled back with a sigh.

"I hope he remembers to get out this time," she said. "If he would only have told me what was the trouble I know I could have got an idea for him. There is always something you can do." Then she was cheered by an inspiration on her own account. "I have it! I will get a slightly wounded soldier to protect the housekeeper, and he can help a little about the place for his board. Isn't that perfect?"

Rosalind was not so sure. "How will you find one?" she asked.

"Advertise. Advertise for both of them."

Joanna began working out advertisements on the back of an envelope. Then they turned

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He Moved Furniture Under Mrs. Roberts' Direction Until His Fat Face Was Crimson

Emery makes a man realize that Spring is near.

Shirt Week
MARCH 11th-18th

See the fresh, bright colors; feel the soft, light textures of the new Spring EMERY Shirts.

You can do just that and do it best right now—March 11th to 18th. This is *Emery* Week.

Haberdashers everywhere are showing the new distinctive patterns and textures.

To you—knowing the value of quality plus good taste in toggery—EMERY Shirts will particularly appeal.

Equal to Custom-made

EMERY Shirts fit! You can square your shoulders without binding, without spanning your chest. No skimping of material.

All stitching is neat and uniform. Buttons are clear, whole and sewed on for keeps.

Neckbands are smooth and true to size. Pre-shrunk!

The patented Nek-Ban-Tab is found *only* on EMERY shirts. It opens the way for the back collar button and saves fuming with a starched-down buttonhole pocket.

The skirt or tails are cut full length and stay put.

The shirt is expertly tailored. Patterns are matched in the front and in the cuffs. Just a few points of superior EMERY workmanship, finish and style so gratifying to men of critical taste.

Look for *Emery* when you buy shirts.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia

Makers of Emery Shirts and L. G. S. Pajamas

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from the oiled road into a green lane and stopped before brown gables with lace edging, set in a tangle of old garden. Joanna's heart was opened, the birds began to sing; kings might never know the living rapture of that moment.

"Good morning, my house," she said.

"You didn't forget the key, did you?" said Rosalind.

Joanna silently held it out, but Rosalind had her appreciation of the event and waved it back.

"No; you open the door," she said.

The apple blossoms were at the full and beginning to drop but the lilacs were budding into glory. Their warm breath enveloped Joanna as she mounted the steps of her own front porch and put the key in her own front door. It swung back on a narrow strip of hall, dim, chill and musty.

"Of course it needs airing," said Rosalind.

Sitting room, dining room, back hall, kitchen and maid's room below; three bedrooms and bath upstairs; furnished—so much they had known from the agent. They went from room to room, Joanna silent, Rosalind more and more fluent, piling up encouraging comment.

"The living room needn't be so dark," she urged. "It's the shape, and the piazza roof. That is a nice old sofa and you don't have to keep the patent rocker or the carpet. Here is your octagon dining table and the fireplace that had not smoked. Good reason, my dear it has never been lighted. But it probably doesn't smoke—why should it? And you can do something to the tiles; they don't have to be orange and pink. It has been shut up all winter—that makes any house smell. You have a very decent hall; and this must be ——"

She opened the door into the kitchen, then hastily closed it again.

"We must see the upstairs. One of the bedrooms is quite large—as large as you need. Of course when you have a delightful sloping roof like yours it is bound to come down into the bedrooms more or less; you can stand up straight by the bed and bureau, anyway. Isn't a tin tub quaint? I haven't seen one for years. I would open the windows, but they have to be propped with sticks, and the sticks are gone. Look at the lovely outlook you have—hills and your own apple trees." She put a light hand on her friend's shoulder. "With a good roof and a good cellar you can do anything in between. And you have your mother's furniture and rugs. That will make all the difference."

Joanna standing in a stuffy, stained, closetless room with the roof bearing down on her head and two gable windows in its remote corners came slowly up to the surface on a long breath. Rosalind, feeling speech coming, tightened her kindly hand and smiled hard.

"Oh, isn't it too wonderful!" Joanna breathed.

Rosalind looked sharply into her face, but found there only a swelling content.

"It is all to be done," Joanna went on. "I was so afraid it might be nice enough so that I would have more or less to leave it; but it gloriously isn't. Oh, I can push out the partitions and begin all over; do it room by room, as I earn it, till it is perfectly sweet from top to bottom. My head is simply popping with ideas. Oh, Rosalind, it will take years and years! Wouldn't it be cruel if I died now and couldn't do it!"

Rosalind looked from her glowing face to the dingy surroundings that she had been so gallantly defending, and sank down on a richly ornamented golden-oak bed.

"Joanna Maynard, you are either a fool or a poet," she said irritably. "I should hate to have to decide which."

Joanna took no interest in which she might be. Inspiration was at the flood. She went mooning about, upstairs and down, tapping on partitions, climbing out of windows, taking measurements and making unexplained calculations. Rosalind went up the hill to inspect her own delightful house, expertly built, right and complete at every point, and stayed longer than she intended, planning her garden, but when she came hurrying back Joanna had not noticed her absence. She ate some lunch because it was put into her hands, but she was of no earthly use as a companion. Her whole being was given up to creation. Rosalind contemplated Nature as long as she considered reasonable- she sincerely enjoyed Nature on her own grounds, with her own garden and her own view, but was a little bored with it elsewhere. Then she put Joanna into the car and turned toward home.

"We will leave the key at Mrs. Haggerty's," she said. "She will give it a rough cleaning before you come. Just let her know a couple of weeks beforehand."

Joanna rose to the surface for a surprised moment.

"Oh, I am moving in Thursday," she said; and slipped back again.

They were nearly home before she emerged, tired, smiling, at peace.

"I haven't been very good company," she apologized.

Rosalind did not deny it. "I didn't mind; but you could not do that with a husband," she observed.

Joanna was no longer interested in husbands. "I must put in my advertisements to-night," she said, bringing out the scribbled envelope. "See if you think that this will do:

"'A professional woman spending half the week in country cottage wants a competent cheerful working housekeeper, widow or middle-aged.'

"Would you say anything like, 'Must not object to carpenters'? They will be all over the house."

"No; but I would say, 'Must be a good plain cook.'" Rosalind's tone conveyed a criticism.

"Of course! I meant to put that in," Joanna said hastily. "I will say, 'Must be a good plain cook and willing to do a little of everything.' If I could only get a widowed carpenter or a lady plumber who cooked on the side!"

"Well, you can't," said Rosalind, who was tired.

"I know. Here is the other:

"'Wanted, by a professional woman who is in town half the week, a slightly disabled soldier who will protect housekeeper in summer cottage and help about the place for his board.'

"He will have to apply by letter, for I have only three evenings, and the housekeepers will take those. Would you say 'Give references'?"

Rosalind's headshake gave her up. "Heavens, what you will get!" she said.

Joanna's net, cast out into the city, drew in a strange collection. Worn-out schoolteachers were ready to come provided that they need not lift anything heavy; and broken-down seamstresses who had never cooked, but thought they could; and Southern gentlewomen who were willing to do anything that was not menial; and heavily built, sullen-eyed foreigners who called themselves Swiss; and a shabby sporting Englishwoman who thought the experience would be no end of a lark; and coldly competent housekeepers who wanted from seventy-five dollars a month up. And Joanna had only to give a faint outline sketch of the present condition of her house to frighten them all away.

Rosalind coming into the office for news on Thursday found her still cookless.

"Then you can't go out to-night," she said.

"Yes, I can." Joanna was gloomy, obstinate. "I shall miss the lilacs if I don't. I can eat cereals. I am tired of the whole lot of them. Can't cook without gas! Can't see without electricity! If another woman asks me with a cold suspicious eye, 'What is your profession?' I shall say ——"

"You will do nothing of the sort," Rosalind interposed. Joanna was often shocking. No doubt an early diet of her mother's books was to blame. "Why don't you go properly to an intelligence office and ——"

"Because she has to be a chaperon when she sits down! You wished that on me yourself. If I ——"

The telephone interrupted. A lovely, silvery, half-laughing voice apologized for intruding.

"I am out of town, and I have only just seen your advertisement," it explained. "I called up your house. If you are not already suited I think I am just what you want!"

A smile of heavenly relief began to smooth out Joanna's face. "I am sure you are," she said.

Half a dozen sentences settled it. Joanna waved aside references; Mrs. Roberts did the same by inconveniences. She could come that afternoon, would meet Joanna at the ticket office. "I'm little and blond," she said. "And I shall know you. I can tell by your voice just how you look."

The gay musical note of laughter made it evident that anyone who looked like Joanna's voice looked very nice indeed.

"You can recognize me by my suitcase," said Joanna. "It is the worst one in New York." And she turned back in triumph to Rosalind. "I always land on my feet sooner or later," she said.

The way that Rosalind rose to go was a comment, but she did not give it words. "Have you found your soldier?" she asked instead.

The soldier responses had been few and disappointing. Only two had been willing to come without pay, and one of those was in a wheeled chair.

"So I had to take the other," Joanna explained. "I couldn't see him, for he was in the wilds of New Jersey and his letter only came this morning, but he sounded all right, so I telegraphed for him to follow me down to-morrow. I thought perhaps he could cook if no housekeeper turned up. He referred me to two clergymen," she added in answer to Rosalind's expression.

The clergymen appeased Rosalind. "What branch of the service was he in?" she asked.

"I don't know; but the poor boy has a stiff right arm. He says he can do a good deal with his left. His writing was a little unsteady but perfectly legible. His name is Benjamin Brewer. I sort of like it, don't you?" Joanna's kind eyes already mothered her soldier. "The summer will build him up, and then I will get him into something with a future. If the place helps one soldier I shall feel that buying it was worth while. Those good, plucky boys! Perhaps later I can take the wheeled-chair one too. I ache over him so!"

Something in her eyes passed into Rosalind's.

"Give me his address; I will look him up," was all she said, but Joanna glowed. Rosalind's looking up meant always prompt and practical measures.

"You perfect trump!" she said.

"Put it that way if you like," was the enigmatic answer.

Mrs. Roberts also looked like her voice. She was very blithe and light and pretty, and at first sight dismayingly young, though subsequent glances added on successive years. She came unerringly through the crowd to Joanna.

"I knew it!" she said happily, putting out a minute hand.

Joanna's senses were charmed, but a cold doubt rose from secret reservoirs of what must have been race experience, since she had had no specific experiences of her own in the matter of employment.

"But you don't look like a working housekeeper!" she objected, smiling.

Mrs. Roberts was undaunted. "What do they look like?" she asked.

"Well, I don't just know," Joanna had to admit.

"I can cook, I can sew, I can clean house"; she made a song of it. "And you said 'cheerful' in your advertisement; that was what made me want to try it. I'm cheerful. I am alone in the world, I have to do something to support myself. Why not this?"

It certainly sounded all right. Joanna forcibly shut off the part of her being that was acting like Rosalind and accepted her good luck at its face value. This was markedly high. As they joined the crowd streaming to the train people looked at her pretty companion and looked again; eager hands helped them with their bags; a youth sprang to give up his seat, that they might sit together. Mrs. Roberts accepted it all as the natural attitude of a pleasant world, but Joanna made surprised discoveries. She was seldom aware of the traveling public about her and she had not dreamed that entering into relations with it would feel so festive. It was like being preceded by trumpets or followed by applause. She was vastly entertained. New fields of thought opened before her so interestingly that she forgot to follow the life story that Mrs. Roberts gave her with businesslike candor. Joanna was always forgetting to listen, and so being left in embarrassing ignorance. She gathered that Mrs. Roberts as a girl had had everything, and that at some period since she had lost everything, and so had learned the domestic arts; but Joanna missed any characterization of Mr. Roberts that might have been given, and also his end.

"Oh, well, it will come up again," she consoled herself. One could not very well admit that attention had wandered at such a point.

Joanna, enraptured with the dream house she had seen beyond the dismal reality, had had no attention to spare for what Rosalind Messenger saw, but at the journey's end she woke up to a vague anxiety as to what her housekeeper might see, and tried to utter warnings. It was done reluctantly, tenderly, as one might say of the beloved, "He isn't really handsome, you know," to discount any possible disappointment. But Mrs. Roberts was dismayed at nothing, and when at last they passed under the purple plumes of the lilacs and crossed the sill of home she was musical with little cries of delight.

Three days of violent scrubbing and airing had made a difference. Old carpets were gone; lamps were filled and shining clean; soiled wisps of curtain had turned luminously white; a fire was burning in a well-blacked stove, and materials for a first meal were piled on the kitchen table. Mrs. Haggerty was a jewel—of great price.

They wandered over the house, leaning from every window to greet the hills raised to blue and amethyst mountains under the last sunlight streaming through the western gorge. They reached up from the grass for apple blossoms and brought in armfuls of lilacs and visited the brook; and Joanna went down to the village for whitewash and brushes, that the little room off the kitchen might be made sweet for their soldier. Already they were calling him Ben. From the treasure trunk, fruit of many movings, they chose the gayest chintzes to brighten his war-shadowed eyes, a soft Navajo rug for his war-weary feet. Darkness came before they could settle down to dinner. Later, under the sloping roof, Joanna lay burningly awake half the night in her lumpy bed, amazed before the overwhelming richness of life.

She was up at daybreak, whitewashing and planning, and by seven o'clock she had two carpenters on the field, ready to begin on the upstairs partitions; but behind one of these the housekeeper still slumbered.

"She is probably tired out," Joanna conceded, and set her men to tearing down a crumbling back porch as quietly as possible; but an hour later she came out to suggest that they drop things hard.

"I want a few good crashes," she ordered, and listened critically, a glass of milk suspended in one hand.

"All right, lady—down she goes," was the amused answer, and an avalanche to awaken the dead followed. It was significant of the eternal boy even in carpenters that from that hour Joanna never had any trouble getting men to work for her, though richer neighbors often begged in vain.

Mrs. Roberts was heard to jump. Water ran, then there was a smell of lamp smoke, connected no doubt with curling tongs, for when she came running down the stairs her head was a golden glory.

"Oh, I am sorry! Are you starved dead?" she cried.

Joanna, confronting a working housekeeper in a pink smock and the smallest of white pumps, felt another surge of the ancient doubt. Yet last night's steak had been nicely broiled, and buttercups had floated in improvised fingerbowls. To suspect a worker merely because she was a sight to charm the eyes was not sensible.

"Oh, I ate things. Get your own breakfast and then help me clear the way for the carpenters," Joanna said, trying to sound as cheerful as her logic demanded. "We shall have to sleep anywhere these next few nights."

"I think it will be fun," was the blithe answer.

Three-quarters of an hour later the housekeeper carried her breakfast table out into the sunshine and decorated it with a trail of grape leaves. From her seat on an old garden bench she waved to Joanna, who was dragging a bureau past an upstairs window.

"Isn't it heavenly?" she called.

Joanna wiped her forehead and agreed that it was. Perhaps her tone fell short of enthusiasm, for Mrs. Roberts, pouring her golden-clear coffee, went on to explain:

"It takes so long to get a stove burning if you let the fire out overnight, don't you think? After this I will bank the coal so that a shake or two will give us a good hot fire. We can ask those nice carpenters to carry up a few scuttles for us every night."

Rosalind Messenger had said depressing things about the price of coal and the advisability of cooking with kerosene, and Joanna tried to pass on her wisdom, but Mrs. Roberts countered with a positive "Yes—and where would we get hot water for our morning tubs? I hate cold, don't you?"

(Continued on Page 79)

Your breakfast in your bed on Sunday morning—

AND a pipe of Velvet afterwards. That's the life! That's when Velvet's lazy old mellowness just seems to get next to you and tickle you 'most to death.

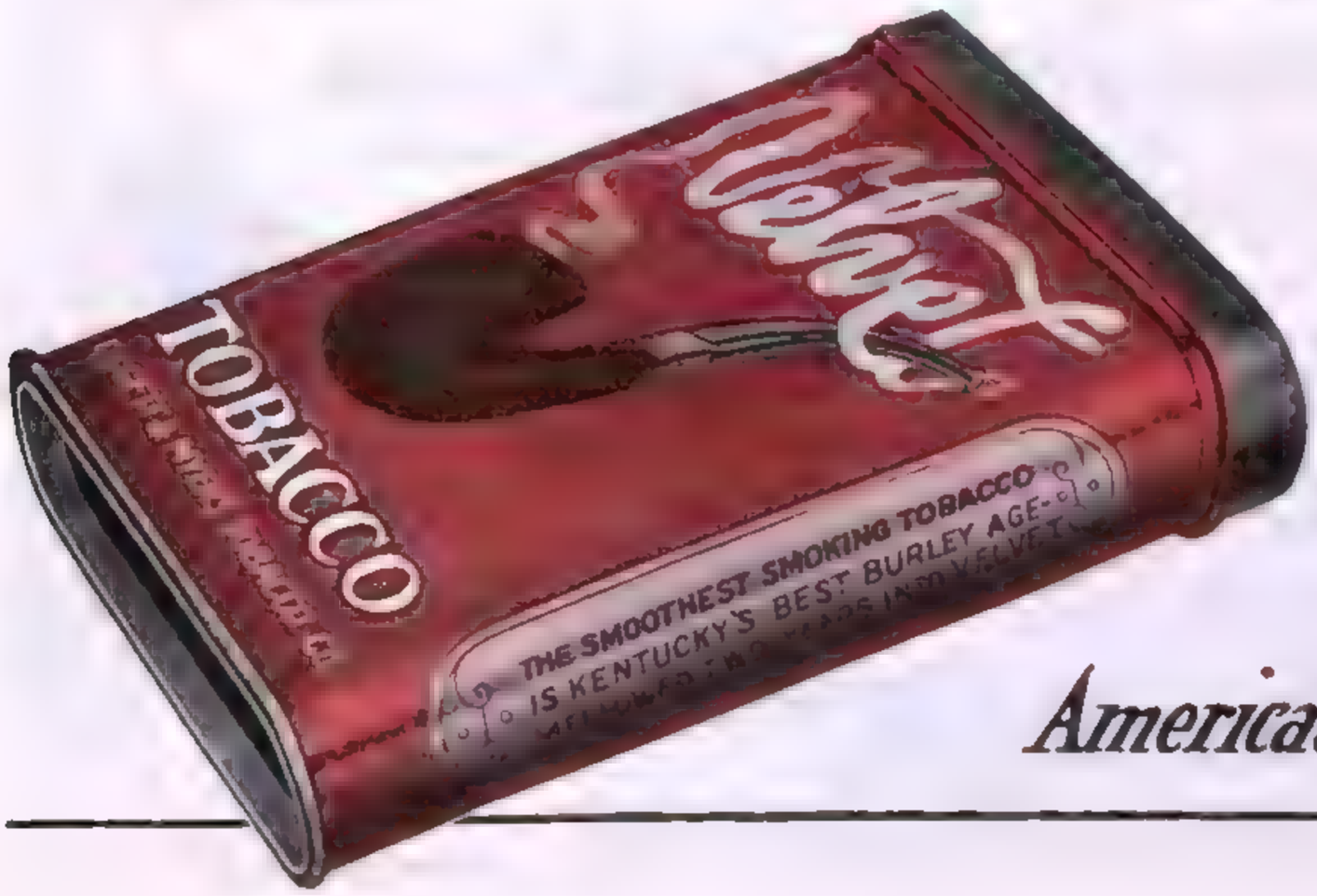
As Velvet Joe says: "Blessed be hard work so's we can knock off and smoke a lazy pipeful."

Maybe you think that mild tobacco can't have much taste. Maybe you think tobacco's got to be strong to let you know you're smoking. Wrong twice in the same place!

There isn't any tastier, *realer* pipe tobacco than honest Kentucky Burley. And after it's been aged in the wood two years it's so smooth and mild and mellow that—well, it's Velvet!

No use a-talking. There's more smooth smoke and sunny good fellowship in a friendly old pipe of Velvet than you'll find anywhere else in a month of Sundays.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



America's smoothest tobacco

25¢

In Canada 35c.

White Teeth with Klenzo

GLISTENING, dazzling white teeth—white because the enamel has been cleaned and polished smooth—

White because the enamel is freed from every bit of discoloration and tartar—white because Klenzo brings out the marvelous beauty of the enamel.

Klenzo's snowy whiteness is just one more evidence of its purity and refinement—whiteness that goes naturally with white teeth. By keeping the enamel polished white, Klenzo protects the teeth from bacteria and decay.

There's a new sensation in store for you with your first tube of Klenzo—that cool, clean feeling that comes after a vigorous brushing with Klenzo—that stimulating sensation of mouth cleanliness that refreshes like a shower-bath. Know that Cool, Clean Klenzo Feeling. Show that smiling Klenzo signal—White Teeth.

Sold exclusively by **The Rexall Stores**

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores united into one world-wide service-giving organization.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

(Continued from Page 76)

Joanna had not thought to say that back at Rosalind, and so had no answer ready. She could not have told why her heart was so heavy as she went back to her bureau pushing. It ought to be such glorious fun. Every new nest building had been one long carol of joy; that this supreme opportunity should find her peevish and worried was ridiculous.

"I didn't sleep enough," she consoled herself. "To-morrow our soldier boy will be here to help and it will feel different. I can't say she isn't cheerful," she added grimly as a burst of song came from the garden.

Mrs. Roberts presently flitted up on her little pumps and finding Joanna in the act of taking down a bed cried out in protest:

"You ought not to work so hard. Those two nice carpenters will do all this for you. Let me ask them." She was halfway down the stairs before Joanna could stop her.

"They are getting seven dollars a day apiece." It seemed a sordid objection and Joanna made it reluctantly. "I would rather not interrupt their work if we can help it. Now if you would take one end of this headboard ——"

Mrs. Roberts worked very hard for ten minutes, breathing heavily, nursing hurt fingers, dropping down to recover with gasps of laughing apology, and Joanna, usually the most friendly and good-humored of mortals, darkly refused to notice or respond. The situation was growing strained when a knock below released them.

"Perhaps it is our soldier!" Mrs. Roberts cried and dashed downstairs.

Joanna had meant to greet him at the door herself, and was ashamed of the resentment that held her back when she heard the housekeeper on the stairs with a masculine step following. She started forward, wiping her dusty hands. It was the butcher.

"He is going to move those heavy things for us," Mrs. Roberts announced. "Isn't he too kind?"

The butcher came in beaming on his prey, the summer resident. He was ready to do anything to oblige. He could always mail letters. He could bring out anything they might want at the druggist's or the emporium or any of the shops that did not deliver. He moved furniture under Mrs. Roberts' direction until his fat face was crimson, and the housekeeper having commissioned him to buy her three hair nets, blond, cap shaped, rewarded him by an order of two lamb chops.

"I will get two more from the other butcher and see which is the best," she confided when the still hopeful and obliging victim had gone.

"What other butcher?" Joanna asked feebly.

She had stood by miserable with protest, longing to tell the poor man that her account would scarcely be worth such labors; it had felt dishonest not to tell him; and yet she could not seem to rebuke her kind little housekeeper.

"Oh, there is always another butcher," Mrs. Roberts chanted. "There he is now," she added as a second knock summoned her down.

This time it was an equally obliging grocer. Joanna looking from a window saw him taking away a barrel of old cans and bottles that had been left in the cellar, and on his face was a foolish smile. Lively repartee with the iceman followed, and Mrs. Roberts came running up to announce that he knew a laundress and would carry their clothes to her every week, as he went right by her door, and it would be no trouble. Then the milkman passed, and she went flying down the lane to catch him with a good will that was warming. She was a nice little thing! She evidently found her first tough subject in the milkman, who could be seen making surly answer, but she stood at his wheel with her hands in her pink pockets and her white pumps firmly planted until even his lean and leathern jaw relaxed and he nodded a half promise. Joanna watching the tableau suddenly laughed aloud.

"My chaperon!" she said.

Things went better after that. It was not a rapture, like that first nest building in the woodshed a quarter of a century ago; nor intoxicating, like some of the later movings; but those had been light-hearted, irresponsible affairs; and if this was more sober it brought a new and fascinating experience of power. She had always played her game within the limits of other people's doors and windows, but now the roof was the only limit except the financial one, and that grew dangerously unimportant as walls crumbled before her and her dream began to take shape. She secured more workmen. To say "Do this!" and straightway it was done savored of magic. Before noon, however, she had to realize that Rosalind's "Suppose we clean the silver!" was not a joke. The housekeeper was cheerfully willing to keep herself busy, but she hated to be told to do anything as a younger sister hates it from an elder. She had always a counter argument ready.

"You needn't worry at all about the housekeeping," she assured Joanna as they sat down to luncheon. She had put the table on the porch in a flicker of sunshine; the bright green foreground of grass and apple trees seemed to be set sharply against the smoky blue hills, as though the distance between had been wiped out. Robins called and answered, and life was good. "Simply tell me when you don't like anything and it won't happen again," she insisted. "You have enough to see to."

It sounded like a wise and comfortable arrangement. Joanna sat smiling assent to the cheerful conversation that she only half heard. She enjoyed having the pretty little person opposite. Rosalind had warned her that it would be deadly at meals. People like Rosalind, who would do things only in the accepted way, lost half the flavor of life. She was pointing this out to Rosalind so absorbedly that she again missed a chance of information about Mr. Roberts. A floating echo of his name brought her back just too late. Then the salad obtruded sharply on her attention.

"Oh, there is something I don't like—mustard," she said good-humoredly, laying down her fork.

Mrs. Roberts cried out with dismay. She was appalled at the calamity. She wanted to compose a fresh salad, to open preserves, to make chocolate.

"I thought I had such a nice luncheon for you, but if you don't like your salad it's spoiled," she lamented. "And you will be so hungry before night—oh, it's too awful! Won't you let me bring you a glass of milk?"

Joanna protested, praised, laughed, but nothing could console the housekeeper, and she finally submitted to a cup of chocolate. It took a long time, for the fire had gone down, and, it was not very good when it came, but she would have taken anything by that time. Even mustard would have been preferable to so much grief.

"It has been a miserable lunch for you, but anyway you won't starve," Mrs. Roberts said relievedly; and Joanna weakly praised as she set down the emptied cup. She did want everyone to be happy.

"Now we ought to rest," Mrs. Roberts declared. "I don't see any sense in washing dishes three times a day, do you? I will tuck these out of sight, and perhaps our soldier will help wipe them after dinner. I wish I knew what train the poor boy was coming on; I would go down to meet him."

She flitted off with her tray, leaving Joanna deluged with a fresh gloom.

"What is the matter now?" she scolded herself. And then, as light answered her honest demand for it, she met it with amused scorn. "Of course he will fall in love with her! Why shouldn't he? It won't do him any harm, and she is old enough to be his—aunt. What does it matter to me?"

And yet it did matter to her. She wanted to be very kind to her soldier boy, but if he was going to jump like those young men on the train to serve the housekeeper, it would not be half so glowing an experience.

"I am, after all, the rudimentary female of our best sellers," she concluded surprisedly. Rudimentary female had been one of her mother's phrases. "But just the same, I am going to meet him first," instinct made answer.

The automobile service at the station had orders to look out for Benjamin Brewer and bring him safely to them, but Joanna decided to meet the afternoon express herself. If he came on that popular train he might be lost sight of among the arrivals; that was the explanation she had ready in case she encountered Mrs. Roberts as she set out. Theoretically one need not explain one's actions to the housekeeper; but the theoretical housekeeper does not ask direct and pleasant questions, and Mrs. Roberts did. Joanna slipped out by a side door and down the path that crossed her strip of woodland, making a short cut to the village. She was safely behind the birches and had relaxed her guilty speed when a surprised "Hello!" came up from the brook. Mrs. Roberts was kneeling on a stone, gathering watercress. "Where are you going?" she asked.

Joanna made her explanation, irritated, yet coerced, and edging past. Mrs. Roberts looked down distressfully at her pink smock and white shoes, both showing signs of the day's labor.

"Oh, if you can just wait while I tear into fresh clothes I will go with you," she exclaimed, starting up. "I won't be two minutes!"

"I can't—there isn't time," Joanna stammered, and hurried on. A slow red had risen in her cheeks and she glowered at the beauty of the trail. "I hate telling lies," she muttered. "Nobody has a right to make me tell lies!" Then, as irritation subsided, melancholy came over her like a bodily ill. "There is something wrong with me," she worked it out. "That was perfectly natural and sweet of her. I am not nice."

Others were down to meet the train—city ladies in cars with pastel-tinted veils swirling about their hats; local belles scantily covered, with distended hair and mouths like red gashes across their powdered faces; stout women from boarding-house verandas, asking each other loudly where the parlor car would stop. The train came in, bringing to each her own, and Joanna looked on with warmly lit eyes, eager to spare her soldier boy a lost and homesick moment. Several soldiers got down with the crowd, but they were met or obviously knew where they were going. Joanna waited until the platform was cleared of all but an old man standing by a pillar with a bag, smiling about him. As she turned to go their eyes met, and seeing a question in his she stopped.

"Young lady, I wonder if we ain't looking for each other?" he asked, beaming on her with tranquil benevolence.

"I am afraid not." She was very kind and sorry about it. "I came to meet a soldier ——"

And then seeing that a squared visor jutted sharply above the round face and that the overcoat dated from the Grand Army of the Republic she stopped short, her heart sliding coldly down her side.

"A slightly disabled soldier," the gentle old voice went on. "My name is Benjamin Brewer—Cap'n for short. I got a ball at Gettysburg, but I've got some kick in me yet." He worked the good arm to show her. "I guess I can protect that housekeeper," he added with a wheeze of enjoyment. "That advertisement, it did make me laugh!"

Joanna stood rooted in dismay.

"But I meant a soldier out of this war!" she exclaimed. Then she saw a grieved shadow fall on the guileless face, and she could not bear it. She wrenched herself about. "But one war is as good as another to get wounded in," she rushed on. "I am sure you will be the greatest possible help. And far more protection than a mere boy. I am very glad you came!"

It really was not a lie. Joanna had long ago discovered that if you said a kind thing warmly enough you were sure to feel it before the words were fairly uttered. And after all, with so perilously pretty a housekeeper, it might be as well not to have a boy. Rosalind would say that. She saw that it was all for the best before she had her soldier established in the one remaining vehicle, and by the time they reached the house she was marveling at her own trick of alighting on her feet; for the captain, besides being a perfect dear, had been in his day carpenter, painter and gardener, in spite of the stiffened arm. He did not seem very poor; the ancient overcoat was evidently local color, for his clothes and bag were in good condition and there was obviously no care on his tranquil heart. Asked if he had a family he said "Oh, yes!" with the affectionate smile of one who has a very nice family indeed; but he offered no explanations.

The front door flew open before them, and then Mrs. Roberts stood in stricken astonishment, staring at their soldier boy. She was all in freshest white and Joanna felt awkward and apologetic.

"Captain Brewer is a war veteran—but it was the other war," she explained. "Captain, this is Mrs. Roberts, my housekeeper."

"Looks more like an angel to me," said the captain happily. "I guess protecting her's going to be a bigger job than I reckoned on."

He wheezed with enjoyment and said it again, and the housekeeper's frozen gaze suddenly melted into a smile. She put out a forgiving hand, and Joanna, relieved, turned back to pay her chauffeur. She had not noticed him until this uneasy moment when she had to decide whether he expected a tip. Her fingers paused in her purse, letting the change fall back.

"Where have I seen you before?" she asked.

He started violently, absurdly, turning to her in hostile alarm; and memory suddenly placed him in the uniform of an aviation officer on the back seat of Rosalind Messenger's car.

"Oh, we picked you up on the road last Sunday, that is all," she hurried on, too kindly bent on reassuring him to wonder.

The alarm subsided into weary relief. "Yes; some ladies did pick me up."

That was evidently all his memory had held of the encounter. He had lost pounds since Sunday, but he had partially emerged from his abstraction. He at least saw Joanna, and meeting the kindly concern of her look he lingered.

"I hope I thanked you." He spoke with worried simplicity. Some discouraged parent must have said it to him so often—"I hope you thanked them!"—that the words had left their imprint on an absent mind.

"You said the proper words," said Joanna, and smiled.

He could smile at himself, a faint, rueful acknowledgment that almost any attack would be justified. "I had to find work," he muttered, and then, with a light of sudden hope: "You don't want a chauffeur, do you?"

"I wish I did." Joanna longed to help. "When I call up for a car, suppose I ask for you?" she suggested. "Wouldn't that make a good impression at the garage?"

She had helped. He seemed to straighten up all over. "Are you as kind as this to everyone?" he asked gravely, starting his engine.

"Oh, well—to soldiers!" Her sigh acknowledged the hopeless size of the debt, but his face only darkened and he reached forward impatiently for the clutch. She had to speak quickly: "What name shall I ask for?"

It seemed to her that the averted face flushed. "Oh—Jones," he said, and sped away, leaving Joanna with an ache in her heart.

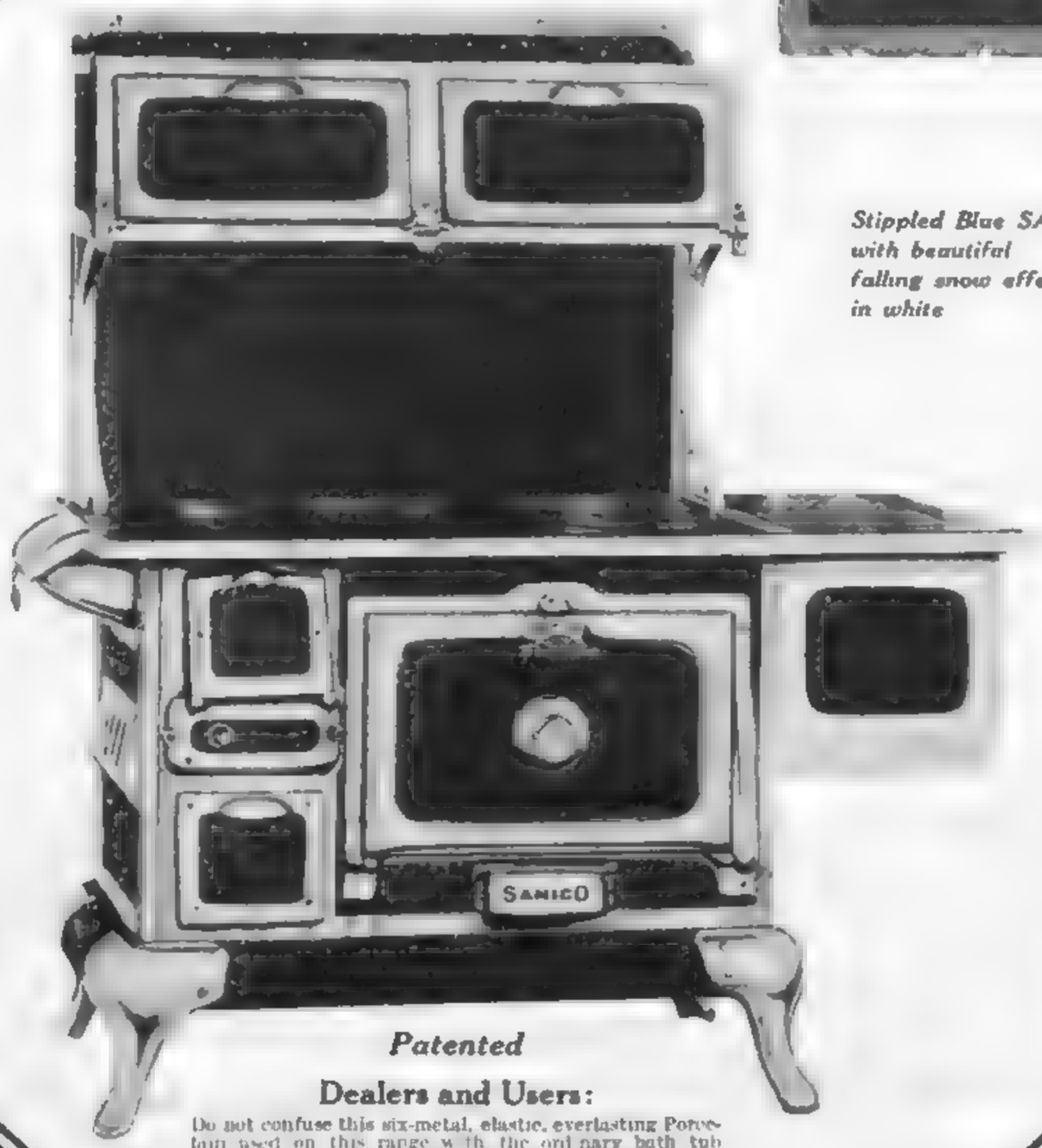
So many people did that. She went in, thankful that there was apparently no need to ache about the captain.

"People are named Jones," she argued to an inner doubt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SANICO

The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE



Stippled Blue SANICO with beautiful falling snow effect in white

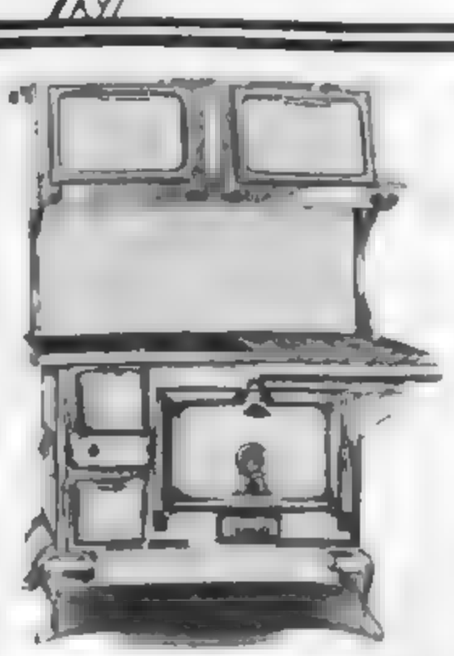
A Beauty

Finished in glistening Sanico Porcelain and brilliantly polished heavy nickel of plain design. Colors: Azure Blue, *Snow* White or rich Dark Blue, with a falling snow finish in white. Search the world over and you could not find a more beautiful range.

Patented

Dealers and Users:

Do not confuse this six-metal, elastic, everlasting Porcelain used on this range with the ordinary bath tub enamel. This is the Porcelain that will not chip or crack from heat and cold. Sanico ranges are not skimped or cheapened in any way. Ranges made from this material carry a 25-year guarantee.



SANICO Porcelain Ranges are also made with detachable reservoir under cook to burn wood or coal, in the same quality and colors as the SANICO Combination Range

As Easy to Clean as a China Dish

No blacking required—no polishing of porcelain or nickel.
Just wipe clean with a damp cloth—that's all.

25-Year Guarantee

Every SANICO Porcelain Range has this binding guarantee attached. Coated inside and out—ovens and flues included—with six-metal SANICO Porcelain. Can't possibly rust anywhere. Gives a lifetime of satisfactory service.

Two Ranges in One

Burns gas, coal or wood. Has two full size ovens—use either alone or both at once—both bake perfectly with any fuel. Four coal lids—four full size gas burners—and Rutz Automatic Lighter.

Write For Catalog

showing SANICO Rust-Proof Porcelain Ranges in their natural colors, and for a sample of beautiful Sanico Porcelain. Please mention your dealer's name. If his stock has not arrived, we will see that you are supplied.

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230 Water Street, New York, N. Y.
184 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.

DISTRIBUTORS

The Minnesota Stove Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Belknap Hdwe. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
J. A. Williams & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Strevell Paterson Hdwe. Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
The Tritch Hardware Co., Denver, Colorado
Seattle Hardware Co., Seattle, Washington
The Missouri Range & Foundry Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

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AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

509 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis — 1319 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

CON

(Continued from Page 34)

breed, secretly paid to take a chance on going to prison. Under this third management and far enough removed from ourselves, we believed, the crash was to come.

Fortunately for the public the murder of Herman Rosenthal and the Becker scandal and trial supervened. The Becker case chased our backers to cover. They demanded their money and we had to close up shop before we were well started. The bonds were all in the banks and the public lost little if anything. But what a crash there would have been had we been able to continue for, say, two years. Here is the only failure of my life that I have belated reasons to be happy about.

And now, my friends and foes, all you who have been amused or enlightened or horrified at my confessions, I ask your patience for just one tale more. I think it the completest adventure of all my flagrant days and ways, the most involved and romantic of all my gaming.

Not so perfect a piece of technic perhaps as my game of the banker and the talking typewriter, which I recounted in my first article, but after all a conception of a larger stamp. Perhaps I am wrong. You must judge.

In the old days half a dozen years ago there stood a saloon at the corner of Broad and Beaver Streets, New York, remarkable for nothing save one of its familiars. He was a man of forty or worse, a tall, gaunt, skin-and-bones fellow, with streaked light hair and a vasty blond mustache. He was a bit stooped and just a shade careless as to dress. Whether he had an office other than this barroom I don't know. If he had I never heard of it and feel certain he was never there unless he had a double. Day in and out he was at this bar chinning with the bartenders and waiters, exchanging gossip with the proprietor and holding endless confabulations over the tops of the wooden tables warped into the corners of the saloon.

His business was a peculiar one and obscure. He dealt in worthless assets as the bases for fraudulent companies. His goods were in the shape of claims and organizations to be used for flagitious stock flotations. He was never without a fine assortment. Did you need an oil property with the company already organized and incorporated in legal form? The gaunt blond in the Broad and Beaver Street saloon was your medicine. Or was it a gold mine you required, a nice new mine with never a spade wound in its virgin heart? The meager blond had it all beautifully incorporated under the laws of the sovereign state of Arizona. But mayhap you required a wonderful invention with its corporate being already extant? No difference; the pallid one had it ready prepared. The price was generally twenty-five hundred dollars cash down and no deferments of any sort. Specially fine bases for fraud brought five thousand dollars and the very purest gems as high as ten thousand dollars.

I Buy a Mine in Mexico

Just where this gentleman picked up all these properties and ideas I know not. Neither do I want to find out now. I suspect, however, that some of these dubious values passed through his hands more than once. I remember, for instance, a mining claim in Idaho which glowed under my eyes four times in the course of a dozen years, each time under a new name and as nucleus for a new stock jobbery. No matter.

About six years ago a most brilliant scheme went swarming through my brain. I worked it out in detail in the course of a few lonely evenings and discovered that I needed a nice unbroken mine far off in some happy valley, untenanted by mendacious men. I went to my elongated blond, bought him a drink, mused with him over a table for the patient hours of a summer afternoon and relieved him of a jolly little silver mine down in the lair of Señor Don Pancho Villa. Somewhere beyond Guadalajara it was. You mustn't expect me to remember inessential details at this late date. I never saw the mine and, as in the case of the purple cow, I never hope to see it.

Having possessed me of this pearl among mining properties I went to work. First of all a partner and next a dupe. Old Doc Leroy was about in those days—a venerable, sanctimonious, gabby old fellow to the eye and ear, but at heart one of the most engaging scalawags of the times. He's dead now, I believe, and it doesn't matter. Leroy was never his real name anyhow. I found the old Doc in his usual haunts in the roaring Forties and bade him stick round and be on hand. Times were lean with him and he all but wept into his beer.

I now simultaneously opened two accounts with large reputable stock-exchange houses of the highest integrity. I took good care to see that each of these houses stood at the very top. To do business with such concerns required about five thousand dollars each, which I cheerfully deposited. I now began operations, buying small lots of standard stocks through one house and selling them through the other. By watching carefully and playing shrewdly any sensible man ought to be able to make his commissions in this sort of game, and I did. My purpose was not to make money, but merely to establish myself with these houses, to build up their confidence in me and to assume a respectable conservative veneer in their view.

Enter Old Man Robinson

This took six or eight months naturally. I had a business going in New York and did not grudge the time. When I finally felt that I was an established customer I went to my stock-exchange men and asked whether they could buy me any Arroyo Silver stock.

"Arroyo Silver?" said the broker in surprise. "Never heard of it."

"It's a little company down in Mexico," said I. "I have a little information and want to pick up some of the stock."

"Now, Mr. Brown," said the broker indulgently, "you're too intelligent and conservative a man to be bothering with mining stocks."

"Maybe I am," said I, "but I know what I'm doing here. I expect to make a lot of money out of the Arroyo mine. See if you can pick up some stock for me. I authorize you to buy up to two thousand shares at two dollars and a half or under."

The broker shrugged and consented. The result was that letters were at once sent out asking for Arroyo Silver. There was of course none to be had just then and the correspondents of my brokers were all told to be on the lookout for a block. This done, the foundation work was accomplished. The stage had been set, in other words. It was time to bring on the actors.

This in a big con game is often easier to plan than to do. I had at the moment not a single prospect in list or in mind suitable for the size and kind of machination I was about. However, all things come to him who knows how to go and seek them. I recalled one of the strangest and most wondrous fellows in modern confidence gaming, Old Man Robinson, the train rider.

For thirty-five years this man had been riding the trains up and down and back and forth across the country. For all those years he might have been found in the Pullman cars of the best trains going down to Palm Beach or out to California in the winter, scudding back and forth between New York and Chicago at other times, riding all the routes at various seasons according to the trend of opulent travel. Generally he had his own compartment or stateroom and he invariably passed himself off as Robinson, the old circus magnate, who had been dead for many years when my hero's adventures were at the full. This old *saurien* was past sixty when I knew him—a bald, sharp-eyed, florid-faced, distinguished-looking fellow, deeply read, well informed, easy mannered and a brilliant and charming talker. When he began his endless discussions and pointed yarns everyone in earshot attended and none ever left till he had done.

The sod has healed above him now. That charming smile is ashen, that golden tongue dust and Old Man Robinson will go no more a-gaming. But six years ago he was still among us and I sent for him. He was to do for me what he had been doing many years, the thing for which he rode the trains year in and season out. He was to introduce me and my beautiful silver mine to one of the lucred dunces he had met and cultivated as he rode his trains, and for this service he was to have a tenth of the spoils.

This is the Metal

That Made Electrical Cooking and Heating Possible!

The finely drawn wire which leaps to cherry redness when you turn on the current is Chromel. It is the heart of your toaster.

Without Chromel, the nickel-chromium alloy originated and developed by Hoskins, Detroit, your home would be without electrically heated appliances.

Until Chromel was discovered in 1906, electric toasters, electric irons—*and all other electrically heated appliances*—were impractical because their heating elements quickly burned out.

Chromel
MARSH ALLOYS

THE HEAT RESISTANT METAL

Today Chromel is the vital part of almost every standard electrically heated appliance made in America. And its presence in those devices assures long life and unvarying service.

ESTABLISHED INDUSTRIAL USES FOR CHROMEL

Because of its remarkable heat resistant properties Chromel is used as the heating element in Hoskins Electric Furnaces and for general industrial and laboratory purposes. It is the alloy most widely used for thermo-couples in the pyrometer field. Chromel is also resistant to acids.

These properties of Chromel will suggest its application to many other purposes. More complete information bearing on specific heat problems will be promptly and cheerfully supplied by our Research Department, Hoskins Manufacturing Co., Detroit.

ORIGINATED BY
HOSKINS · DETROIT

Which Win— Soles or Uppers?

Your soles wear out before your uppers, don't they? You then have new soles put on—everyone does these days. Usually a good pair of uppers will last as long as three pairs of soles.

Korry-Krome soles will outwear two pairs of ordinary soles. The first Korry-Krome soles you have put on by the cobbler will wear as long as the uppers. Ask your repair man to put them on and see for yourself. The dollars saved in a year are worth the experiment.

Korry Soles

DOUBLE WEAR LEATHER

Korry Soles are real leather, tanned by a secret process that makes them not only long-lived but pleasantly flexible and permanently waterproof; and they won't slip on wet pavements.

Made in two brands. Specify which you want.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry-Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder it has a coarser grain; but Korry-Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pair children's, sizes up to thirteen), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY

Established 1867

Corry, Pennsylvania

Old Man Robinson came, saw and consented. That night he and Doc Leroy and I set out for Chicago, where Robinson had the ideal of our evil dreams safely stowed away in the Union Stock Yards with bags and bags of swinish money. Behold the approach!

Our train was pulling out of Buffalo after midnight for the swift night run westward. Only Robinson, Doc and I remained in the smoking compartment.

"This fellow I'm taking you out to see is no dunce, Billy," said Robinson, gazing out into the absolute night. "But I think he'll fall just the same. You know why? He told me the story the first time I ever met him, on a coastwise boat out in the Pacific. Seems when he and his brother were young men they both had a chance to go in on telephone stock or something of the sort. The brother went in for it, but this old codger pulled back. You know the rest. The brother got rich and retired at forty or so, though this old fellow is still at it at seventy. Not that he's not rich. Lord, he's got ten piles! But he never forgave Fate for switching him off that stock. He's had a weakness for your game ever since. If you can make him think he'll clean up big enough to have the laugh on that brother of his he's your meat. Funny about human nature."

And he was off into a set of his wonderful yarns.

Mr. Peter Chapman, very wealthy sheep and hog man, was glad to hear from Mr. Robinson again and immediately invited him to his office. Robinson took me along for the introduction and I was presented to a tall, alert, well-preserved fellow past seventy with a weather-hardened face, a bristling white mustache and a very cold blue eye. If ever there was a difficult customer here he was. But he had money *ad lib* and could be worked for a big haul—if at all. His game was worth our best candle and I knew it.

Robinson launched straight into the business in hand. I was Mr. Crosby and an old friend of his. Had helped him make a bit of money in my day. Trouble with me was I never held onto much myself. I'd come to Robinson with a deal that looked good, but Robinson was tied up to the limit with a big circus merger and couldn't spare a cent.

"I know you like a good thing when it comes along, Pete," said he, "so I brought this young scoundrel out to you. Mind now, I say he's all right, but that's all I've got to do with it. Listen to him and if you like his proposition get aboard."

With that the genial old train rider went out of the door and out of my life—except for some financial adjustments between us, which were made somewhat later and by mail.

"Mr. Chapman," said I when the door was closed, "I've got some valuable information. If I trust it to anyone who uses it my game is ruined, so I must ask a promise from you—your word is all I require. Robinson tells me you keep that."

Peter Chapman chuckled to himself and spat a huge jawful of tobacco juice into a large but distant cuspidor.

Playing the Fish

"Young man," said he, "with me you don't have to get no promises. I keep 'em without makin' 'em."

"If I give you this information and you decide not to come in on the proposition you forget what I've told you. Is that right?"

"Shoot!" said he, and did as he said—at the cuspidor.

I explained the Arroyo Silver situation. It was a stock that had been sold quietly some years before. The mine had never been worked owing to the death of the promoter. Lately silver had been found adjacent and was certainly present in the claim. How I came to know this I could not discuss.

The silver had nothing to do with us anyhow. The point was that a New York syndicate was secretly in the market for the stock, having confidential information about the silver. How I happened to be in on this I did not wish to reveal, but I could prove my assertion.

"And here's where we get on, Mr. Chapman," I said sententiously. "Those people don't know where most of the stock is and I do. Get me?"

Peter Chapman spat, nodded and looked out of the window in a bored sort of way. I waited for a long time in exasperation for some question. None came. I had to pick up my own thread.

"Now what I need is money to buy up this stock. I can sell it at a big profit overnight—within an hour. That's why I come to you."

"Why don't you option it and play whole hog?" he demanded, seeing the weak point of my story in an instant.

"Tried it," said I. "The holders won't do business that way."

"That's funny," he doubted.

"Well," I asked him, "if you had a block of the stock and some stranger came along suddenly and wanted to buy an option, what would you think?"

He saw the point and we settled down to an examination of my proposition. I have been through some pretty close questioning, but none ever to compare with this. At the end of three hours the canny old man was still dubious, but I returned ever to one proposition.

"Ask your own broker to find out quietly if there is a demand in New York. If he says no, I'm done. If he says yes, I've got a thousand shares of the stock and I'll let you sell it for me. That will establish the price."

"That's fair," he said finally. "What's your proposition?"

"It'll take close to a hundred thousand to swing this whole deal," I told him. "We will make at least a hundred and fifty thousand out of it. I want a third for my information and work. You'll be doubling your money on a sure thing."

Chapman Becomes Interested

Peter Chapman eyed me and gave me a thin cold smile.

"We'll think about splittin' after I go in," said he.

I tried to insist on an agreement as to the split. He smiled at me again in the same icy way.

"Yer in no position ta argue," said he. "You need money."

"Well, Robinson says you're a man of honor," I grudged at last. "I'll take his word for it." And we went to work.

Next morning I turned over to Peter Chapman one thousand shares of Arroyo Silver stock, par value one dollar a share. He took it to his broker, one of whom I had never heard, and directed that it be offered for sale in New York at two dollars and fifteen cents a share. The Chicago broker wired his New York correspondent for an offer. Chapman's New York representative naturally turned to his memoranda, saw that my brokers had inquired for some of this very stock a few weeks before, and immediately communicated. My representatives met the asked price of two dollars and fifteen cents and the word was flashed back to Chicago before the end of the day. So I bought a thousand shares of my own stock for two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. Chapman received the money, noted the price and turned the proceeds over to me.

"Good!" said he. "Now what can we buy it for?"

"Under a dollar," said I, "unless the stockholders have got word of the new conditions."

I now explained carefully to Peter Chapman that there were five holders of Arroyo stock in Chicago. One had only five hundred shares, three had reasonably large blocks and one man had a great chunk—about fifty thousand shares. I suggested that we try the smallest holder first of all, and we did. For this purpose I had previously planted a young woman in a rooming-house section near Chicago Avenue. We went to see her and asked if she had any of the stock. She seemed doubtful. Her father had left her some stocks, but she had discovered that they were worthless. Perhaps some Arroyo stock was among the lot. She would have to look. From the bottom of her trunk she hauled out a dusty old envelope and in it was a creased and smeared certificate for Arroyo stock. I immediately offered her a dollar a share for it, and I could feel the bitter disapproval in old Chapman's demeanor. When he saw the apparent abjectness and ignorance of this girl he had expected to get the stock for fifteen or twenty dollars. For that very reason I had spoken first.

The young woman considered.

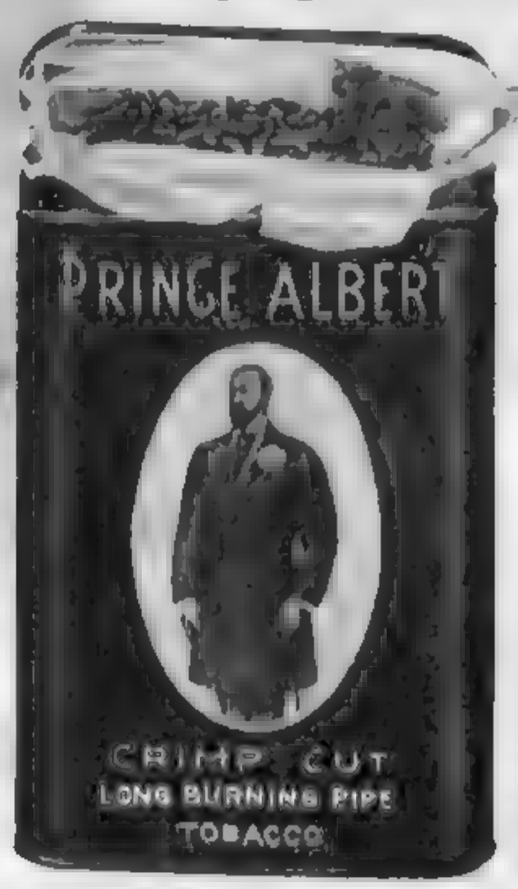
"I guess that's what father must have paid for it, isn't it?" she ventured.

"Probably," said I, "and you're lucky to get as much back."

(Continued on Page 85)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



Throughout the U. S. A. you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your welcome say-so. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass jar with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

YOU'RE wise-o that you've been checking smokesport by the wrong route when you set the signal that lets Prince Albert tobacco tote-its-tale to your smokeappetite via a friendly old jimmy pipe! You never were on the receiving end of such a show down, such a joy'us hand-out, to lay flush against a pet smokehankering.

For, Prince Albert's refreshing flavor and fragrance and coolness spark your smokemotor for record-speed-action and whirl you into sport sessions that you or any other man never hit before! You've got 'em running true to form when you ring-up pipe-pleasure-plus-P. A.!

Prince Albert proves worthy of all the confidence and companionship any man will slip it. *Because, P. A. has the quality merit!* And, to quality add our exclusive patented process that frees Prince Albert from bite and parch! Fact is, you can go to Prince Albert like your cut-out was wide open, and whether you part your hair in the middle or on the south side!

From this distance it looks mighty much like your joy job will be trying to get-a-gauge on the number of P. A. smokes you can jam into the next twenty-four hours! For, when the listen of Prince Albert cuddles itself up to your highest top smoketaste you get the first degree of the Stay-Put-Society which has for its smokeslogan: "P. A.? I'll say she do!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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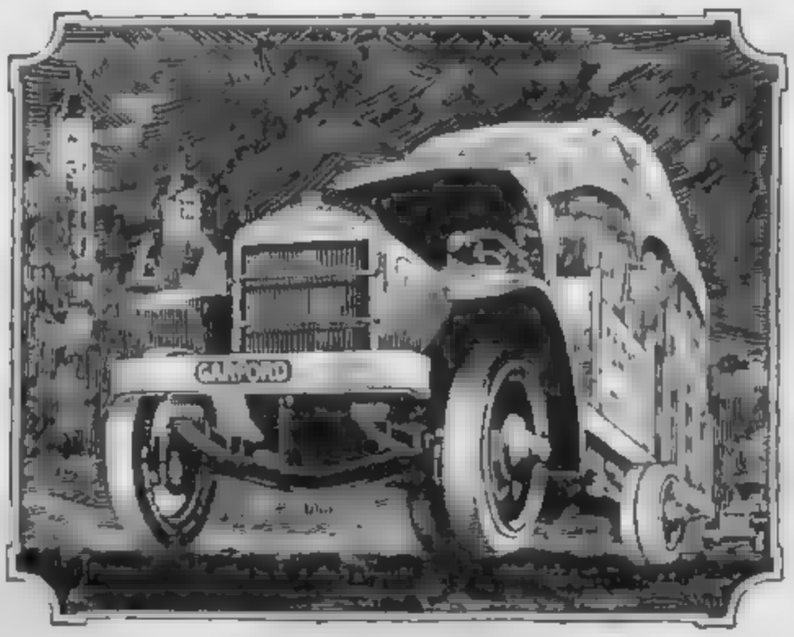
GARFORD



Getting the most work for the fewest dollars, year in, year out—that is what Garford *Low Cost Ton-Mile* means to truck users.

Garford

Lima, Ohio

That the United States Army has made Garford a Class A Standard is another proof of Garford serviceability

TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 32)

"I don't know about that," she doubted. "I think there ought to be some profit in holding it all these years—that is, if it's worth anything at all."

She was stubborn in a woman's way, but finally sold to us at a dollar-twenty.

"Ya young fool," said Peter Chapman as we went down the stairs. "If yadda offered her ten dollars she'd 'a' sold at fifteen."

I pretended to feel all kinds of a fool.

"Well," said I, "from now on I'll let you do all the dealing."

"That'd be a lot better," said Chapman.

So the responsibility was shifted upon this crafty old man.

These five hundred shares were offered in New York in the same manner and promptly brought two dollars and a half a share, the price I had advised Chapman to ask.

The profits of this deal Chapman put into his safe and I was delighted to see him sit down with a pencil and figure out his ratio of return. He had made six hundred and fifty dollars on this small deal.

"See here," said he, "I thought you said we'd make a hundred an' fifty per cent."

"We will," said I. "When we get hold of the whole thing we'll make that gang in New York pay whatever we like—five or six dollars a share."

Please observe, my friends, that here was a build-up embracing a double pay-off or convincer. First I had sold stock through Chapman and he had seen me take a profit. Now he had put actual profits into his own pockets. He was ready for the test.

While I had been handling Chapman my partner, Doc Leroy, had laid the rest of the plans. He had employed three temporary conspirators, whom he had picked up from his large acquaintance in the Chicago underworld. Two were women past fifty; the other a hard but innocent-looking young crook. One of the women was provided with a certificate for eleven thousand shares of stock, which paper was carefully spotted with acid and made to look time-worn. The other woman held similar certificates for eighty-five hundred shares in three lots. The young crook had three certificates also, each for five thousand shares. Finally Doc Leroy himself played the leading rôle. He took lodgings in an Oak Park boarding house, where he passed himself off as a retired physician, a part as natural to him as the rôle of business man to me. So the actors were all prepared. We waited only for the entrance of the hero.

Peter Chapman had been properly appraised by Old Man Robinson. He had one great weakness; one deep fault. The moment he had his hands on money made without effort out of a stock transaction his cold old head began to burn and leap with wild dreams of huge unearned rewards. I sat up half a night with him while he went over and over fanciful figures and calculations mounting higher every time he went over them. Greed was fairly eating the old man's senses out. For just a moment I wondered whether the thing might not upset the old fellow's reason and defeat us at the very climax.

Chapman Falls for It

Next morning I met him at six o'clock. Heaven only knows what he wanted with me at that hour! He was simply insatiable. We were in his bank before the clerks had wiped the sleep out of their eyes. Chapman drew an even hundred thousand dollars from two accounts and we set out in a rented motor car to call first on the old doctor in Oak Park.

Doctor Talmadge—otherwise Leroy—greeted us in the little parlor of his boarding house, a very decrepit, soft-minded, garrulous old fellow. We inquired whether he still held some Arroyo stock which he had got years before. The old physician smiled childishly, rubbed his thin hands and began an endless narration. Ten years before he had attended a mining man who had a serious ailment and the patient not having any money had given him this stock. Wasn't it wonderful? He had tried to sell it everywhere, but no one would give a penny for it. He had put it away into an old tin box with his birth certificate and his marriage papers and some old love letters and had forgotten about it years ago. Wasn't it strange? Now it was suddenly valuable and was going to make his last years comfortable. He gushed away like all the old fools he was not. I, who understood, admired his acting, but I could see Peter Chapman's contempt for a man younger than himself and yet a doddering old weakling. Chapman could hardly hear the old doctor out.

"Well, what'll you take for all you've got?" he interrupted brusquely.

"I really don't know," the man hesitated in his thin old voice. "Guess I better run upstairs and get the papers. I really don't know what I should ask."

He walked to the door and paused on the threshold, the rascally old actor!

"There was a young man here yesterday offered me a dollar thirty-five for it," he trebled, disappearing into the hall.

"What's that?" spat Peter Chapman, sitting upright with a jerk.

"Somebody's ahead of us," I gasped. "Good Lord! Are we too late?"

A string of oaths escaped the venerable livestock man.

"We've got to get this old fool's stock right now and here at any price," I whispered as we heard the physician coming back down the stairs.

"Watch me!" said Chapman grimly, and I knew he had fallen for the hurrah.

Figuring Paper Profits

In ten minutes we were outside in the automobile with Doctor Talmadge's fifty thousand shares in our hands and Chapman's seventy-five thousand dollars in the safe keeping of Doc Leroy, who was already taking off his slight make-up and getting ready to assume a second and more genuine rôle.

I urged the driver to top speed with oaths and promises. We rushed back to Chapman's bank, where he drew more money, and immediately charged off to find the other holders of Arroyo stock. We feverishly paid out our money and hurried away with the stock, thirty-four thousand five hundred shares more in the beautiful Arroyo.

Curiously enough as we drove off from each successive house I thought I saw Doc Leroy in the act of entering. Was it possible that he distrusted his new-made confederates and felt it wise to be exceeding prompt in his collections?

At three o'clock that afternoon I drove a weary but triumphant Peter Chapman back to his office in the stockyards and saw him tuck his stock tenderly away in his great iron safe.

"Well, that cost us a pretty penny," said he.

"How much?"

"A hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred."

"I didn't think it would take quite that much," I ventured apologetically.

"Never mind," said he sharply. "How much'll we get for it?"

"Five dollars a share—no less."

"What makes you think so?"

"That man that was ahead of us yesterday undoubtedly was trying to buy the stock for the New York crowd. He had no idea we were on his heels and thought he could take his time. Pretty rough on them, eh?" And I took occasion to laugh.

"You think they need our stock that bad?"

"They must have it or we own the mine," said I.

Old Peter Chapman mused on this.

"We might keep the mine, at that," he said after a while.

"Not for me," I objected.

"And why not?"

"Mines are risky—stock selling is sure."

"Maybe you're right," he admitted. "Well, then, how're we gonna get five dollars a share?"

"Send me to New York," said I, "with authority to dicker and I'll get the best price I can. Personally my advice is to get five a share or hold on for a while, but you can do as you like."

"When can you start? To-night?" said the impatient old man of greed.

"If you say so."

"Get ready," said he.

And he sat down again with his pencil and began to calculate the profit on eighty-four thousand five hundred shares of stock bought at an average of a dollar and a half and sold at five.

"Good-by," I said when I had got myself together.

The old man looked up at me from his calculations and hemmed.

"By the way," he said with that hard cold twinkle of his, "twenty per cent of this profit will be nearly sixty thousand dollars. That's enough fer ya. Anyway, it's all I'll give ya."

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The Old Way

The New Way

"We'll argue about that when we sell," said I truculently.

"No argument to it; I got the stock," said he.

I went down his hall smiling. Perhaps he was right, and again ——

Two weeks later I telegraphed him from New York offering three dollars a share for the stock as the best price obtainable from the fictitious New York syndicate.

"Refuse three dollars," he wired back. "Will hold on for five."

That, my friends, is all. If the man I call Peter Chapman is still alive he is also holding on for five. As for me, I let go immediately. I mean that Leroy and I sent Old Man Robinson his ten per cent, divided a hundred thousand net between us and called it a season's work.

I wish to point out that in this game figured all the elements of the perfect piece of con. The foundation work, build-up, and in-and-in were the most elaborate I ever used. The hurrah came about in the subtlest and surest possible way. And better yet, no mails were used and no provable crime committed. Peter Chapman cut his own bridges when he refused the offer of three dollars a share. He tried to make some trouble afterward, but I went on an extended journey and a year elapsed before he found me. He was a little weary by that time, pretty certain of what had been done to him and just as certain that he had no recourse.

The two reputable Wall Street houses which innocently lent themselves to the game never knew what happened to the fabulous Arroyo Silver, I am sure.

A word in parting and then no more. To many it will seem that the mechanisms of fraud I have exhibited in the course of my revelations display a singularly astute, inventive and able mind. That is, I expect many readers to purse their lips in pity and lament the misguidance of a real business talent. It is the commonest idiocy to say of the clever criminal, "What he might not have done had he used his gifts for something straight." Most of us indulge in this fraudulent piety.

To tell a few truths I must leave myself out of the discussion. Let us speak of confidence men in general and forget that I was one. If it is true that con men originate from business there must be some sane reason for their conversion from respectability. One does not become apostate through success. Ergo if the con man leaves the safe-and-sure ranks of legitimacy for the swift-and-slippery walks of fraud it is generally because he has been a failure at business. That is not to argue that all failures become con men, but the reverse of the proposition is certainly very near the truth.

All con men have been failures of one sort or another.

It is ridiculous, of course, to assume that a failure is either a worse or a weaker man than his successful brother. He is often both better and stronger, judging him from the ethic or ideal viewpoint. But he has weaknesses of a practical sort. He is not so well equipped for the world as it is and he does not get on. Very slight alterations in the environment would demonstrate his virtues and bring out the faults of the normally successful man.

So it is absurd to suppose that the con man is shrewder or better brained than the average business man. His devices seem remarkable only because of their devilish ingenuity. They are clever as stacking a deck or playing with sleeved aces may be clever to some minds. As a matter of whole truth a confidence game is usually developed by a man who is inferior at straight play—the game of business. And he is inferior through weaknesses of temperament. Of these the commonest are overweening desire, that changeling of weak inhibition, lack of patience and concentration, personal vanity and love of display and neurotic need of excitement.

And neither is it true that any great gulf of morality lies between the con man and his victim. If you will go back over the story I have told, you will be struck by one general lesson: That the victims of swindlers were themselves at sharp practices when caught. It is through the fundamental appeal of his games to the greed and basic dishonesty of mankind that the confidence man strikes at the purses of humanity. So there is just one general rule for escaping the con man and that is:

Be strictly honest yourself.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Crosby and Mr. Smith.

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WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE BLIND

(Continued from Page 11)

The waiting was long, but there was nothing to do but wait. The cataract would get thicker and thicker, and the world blacker and blacker until it disappeared. Then the doctors would use their knives. After that I might see once more; or I might never see again. There was no certainty. Ten years before, my mother, whose eyes were like mine, died—blind. The surgeon's knife had done it. The surgeon might do the same for me. My one eye was not a promising one.

If this were a tale like some of those that Mr. Kipling used to write I should now describe the mental tortures through which I passed, my struggles to accomplish something great before the darkness closed in forever. But this story is a true one, and I must confess that I did nothing of the kind. There were no mental horrors. My condition gave me very little concern. I thought little about it, and when I did think it was with a careless hope that all would come right in the end. I went to Florida by myself and set up glorious big tents with stoves, floors, furniture and all the comforts of a home. I lived alone, like a hermit; read, wrote, cooked and kept the camp neat. I could not see far enough to shoot, but I could feel the tug of a fish at my line's end—and get him. I could cast a shrimp net and operate a trap for crabs. My tents were overshadowed by giant oaks. There was blue water at the right and left and in front of me.

Every night I watched the red sun going down behind the water; every morning I saw the edge of it rise above the horizon on the other side of my world. I bathed while the morning sky was still yellow. I lolled in a hammock when the sun was high. I nosed along the shore in my canoe as it sloped to the west, and when the last red rays darkened I turned in between my blankets and waited for it to rise again. These were happy, glorious days, and in them I forgot the dark shadow of the impending future.

I lived that life for nearly two years. Then I came back to the North. Something great had happened. The President had proclaimed a state of war with Germany, and the country was in feverish preparation. And something else had happened, great to me if not to all humanity. Away over on the other side of the world—in Asia—a surgeon had discovered a new operation which might restore in a month the sight which had been fading for so many years. Three American surgeons had traveled over seas and mountains, like pilgrims to Mecca, and had brought it back with them. I investigated, I was advised, I embraced the idea. I traveled alone to the Windy City, found my way unaided to the hospital, breakfasted without assistance, read the morning paper, though with difficulty. I lay down upon the operating table. I felt the cocaine as it entered the eye, and the cleansing stream that followed it. There was a curious pearly shimmering, and then it was over.

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, "when you tackle an eye with eighteen diopters of myopia, and get a result like this, you have reason to be thankful."

I thought that if the surgeon had cause to be thankful I had better cause, and I was thankful.

During the three weeks that followed, lying with bandaged eyes, I made a hundred plans—plans that I had not dared think of for years. I was a bachelor. I was filled with life, filled with the capacity for pleasure, filled with the capacity for work. The world, which had been closing in on me for so long, now seemed opening out before me into glowing vistas of happiness and success. For three weeks this dream lasted. Then, one Friday morning in July, 1917, the surgeon told me very quietly that the operation had proved a failure, and that henceforth I was a blind man. For a minute I said nothing; just sat there on my bedside and watched my glittering horizon fade into blackness.

An End of Worry

"Couldn't you have lied a little, just for a few days more?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I'm a bad liar."

I don't want to talk or write about the next twenty-four hours. I don't like to think about them. I kept quiet. I asked no sympathy from anybody, and nobody offered me any. It wouldn't have helped.

At the end of the twenty-four hours I said to myself: "It's bad to be blind, but it's worse to be crazy. I must get a reader."

A girl from the Y. W. C. A. came to me two hours later. She read me some magazine articles. I picked out a few problems and fixed my mind on them, fixed it as a bulldog fixes its teeth in his enemy's throat. The next day was Sunday. My reader was to come at one o'clock. At twelve I dined, then lay down to wait. She did not come at one. For an hour I hung onto the ragged edge of despair. If that woman didn't come, how could I carry through another day? She came at two.

I listened to a story from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Then I dictated a humorous article—an imitation of Mr. Dooley. I had to spell out the dialect for her, and she had to repeat each word. That was some stunt. I forgot all about Fate. From that moment until the present, as I sit here at my typewriter hammering out this story in words that I cannot see and on keys that I can only feel—from that moment Fate has never given me an hour's uneasiness.

Next day the surgeon came back from a fishing trip and told me that I had not perfectly understood him. He had once known a boy of fourteen who had rallied from a condition like mine, and if so-and-so happened and such-and-such a state ensued, I might perhaps—and so on and so forth. My best plan would be to stay in hospital under observation until some more definite change, and so on. And I must stay very quiet, and avoid worry, and it was necessary that I should lie on my back as much as I possibly could.

Well, I did lie on my back and I didn't worry. Worrying was never my specialty. I knew I was going to have enough to eat for the rest of my life, and a reasonably warm place to sleep. I was a bachelor. There was nobody in the world dependent upon me. So I reflected that I was an extremely fortunate person. There are hundreds of newly blinded men who find no such comfort in their thoughts—men who are penniless; men who can see no way of earning a future livelihood; men who have a dread—perhaps an absurd dread—of poorhouses; men who have children to provide for; men who wonder despairingly what their wives will do when the pinch comes. In our present-day fiction wives under such conditions are always faithful. Editors would not allow anything else; but in the story of blindness it is not invariably so. I know of several blind men whose only memento of a happy home is a judgment of divorce, and one or two whose wives have gone off with other men without even that formality.

In the ward close to my room at the hospital was a young railroad worker whose sight was hanging in the balance of fate. His wife had not written him even a postal card since the day he left home. He had sent letters to her, but no answer came. He got leave of absence from the hospital to go home and find if she were dead or had deserted him. She was quite comfortable when he reached their little home, but had been busy, and one of the children had mumps. I would not have banked much on that woman's faithfulness in time of stress.

From pangs like this I was free. I lay on my back and did not worry. Great misfortunes, of which God has sent my share never worried me. It was always a small thing that wakened me of nights—the injuries and injustices that may not be deadly but that gall like a cocklebur under a mustang's saddle.

My girl reader read all day. I hoped a little, but not much. I inquired about blind people, their methods and education. I heard an article written by a woman who had become famous as a teacher of blind adults. She told of strong men weeping on her hands as she guided their fingers over

(Continued on Page 89)

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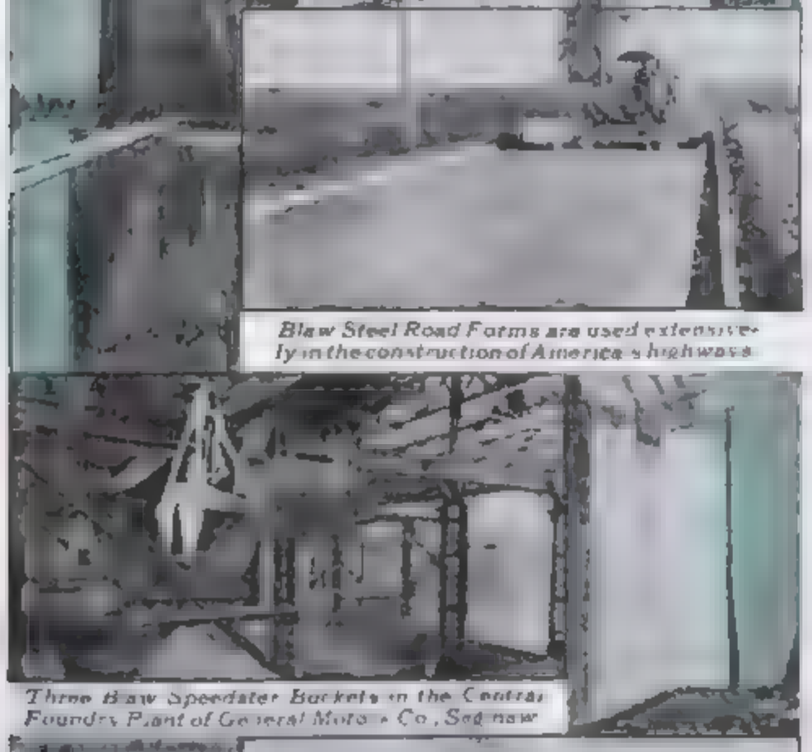

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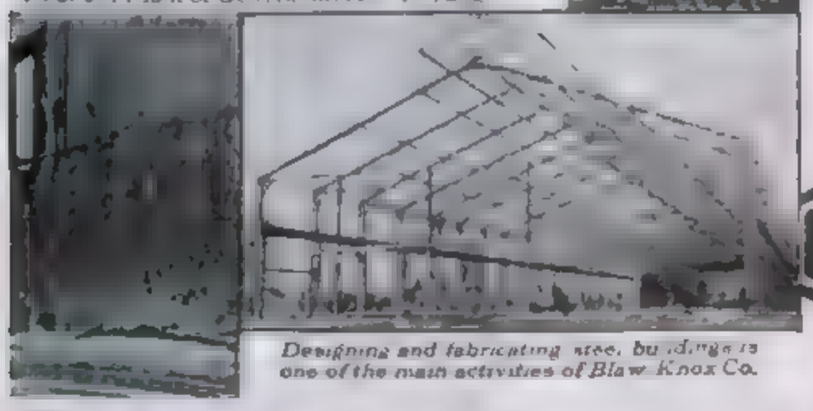

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BLAW-KNOX

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(Continued from Page 86)

the lines of raised type. She told of men who tottered babylike as they took first lessons in walking, and who thought a journey round the block a vast achievement. I knew I was not going to totter, because already, while my bandages were on and before the doctor's verdict had been delivered, I learned to find my way about the room and the corridor. Then and there I resolved to lean on nobody's shoulder and to weep on nobody's hand.

Twelve weeks after the doctor's knife had cut away my sight I left the hospital and traveled home alone. During these first days I bumped my head against doors, stumbled into footstools, and bruised my skin against the sharp corners of tables. I didn't mind that. A friend took me out to walk. I did not totter as the California lady described her male pupils doing. I felt no timidity. The next day I went out by myself. But here I must admit something. I had a little sight left. I could see a glimmer of the sidewalk. It looked like nothing more substantial than a wreath of tobacco smoke, but I knew there was solid concrete underneath it, so I threw up my head, squared my shoulders and started out at a swinging march. But it did require some nerve. In places the guiding smoke wreath seemed quite thick, and the going was not so hard. But sometimes it was very thin, and sometimes paled off into nothingness. Then I felt as though I was walking a tight rope in midair, but I pushed on. I knew the concrete was there. I stumbled over invisible dolls' carriages and barked my shins painfully against pointed wagons that older boys use. Once my stick touched a solid object, and stooping down I found a great building stone, two feet long and ten inches through, which careless boys had left there. I rolled it off the walk and tramped on.

That good old eye of mine, wrecked and ruined as it was, still tried to show me things. It carried no form, no shapes, no outlines to my brain, but it gave me queer unnatural colors in great irregular splotches. A street car, for example, looked like a great splash of vivid gold, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, having no form, no substance—just color. Where a dirty gray flight of steps was, lay a splotch of cobalt blue looking like anything but a flight of steps. I could not see where to put my foot; I had to grope for that spot as if it were midnight. The sky was so brilliant that it was like looking into the face of the midday sun, even though the day were cloudy. All this was without real value. It gave no practical help, but life was the brighter for it.

Visiting Fellow-Sufferers

I wanted to meet other blind men and learn how they lived, so I traveled alone to the state institute for the blind. A truckman met me at the station, loaded me and my baggage into his vehicle, and at last herded me up some stone steps and under cover. Then he went away, leaving me stranded on a sofa that had very little upholstery on it and an extraordinary number of disabled springs. After a long time a bunch of blind and half-blind workmen came in from the broom factory and I was introduced, paying my footing with Egyptian cigarettes. I met one chap who was deaf, dumb and blind. He wanted to feel me all over to find what I looked like, and I let him. It seemed to me he deserved it. Afterward I learned that blind people have a passion for touching those whom they meet. Sometimes the wish is so intense as to be almost irresistible and they must fight it down to avoid offending. This poor fellow, with but three senses left him, could not help gratifying the sense of touch. Also he made me tell my history from the cradle onward, while a benevolent friend translated by hand pressure.

After this I was towed across the campus to the dining hall by a totally blind workman, who turned corners, negotiated steps, and marched away as easily as though he had fourteen eyes of the best quality. I was never able to see anything admirable in this institution except the heating apparatus and the girl who managed the library. People told me she was bright and pretty. I don't know. But I shook hands with her, and can testify that those hands were extremely small and shapely. Her voice had a ring of happiness in it, even of joy. She tore up and down stairs with cargoes of books in her arms that would have made a mule look askance. Her body seemed made of wire and steel springs. She rattled her typewriter with miraculous speed. She filed or produced records as deftly as a conjurer pulling rabbits from his hat. She was never tired, never cross. She had always been having the time of her life or was going to have it next week.

And yet that girl had never seen the light of day. She had never seen a tree or a flower or a human face. Of course she had conceptions—conceptions of everything in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. But how far did they resemble the realities that passed before her closed eyes? No man could tell, because between the sighted and those born blind there are no standards of comparison. When I touch an orange or a pine cone I can see it in my mind as clearly as though I had a score of eyes, because I have touched and seen pine cones often, and the touch recalls the vision. But what of this girl who had no vision to recall? What monstrous or fantastic or beauteous shapes were called up before her by the touch and the sounds of the things about her. What did she see in that active little brain when she heard the singing of birds, or the ripple of water, or the storm lashing the forest, or the shriek of whistles and clang of alarm bells, or the roar of streets and market, or the cries of players at a game, or the murmur of voices and swish of silk as men and women circle to the strains of music? To her mind men and women may look like the pea-green monsters in the visions of Little Nemo or like the angels in Henry Van Dyke's descriptions of heaven. On the whole, I am inclined to think that this girl's visions were pleasant ones. If not she could never have seemed so happy.

But They Sounded Good

I never knew what the men in the home looked like—down in the smoking room or on the benches on the lawn. Once I asked the lady who made the beds and swept the bedrooms. "Gee!" she answered solemnly, "you ought to see 'em together. They're a fierce bunch!" It may have been true. When forty-five blind men live together, with not a human being to care how they look, what they wear, how they keep themselves, they are apt to grow a bit careless as to the color of their teeth or the amount of their whiskers. Blind men do not judge others by their appearance, and if they forget their own sometimes it is not unnatural. These fellows looked good to me, because they sounded good. There wasn't an indecent voice among them all. There was no foul language, no obscene stories, no quarreling, no meanness. If some of them had unbeautiful features their souls were perhaps cleaner than those of their critics. They were cheerful, easy-going. Every man there was willing to help another.

We had some grand powwows down there in the smoking room or on the lawn benches. There was Joe, who used to travel with a one-ring circus in the old days, and who still sang Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines and other comics of the vintage of 1868. He was as blind as a hitching post and partly deaf, but he had a joke for every minute in the day, and his jokes were the kind that make laughter. There was old Keppler, with a thousand stories of the wild days when he had worked in the mines or prospected for precious metals in the hills of Montana. There was Dave Dineen, a lion-hearted man with tales of bears and big game in far northern forests, stories of the survey and the logging camp, whose eyes at last had been dashed out by a flying belt in an automobile factory. There was little Wilson Murch, who played the piano like a wizard. I once heard a manufacturer say that it would be impossible for a blind man to work at a bench where he had to take bits of metal from one slot and put them in another with considerable rapidity. Here was a man who had eighty-eight slots, black and white, on his bench, and who could strike any of them or any dozen of them with the accuracy and speed of a pneumatic riveter.

Then there was George Shotwell, a young giant whose eyes had been scalded out of his face by drops of white-hot iron. I don't know how George looked, but he made a noise like a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-featured captain of cavalry, ready to lead his troop into any kind of a fight on any kind of occasion. His muscles were like pliant steel bands, his voice rang like a trumpet. His laugh would make a corpse prick up its ears and snicker. When he went upstairs or came down he galloped like a war horse in a charge. His heels rattled against the steps like a discharge of musketry. I don't believe he ever realized his blindness, because he went through life like a man with a bushel of eyes. On one occasion he charged across the campus all alone to tackle a burglar, when he heard one of the officials blowing a police whistle out his window and screaming for help. The marauder made his escape before the blind fighter reached the scene, which proved that he was a lucky burglar.

Compared with these men the high-ups in the administration building were pale nonentities. And these forty-five blind men, with a great city teeming round them, lived as much to themselves almost as if they had been on a desert island in midocean. Visitors came and stared at the stately pillars and handsome furnishing of the official building and wondered at the generosity of a great state toward its afflicted ones, but they got no farther. They did not enter the bare building where the blind workmen spent their leisure alone. None came to talk, to teach, to sympathize or to entertain. One woman paid by the state spent one hour each evening reading a brief sketch of the day's news to those who would listen, and often out of the goodness of her heart she gave another hour free, and read articles or stories from current magazines. A debating society, a dancing meet, a gymnasium club, a concert evening or even a spelling circle might have helped to make these men more human than they were, but there were none of them.

Immediately after Christmas I shot back to Florida—back to my old camp on the bank of the St. John's River, where I and my one eye had passed so many lonely happy days together. In the city of Jacksonville I felt my way through the streets alone, but paused at busy crossings to ask a moment's guidance. I went alone by trolley and found my way along the sand road that led to the well-remembered spot.

I set up three big tents, two of which were of complicated design, and for this I had only the aid of a negro carpenter and his helper, neither of whom had ever handled a tent before. I did almost none of the actual work, but I directed everything, touched everything and explained what was to be done with it. This was just two months after my release from hospital, and some blind men say it is a record. George Shotwell, the young war horse of the institute, told me he was still cowering indoors three months after his release, and that he did not dare the streets alone until eight months after his first blindness. It took us three days to get the tents on their legs, the floors down, the stoves up and the furniture in. I touched everything as it came off the wagons and pointed to its place. It was a nerve-racking operation. I don't know of anything more trying than to sit helpless listening to two negroes doing a job in half an hour which a white man with half an eye and a little experience could do in five minutes.

A Blind Man's Camp Life

I remained in that camp four months with one companion. A colored woman came each day to cook and keep house for us. I could see the sky or rather its blueness. I could see no clouds. I could not see the water. The treetops showed only as black bulks against the blue. Standing within ten feet of my tent, which was as big as many a house, I could see something white, but it had no shape. I had to feel for the entrance. I could make my way along the sand trail to the cross-roads store partly by feeling the ruts with my feet, partly by watching the tree tops as I used to do when paddling my canoe of a dark night.

Often I strayed off the road and lost myself among the trees. Then I just had to push round until I came right again or shout for help when I heard a team passing. I was never bashful about telling my troubles to the atmosphere. When I came to the store a quarter of a mile from my camp I could not see even its color, because that was neutral, but I could hear the rattle of scales or the sound of voices. If there was no noise I stood still and shouted. After making purchases the storeman would lead me out, point me in the right direction, and I would trudge back to where I thought the camp ought to be. Then I shouted and somebody would respond, after which I felt my way through the trees to where the voice came from. I hear that a compass has been invented which will ring a buzzer whenever

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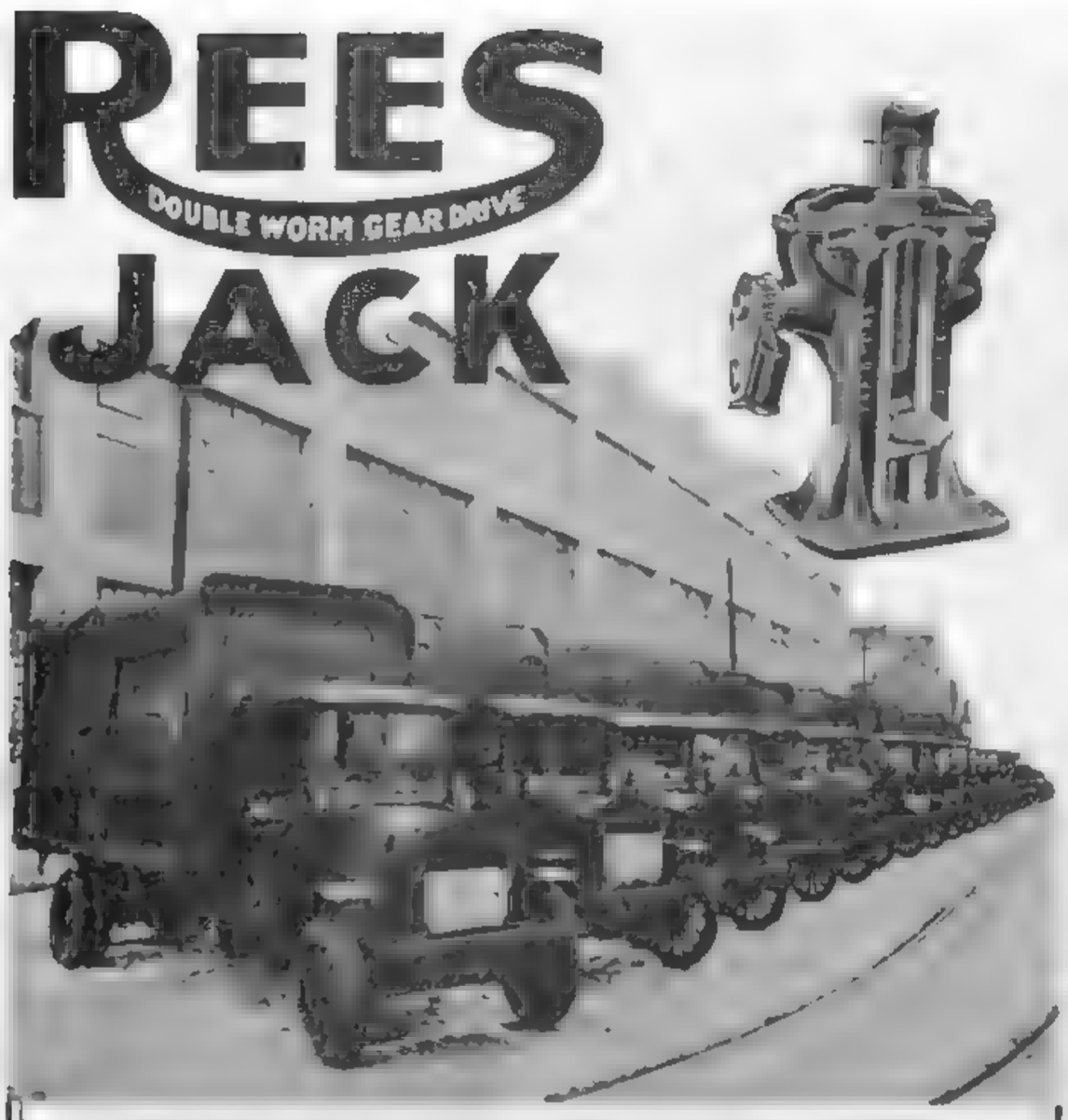

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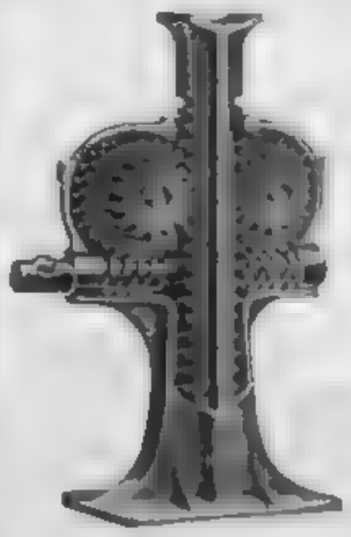

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the owner's feet deviate from the straight line of march. It would have been a grand little companion for me.

I did a little of everything round that camp. I made occasional tea and toast, fixed recalcitrant oil stoves, sawed and split some wood, drove in tent pegs, and was entirely responsible for the hundred or so ropes which held the tents up. My dishwashing was considered a marvel. These duties were performed entirely by sense of touch. My glimmer of sight was quite useless for practical work of any kind. The sense of touch—feeling, as people call it—is really a marvelous thing. There are hundreds of cases in which fingers are better than eyes. In this same dishwashing I could feel particles of dirt which few eyes could see. I could almost guess the age of a man by holding his hand and passing my hand over his face. I can tell one fabric from another the moment I touch it. It would be hard to place any object in my hand without my instantly knowing what it was. Sighted people are often astonished at these things, and one of their favorite questions is "How did you learn it?" The answer is: "I never learned it. It was there." The knowledge that I use now began to creep into my brain while I was still in swaddling clothes. It has been creeping in all through my life. It will creep on until I die. Every impression that a man receives is registered in that wonderful brain of his like music on a phonographic record—the scent of roses or mignonette, the touch of iron or sandstone, the sound of breaking glass or running water. Often the record is a bad one and of small value, but if it is cut deep enough it will last a lifetime. Bandage the eyes of a sighted man, a woman and a child. Give the first a plug of tobacco and a bit of soap, the second a bit of silk and a bit of wool, the third a marble and a wooden bead. How much time will they need to distinguish each? Not one second. When you come to think of it, it seems wonderful how few things there are for which we actually need eyes. Two weeks after I became blind I could wash, shave, dress and eat just as quickly and handily as I was ever able to do, except for the cutting up of meat and the occasional dropping of scraps, and this even was as much carelessness as inability. Not long ago I called with a companion at the house of a mutual friend.

Remembered Brain Records

While we were waiting in the drawing-room my companion picked up an object from the chimney piece and exclaimed: "I wonder what in the world this is. I can't make it out at all." He handed it to me.

"That's half a coconut shell," I replied. "It was polished by Jack while he was in Florida."

Now my eyes had never beheld this object, for it was cut and polished a year after I lost my sight; but several months previous I had held it in my hand for half a minute, and now I remembered the touch in an instant. Moreover, when this article was first placed in my hands I instantly recognized it as a polished coconut shell, though I had never touched one before. I knew it by the shape and weight, because several times in my life I have held half shells in my hands and they made a good brain record.

There is nothing remarkable in all this. It is perfectly natural and commonplace. But it always surprises sighted people who have been so occupied with looking at things that they scarcely realize they possess a sense of touch or think of it merely as a clever means of saving them from burning their fingers. As yet I am but an inexperienced blind man. Those of long habit do things infinitely more remarkable. As men grow older in blindness the senses of touch, taste, smell and hearing often become miraculously acute. I know a man who while walking along a business street can tell a shoe store by the smell of leather, a butcher shop by the scent of blood or a grocery by the odor of spices or dried fish. He says, also, that he can detect a dry-goods store or even a bookstore by the faint odors which emanate from its merchandise.

I know all kinds of blind people who can do all kinds of astonishing things and do them well. I know one blind woman who employs a blind cook, and finds her perfectly satisfactory. I know numbers of blind women who do all their own housework. I know blind stenographers who take dictation in raised signs at the rate of one hundred and twenty words a minute, and transcribe it themselves. I know blind girls who take dictation from a dictating machine and transcribe it as rapidly and accurately as other typists do. I know a blind man who assembles hand trucks in a large factory, and who does more work in a day than any sighted man in his department. I know of another who assembles electric compensator switches, which are very complicate in construction. They are about as big as a typewriter and weigh one hundred and ten pounds.

I could fill pages with accounts of blind people who use the sense of touch combined with a clever brain to do good work and often surpass the sighted shopmates beside them.

I remained in my Florida camp four months, and I enjoyed it. I could not see the grass or the foliage or the clouds, but I could make pictures in my mind almost as good as the realities, and there were the sounds of the air and the water and trees to make them true. Often I made imaginary trips in my canoe through wild water ways that I remembered well or through canals and lakelets crowded with pleasure craft. In my mind I could see every turn of the winding way, every bridge and inlet, the trees that stood conspicuous among their fellows, even the faces of the people in the passing craft.

Learning Braille

I had curious optical delusions, especially in the evening hours. Sometimes it seemed as though I were walking on an endless carpet of red-tan color with little green shrubs growing in a pattern. Sometimes the roof and walls of my big white tent seemed to be covered with playing cards, the red-and-white backs turned out and lying at every conceivable angle. When I had looked at this for a moment myriads of brilliant green flies would appear flying madly between me and the cards. On one or two nights I was rather startled by a row of perfectly formed faces, ear to ear, stretching across the tent about eight feet from where I lay. They were terra-cotta faces with jet-black hair, and the character of each face was totally different from its neighbor, and very strongly marked. There were pirates with fierce beards and earrings, mustachioed brigands, soldiers, turbaned Turks, Moorish dancing girls, Malay sailors. Nearly all the faces were of Oriental type, and there was something wicked and sinister in all. After seeing this display once I went into the city and saw an oculist. I wanted to know if I was getting a new form of delirium tremens induced by the Florida water or if, perchance, it was the beginning of insanity.

"No," said the doctor. "Nothing at all. Doesn't mean anything that I know of. You fellows with bad eyes are always seeing things. It isn't a symptom of anything. Forget it."

Only a few days ago, while this article was still incomplete, I met a blind man who told me that such visions had come to him for seven years after his loss of sight. He specialized in statuary—Greek goddesses in Parian marble, Moorish soldiers in colors, and Arab sheiks in bronze. These figures were so real that he often put out his hand to touch them and was disappointed when he felt nothing. Sometimes he saw pictures conventionally framed—sometimes water, trees or mountains, sometimes house interiors magnificently furnished. For the six months last past no visions had come to him and he was sorry to lose them.

So I went back to camp, and when my pirates came to stare I returned their stare indifferently and hied them back to limbo. After a while they ceased to come. The green flies flew no more, but occasionally I still see my tan carpet with its green shrubbery.

I now plunged deeper into the task which is the hope or the despair of every new-blind adult—the wonderful system of raised printing invented by the blind son of a French saddler, Louis Braille, of memory blessed by thousands to whom it has brought happiness, and cursed by other thousands to whom it has brought nothing but the bitterness of failure. A newly blinded soldier running his hand over one of its pages exploded disgustedly, "Aw, it feels just like a sheet of sandpaper." There are many to whom it never feels like anything else.

When Louis Braille was a little lad he amused himself by punching holes in scraps

(Concluded on Page 92)

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(Concluded from Page 90

of leather with his father's awl. One day the awl slipped and put out his eye. Afterward he became totally blind. But he thought a great deal of the marks his awl left in the leather, and at last he got the idea of punching the awl only part way through so that it left a little lump on the other side instead of a hole. Then he arranged those lumps into groups, and each group stood for a letter or syllable. One of the Braille characters is made with six dots. You can get a model of it by taking six tiniest glass beads and arranging them in twos making a group of three dots high and two dots wide. It stands for the syllable "for." There are about eighty other characters, representing words or syllables or punctuation marks, each being made by removing one or more beads from that little group of six. If you remove the bead from the top right corner you make the letter "x." Replace it, and remove the bead from the lower right-hand corner. That makes "q." Replace it and remove the three right-hand dots. That leaves three beads standing one above the other. That signifies "l." Take away all but the top left-hand bead, and it makes "a."

In May I shot northward again for another month among the blind men at the state institute, and then home to spend the summer months. It was a pleasant summer. I worked with my typewriter and my books. I made progress. I walked much and hard in quiet avenues with their wide lawns and spreading foliage. I could still perceive my yellows, blues and greens, with occasional flashes of pale red. It was of no real value. The objects before me were shapeless or false in outline. Sometimes—once or twice a week, perhaps, when the light fell on just the right spot with just the right strength—I caught the faint glimmer of a human face. I could not see the features, but it was a face, and it was good to see even that much. The sunlight was still with me, and at night the street lamps glaring oddly in grotesque shapes, but one could not feel quite alone with lights in view. Could I have kept even as much sight as this it would have been a grand thing, but the time was fast approaching when even this glimmer of vision was to leave me.

The Compensations of Blindness

The doctors had made promises that if certain things happened they could restore my sight. They were very long chances—one in a hundred or two in a hundred chances that required almost miracles to realize. The miracles happened, nevertheless. The long chances won, but as each dream came true an unforeseen evil rose up and shattered it. It seemed as though Fate were standing over my felled body bludgeoning me back to earth whenever I dared to raise my head. There were months in hospital, operation after operation, months of confinement to sick rooms; then, at last, blank, irrevocable blindness.

This may seem gloomy to many people—to some perhaps a bit terrible, but it isn't. The reality is not so bad as the picture, even though the picture is true. Such things are terrible in the expectation, but when one feels them and realizes them the terrors vanish. There is something in the heart and soul of man that strengthens him against misfortune, even disaster.

When Thomas Cranmer was burned at the stake in Smithfield Market he was able to hold out his right hand and watch it roasting in the hottest flame. He was able to cry out to his burning comrade: "Be of good cheer, brother, we shall to-day kindle a torch that shall never be extinguished." While the fire was actually eating him up that man was able to derive satisfaction in the thought that he was defeating his enemies, even while they were destroying him. I scarcely realized my blindness before I began to realize the satisfaction of overcoming it by learning new ways to beat my adversary and cheat him of his victory. Misfortune never crushes until its victim submits.

After all, there is much time in which men do not use their eyes, and so do not miss the use of them when they cease to see. There are, for example, the eight hours which a man should spend in bed—one-third of the entire day. When a man is asleep or dozing he is as well off as if he had all the eyes of Argus. Then there are the meal hours. A man needs no eyes to find the way to his mouth, and he soon learns to gather food with a spoon or fork. Then there are the hours he passes before the fire or in the summer gloaming thinking. One needs no eyes to think. In fact, there are twelve or fifteen hours each day during which the blind man does not miss his lost vision, when he is as well off as his sighted neighbor.

Also, it is good to remember that the loss of sight is the loss of only one sense—one-fifth of our equipment. There are four senses left. The blind man can enjoy the taste of a good dinner as much as though each of his eyes was a telescope. He can enjoy the scent of roses or the odors of the forest. He can thrill at the sound of music, or the voice of the orator, or the touch of a loved one; in fact, the blind man can enjoy music far more than can sighted people. The great orchestra with its hundred instruments plays for him alone. He has no eye to cock at the diamonds in the boxes. Inappropriate dresses or dull faces do not irk him. He does not see the struggling performers, their sawing arms, distended cheeks and goggling eyes. No man winks, no woman smiles at him to distract his thoughts. He is alone in the great theater, all his being absorbed in the tidal wave of melody. He experiences something that men with eyes can scarcely guess at.

Unlovely Things Unseen

Multiply these experiences many times and there are still more emotions which the blind man can find and feel. The loss of sight spurs him on to new discoveries in unguessed realms of sensibility. But to half the men who become blind the loss of sight means little more than the impairment of the power of getting money. What did they see with these eyes which in fancy they valued so highly? To most of them there was little but dirty streets lined with ugly houses, sitting rooms furnished with red plush, men in shabby clothing, women with repulsive hats, bad pictures, mongrel dogs, cheap novels and Sunday comics. The daily vision of these things hurts men's souls. But for the necessities of study and labor it would be almost as well that men should pluck out their eyes than that they should go on insulting their minds with the sordid pictures that illustrate their daily lives.

Of course there are pictures of real beauty and worth, but how many look at them? Or if they do look how many understand or profit? Men watch the splendid procession of the clouds as though they were coal carts in a dirty street. They watch a sunset that would make an artist gasp, and approve it as they might a bit of plaid ribbon. Lovers see the silver radiance of a summer moon and remark between kisses that it's a pretty night. To these people eyesight is chiefly useful to work with. When men lose it they do not really miss much except at the desk or the workbench, and in these days men learn to work without eyes. I am writing these very words on a typewriter which I cannot see. Before my eyes there is the semblance of a snowbank, nothing more. But beneath it is the typewriter. I can feel the keys, and my fingers are working fast. My sense of sight is gone, but the sense of touch has taken its place.

I could write books on the charm of blindness. There are so many things which bring suffering to the sighted but leave the blind unruffled, serene. The sighted man looks at his mirror and sees his face seared and ravaged by age. The blind man is always young. The sighted man watches his wife's beauty fade, and sees the lines of care and sickness growing on his children's faces. The wife of the blind man is beautiful to the end, and the sad faces of his children do not touch him. It is the sights of poverty that cut most deeply, but those sights do not cut the blind. Threadbare clothing, frazzled furniture, paintless woodwork—do not irk those whose sight is gone. Most men eat with their eyes, and a bad dinner offends their vision. The blind man, seeing nothing of greasy meat and watery vegetables, almost forgets that the flavor of these things is evil. The fine house, the splendid clothing, the handsome equipage of his neighbor are invisible to the blind, and what the eye does not see the heart does not yearn for. So the blind man is spared the pangs of envy. A gathering of blind people is the happiest gathering on earth, because jealousy does not exist there. Among the blind there is the truest equality in the world, and a tranquillity of mind such as sighted men cannot fathom.

Sometimes blind people come in for pleasures which are entirely denied to those with sight. Quite lately, while this article was still unfinished, I made my way through snowy streets to the house of a friend, an artist of Continental reputation, with whom I designed to pass the evening. I rang three times without response, then greatly disappointed turned again into the snow. I was fifty yards down the street when I heard my friend's voice shouting that I should come back. I found him in the doorway in his pyjamas.

"Been up late for seven nights," he explained. "Just thought we'd turn in. Heard your row. Didn't guess who it was till you stumbled on the steps."

While talking he dragged me in, deaf to my protests. His wife hailed me from an upper floor: "I'll be down in a minute. Glad you came," she cried.

"Don't dress," I shouted back. "I'll just imagine you in a dinner gown."

In five minutes we were seated in front of an open fire, my host in his dressing gown and my charming hostess in a bedroom wrapper, and we passed a happy jolly evening, with things to eat and drink besides. Now what married pair would or could have treated a sighted man like that?

But if I should tell all the happiness of the blind I should make the reader forget the hardships that are always present though sometimes forgotten. The handicap may be surmounted, but can never be removed. The blind man at his workbench often surpasses the sighted comrade who works beside him, but he does so for only one reason—that he is the better man. He would be his comrade's master had he sight to help him. The blind man must always take a lower place than he would be entitled to were his other powers assisted by the ally, sight. But that should not cause unhappiness. The blind must cultivate contentment, and doing his best and being contented he cannot help being happy, except, perhaps, for two things. Those are the almost savage indifference of most employers, who, having work to give, will not let the blind even try to do it; and the cold selfishness of some friends or relatives who withhold from them those kindly offices which measure all the distance between joy and misery. These are the twin curses of the blind. Strong men overcome them, but they crush the weak. This world is so full of men who dislike the weak and unfortunate, and in this respect the strongest and most successful are sometimes the deepest sinners.

The weakness of others seems to reproach them with their own strength; the failure of others reproaches them with their own success. It suggests duties that they do not want to take up, and the suggestion annoys them. They are often willing to give and do if not pressed, but when the urge of sympathy comes such men reject it almost with anger. Look at Andrew Carnegie, the very type and exemplar of strength and success. He gave three hundred and fifty million dollars to buy books for sighted readers, most of whom were able to buy their own books. Blind people cannot possibly buy the books they read, because a book that costs little more than twenty-five cents in ink print costs almost twenty-five dollars in raised print. The blind have few books. The need of more and better ones is a dire need. But when blind people asked Carnegie for books he refused to provide them. Substitute the word "work" for "books" and you find the industrial world full of Carnegies who push their employment on sighted people who do not want it and refuse it to blind men who are able to do it and have bitter need of it.

An Appeal to Employers

Each summer hundreds of blind youths leave their schools, educated, hand and head, to fight the battle of life, but to reach the fighting line is almost impossible. They trudge from factory to factory, from shop to shop, begging employment, and again and again the opportunity to work is refused. The stronger ones sometimes force their way through. The weaker drift into poorhouses or state workshops or beg on the streets. In several cities salaried officials are employed to obtain work for the blind. These have many a discouraging tale to tell of the indifference they meet among employers of labor. Not all the business and industrial world is of the Carnegie stripe. There are men of heart and of vision who give employment to blind workers, and who profit by it, because the work of blind men is good work. Perhaps you employ men, Mister Reader? If so, in which class do you stand?

When after six months of confinement I took my first walk as a complete and finished blind man I found things a bit harder. By day the glimmer of the sidewalk and by night the glare of street lamps had given me a sense of direction if nothing more, but now I was like a compassless ship on an uncharted sea. All directions—north, south, east and west—were one to me. I strayed over edges of walks, I thumped down off curbs. I took wrong turns and lost myself. Often I bumped into trees that grew too close to the walk. There was a letter box on one corner that I never could get by. I hit that box so hard and so often that I loosened the iron stanchion where it stood deep buried in the earth. Blind men whom I met told me that as time passed I would sense these obstructions as I approached them. They give back an echo too faint for common ears, but audible to the delicate hearing of the blind.

The Coming of a New Sense

There is, too, a mysterious something which warns a blind man of his danger, but which he cannot understand. Some think it is an ever so delicate pressure of the air. There is really no knowing what it is, but if, for instance, you were to take a tea tray and hold it two feet from a blind man's face he would shrink away, knowing it was there, but not knowing how he knew. I am too young in the business of blindness to avoid collisions with such objects, but I begin to feel the sense growing in me, and with time it will develop. Also, the crossing of streets was a problem, because the blind walker just naturally bears away to the left. If he was in an open space he would go round in a circle as hunters do who are lost in a forest. But in the city he merely misses the opposite walk and wanders about in midstreet until some kind pedestrian sets him right.

I had narrow escapes from walking down area stairs. Once or twice I ambled into busy thoroughfares and caused heart throbs among speeding chauffeurs, who blew their horns and cursed violently. But in all cases I came safely through. Each experience was a warning, and I took good care not to repeat it. In the beginning it required some nerve, some resolution to push forward into this world of unseen things, but it soon became familiar. I ceased to lose myself. I no longer walked into dangers. I marched with head up like a soldier where I knew the way. Where I did not know it I walked more cautiously, but I walked. In other respects I never felt the added handicap of total blindness.

It is more than two years since the surgeon's knife cut away my vision. Half that time has been spent in hospitals and sick rooms. So it may be said that I have had but one year's experience in the active life of a blind learner and worker. In that time I have learned to write more freely and accurately on a typewriter than I was ever able to do when I possessed my sight. I have learned to read with my fingers in two different system of raised type, the American Braille and the British Braille. I have learned again to play the piano so as to occupy myself and give pleasure to listeners of uncultivated taste. I can feed myself, dress myself and do the self-services which normal men perform. Time never hangs heavy on my hands, because it is fully occupied. My mind is more active and fruitful, and I enjoy my thoughts more than ever before.

And besides all this—for the second time since my sight began to fail me—I have come back. Three months after I took that first walk as a man totally blind I traveled alone to Canada, and at the international convention of blind folk acted as correspondent for six of the greatest newspapers in America. I wrote with my own hands on a disabled typewriter more than fifteen columns of matter. The newspapers used it and paid me their highest space rates. I did that work in the face of difficulties which would have seemed mountainous when I had eyes to serve me. Since that day I have had two short stories published in American monthly magazines. And here I am again, back once more, and this time back to stay.

So this is the message I have to give to the blinded soldiers of America and to the friends who advise and sustain them: Keep on working, keep on trying. Keep looking for new things to replace the old things you have lost. Never stop. Keep going, and you will win at last.

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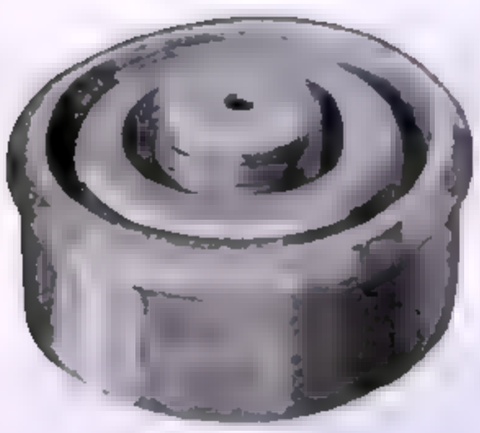

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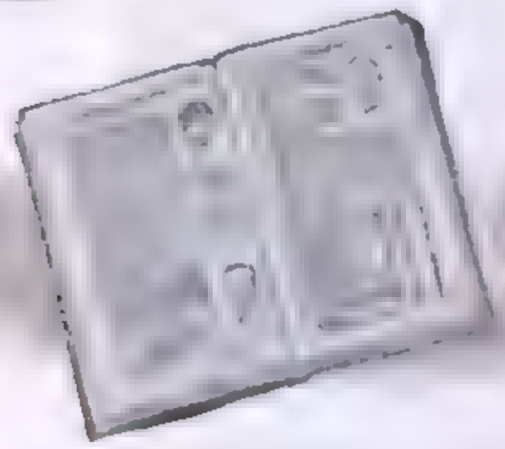

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Flowers grew luxuriously 3,000 years ago. And rain and sunshine fostered them, just as they do today.

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Their way to beauty was the use of Palm and Olive oils. We find the recipe today carved in ancient hieroglyphics. We find it in Homer's writs, in the annals of Cleopatra.

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We are dealing with external helps, and they are all-important. They cannot overcome ill-health, wrong diet, lack of exercise, loss of sleep.

But the face skin is more active than other skin. It is more exposed. And it is a vital factor in a woman's beauty. Also in a woman's youth, for skin is what grows old.

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These things are all combined in the finest way in Palmolive Soap. Every woman can employ it, as millions of women do.

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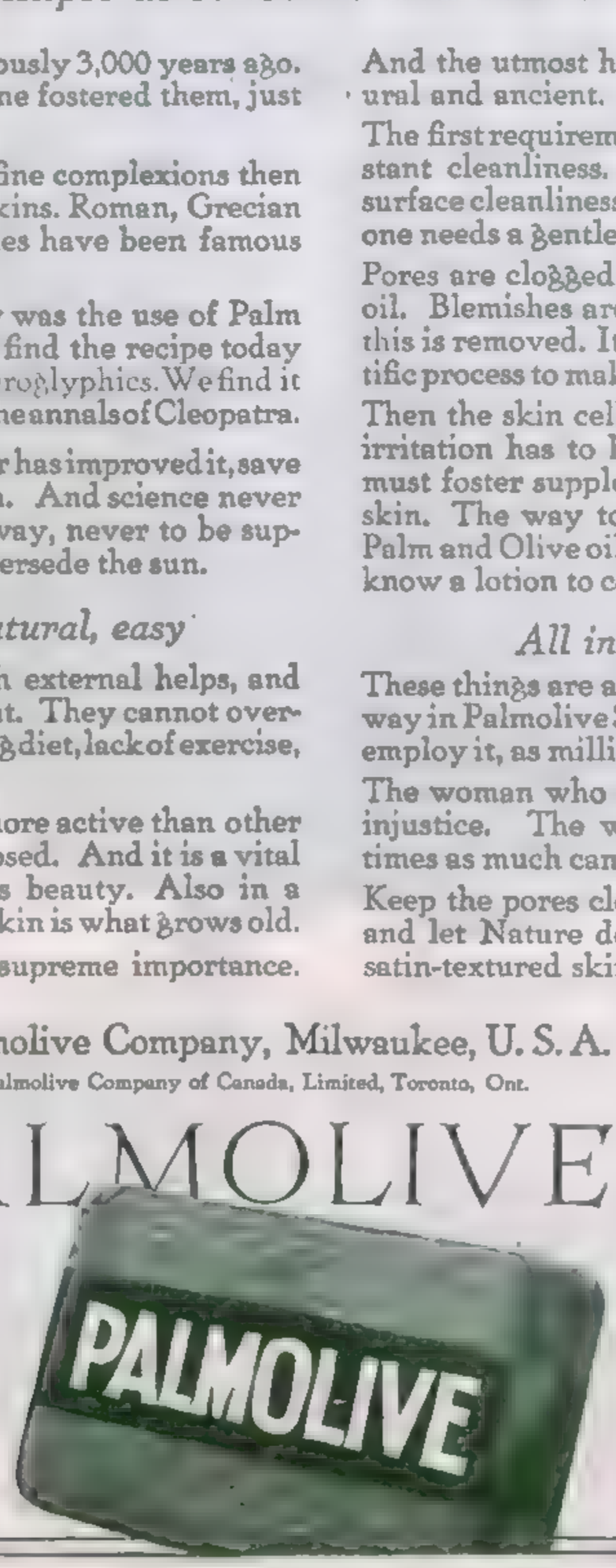

These skin oils were used in ancient Egypt and today in Palmolive. Oil of palm and oil of olive have lived 3,000 years.

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THE LITTLE MORE

(Continued from Page 13)

could not help noticing how tall and straight he was, how broad of shoulder and slim of waist, as he stood in a true man's attitude, astride before the glass.

He did not answer until the scrupulous inspection of the tie was over. And his voice was very pleasant, irritatingly so:

"What's the trouble, old girl? Any of the geniuses been complainin' about me?"

"Of course not but it's uncomfortable all the same. You were positively rude to Lady Margaret. It was painful."

"I say, Vi, isn't that puttin' it a bit strong? She's a queer bird, but if I don't object to her flyin' in, vote and all, where's the pain?"

"That's a foolish remark, George," replied Lady Violet with dignity. "Birds don't vote and the simile is rotten. And it isn't only dear Maggie. It's Ferdie and—and everybody I like, it seems to me."

"Oh, Lord," remarked Sir George, turning to his evening coat.

Lady Violet's eyelids flickered. "I wonder if you know what a killjoy you are getting to be! I actually hesitate to ask people to the house! You were beastly to Cissie van Tassel last week—but then, Americans think all Englishmen are rude, so she didn't mind. Only I suffered, George."

Sir George laughed. "You seemed to! And the phonograph and the new fox-trot steps covered your agonized shrieks. Gosh!"

There was no mistaking the parody of the last word, and Lady Violet's eyes flew wide open in a way that Sir George knew well.

"There's one thing I am going to ask you. And that is, please not to show quite so plainly that Eve Sartoris is the only one you deem worthy of your valued friendship. It makes me positively uncomfortable at times! Not that I'm in the least jealous," she added almost ostentatiously.

Sir George put on his coat and settled it into the correct lines with one shrug of his big shoulders.

"There's one thing I'm goin' to ask you, too, Vi, and that's to try and not show quite so plainly that you don't like Eve Sartoris, as you call her. What's the poor girl done, anyhow?"

Lady Violet became restive.

"Done? She doesn't do anything! But I feel she sits there sneering at us! She needn't like Ferdie's wonderful music and she needn't dance Cissie van T.'s divine jazz—who asks her to? And she needn't come to Givens quite so often if she's so superior to us all." She was speaking rapidly now. "I'm beginning to dislike that girl, George! And I've about made up my mind not to ask her down again! She's spoiled two Sundays in April already, and I don't see why my Mays and Junes should be dampened! I can't help it if she is poor and her father lost his money through your father, and your mother was her godmother! It's very sad, of course, and you must see to it that she knows the catechism and all that—or is it your mother's duty? I forget—but I don't see why my Sundays in June should be spoiled! And I don't propose to have them spoiled, what's more. I really must go and dress now."

Sir George turned a dusky red.

"One moment, Vi," he said. "Let's get this straight. I've known Eve all my life. She's fond of us both. Of course she'll come to Givens whenever she feels like it."

Lady Violet laughed a rather horrid little laugh.

"The question is, will she feel like it?" And she laid a small hand on the doorknob.

He looked at her. "If she doesn't," he answered quietly, "others won't either."

Their eyes crossed in challenge.

"Who won't?" she asked lightly.

"Well, Ferdie, for one. And perhaps Cissie van T. And last but not least"—he hesitated and then finished the sentence—"Ozzie won't."

Lady Violet's eyes grew abnormally large. "I see," she said after a little pause, in a voice of extreme concentration. "That's very interesting. I wonder how such miracles will come to pass! However, I haven't time to learn now. I must dress for dinner."

And she closed the door behind her gently.

IV

OZZIE gazed about his little sitting room with quiet satisfaction. Everything looked cozy, pretty, ready. The teakettle purred a well-bred welcome, there was a pink rose beside the second teacup, the old blue dish—Ozzie collected Victorian glass—was freshly filled with chocolate praline. Lady Violet was coming to tea, and Lady Violet loved chocolate praline. There was a big bowl of rose geranium by the open window. It made the room smell of Givens and Ozzie always had it in the big bowl when possibly procurable, for Givens smelled of Lady Violet, and Lady Violet—well, Lady Violet smelled of heaven, and that's all there was to it.

And there was just a touch of the clandestine about it all, which added to the thrill of anticipation, for no one was ever to know of the little tea parties at Ozzie's, especially Sir George.

"I'm not going to tell him," Lady Violet had announced the first time she came. "Principally because it makes my coming all the nicer, doesn't it? And also because George would fuss so. Which is ridiculous! Besides, he goes to Eve's studio. What's the difference?" And she nibbled a chocolate praline.

But this time she did not seem to notice the blue dish or the pink rose; she drank her tea without comment as to its strength or ingredients; her smile and her chat were absent-minded. There was evidently something on Lady Violet's mind.

Ozzie waited sympathetically for her to tell him about it. He showed her his latest Japanese print and he read her a translation of Verlaine that he had just done. Did I mention the fact that Ozzie translated Verlaine and Baudelaire and that Arthur Symons had once told him he liked the translations? And after the second cup of tea and the third cigarette she began so abruptly that Ozzie gave a little jump.

"I'm thinking of divorcing George," she said.

Ozzie felt sick suddenly. He was a sensitive, imaginative being and visions of evening papers and bill posters flaring at street corners rose, specterlike, before him.

Lady Violet continued a little incoherently: "He is beyond endurance. I—I went to see Sir Julius Rosenberg this morning. Let him marry her if he wants to."

"Marry—who? Who—marry?" Ozzie was vague and ungrammatical, and Lady Violet looked at him disapprovingly.

"Don't add to my worries by being dense, dear boy. That horrible Eve, of course! My cigarette's gone out."

She began to cry very softly and prettily. "I'm so miserable. I shall hate the divorce, simply detest it! Sir Julius is a horrible old man! He—he patted me on the shoulder, Ozzie. And called me 'my dear child'! I felt defiled!"

Ozzie held her hand and said nothing. Lady Violet continued more cheerfully:

"I had no idea a divorce was such a grubby thing. Sir Julius informed me I had no case. Thank God I've no case in his loathsome sense of the word!"

She lifted her head from Ozzie's shoulder. "Where's my handkerchief?" She blew her nose with a wisp of lace. Then she looked at Ozzie and smiled with great determination.

"It's a shame to spoil your nice tea party. I won't! Dear, only Ozzie! 'The smile has left its watery nest!' I'm better now. Make me some delicious fresh tea and give me a praline!"

She powdered her nose rather recklessly and put her handkerchief definitely away.

"There! Now I'll tell you all about it."

"I don't believe it, Vi," said Ozzie, and put two pieces of sugar into her teacup.

"Believe what? That George and Eve are—what that dreadful old man says they ought to be—I mean must be—before I can divorce them? Of course not! I never said they were. But I believe they're fond of each other! And that's just as bad, according to the Gospel of Saint John—or is it Luke? And according to me it's just as bad, what's more! Only—he shall marry her, Ozzie! I—I won't be hoodwinked; I won't be made a laughingstock of, before all London! He shall certainly marry her—and live abroad with her! He won't like that!" And Lady Violet laughed a hard, unnatural little laugh.

"Vi, don't make a noise like that! I'm feeling ill, my dear. Tell me why you think this horrible thing and let me help you if I can. But don't laugh about it! It's too ghastly. I—I can't bear it. You see, I'm fond of old George and I adore you."

Lady Violet's voice grew tender: "Poor Ozzie, you look positively pale. I suppose I did blurt it out rather crudely. I'm sorry. Have some tea." She sipped hers with calm relish. "It's no good being tragic about it. Besides, I'm too angry to be tragic. I don't think I ever was really angry before. A few weeks ago we had words about Eve. I told him I didn't want her at Givens quite so often—you know what a wet blanket she is! Well, I believe he's seen her every day since! She runs in and out of the house as if it were her own! I found them having tea cozily in his den yesterday! No one ever goes there but me, Ozzie—he never had tea there since I can remember. It's a horrible dark little cupboard of a room! Why tea there? And they go to picture exhibitions, and to Christie's, and to Tattersall's. God knows what the servants think! And so do I," she added grimly. "The rest of the time he seems to be at her studio! I wish they'd elope and have done with it!" She lit a cigarette.

"She's known him all her life," said Ozzie. "They're like brother and sister. You can't possibly get a divorce, thank the Lord! And of course they won't elope! What on earth do you want to get a divorce for anyway?"

Lady Violet laughed the reckless little laugh again.

"How like a man! What do I want the divorce for? I don't want it! I'll simply hate it! But I do want to punish George! I want him to marry Eve. And I want to—show up that snake in the grass! People ought to know what she is! And I want George to appreciate me when it's too late! And to miss me terribly!"

Ozzie grinned suddenly. He sat down beside Lady Violet and spoke in almost cheerful tones.

"How are you going to get it?" he asked, and took a bun from the tea table.

"I don't quite know. That's why I went to Sir Julius. They say he's so marvelous about divorces. The simple way would be for them to elope—but I suppose they won't do anything as sensible as that," she added bitterly.

"I Wish You Could Resist the Obvious, Just Once! It's Such a Bore Knowing What You're Going to Say—Always!"

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"Of course they won't elope!" declared Ozzie. "The whole thing's mad!"

"And then, there's cruelty," she continued. "Has George ever been cruel to me, do you think? Do try and remember that George has been cruel! I want you as a witness, you know. Sir Julius says I must have witnesses of his cruelty."

Ozzie almost dropped his bun.

"Me! As a witness! Against old George! I won't do it. Not even for you, Vi. Thank God I've never seen him lay a hand on you; I've never even seen a bruise or a scratch that could be dragged in! I'm no good as a witness, my dear. Count me out!" And Ozzie bit deep into his bun.

Lady Violet laughed and rose to her feet.

"Oh, well, there are different ways of being cruel. Sir Julius says there are. For instance, it's cruel of George to love Eve more than me. I'm simply lacerated by it." And she arranged her lace veil becomingly before a little painted mirror, one end drooping toward the shoulder.

"What a perfectly divine mirror!" she said. "I shall hate giving up my lacquer bed at Givens! Perhaps George will let me buy it. Nothing on earth would induce me to accept it from him, of course."

Ozzie held her hand for a minute. Then he stooped and kissed it.

"You don't really mean it, do you, Vi?" he said. "Say you don't mean it."

She looked at him with hurt, steady eyes.

"You haven't been a bit sympathetic, Ozzie lamb," she said gently. "But you'll see some day how right I was. And how brave," she added, leaning out of the taxi, and waved to him.

V

FERDIE was different. He understood. And Ferdie was all enthusiasm for the divorce.

"He never was good enough for you, Lady Violet. I'm glad you're going to be free. We'll all stand by you, of course."

Somehow she didn't feel happier when talking to Ferdie about it, in spite of his understanding. And his manner seemed to change. She felt a subtle anticipation in it, a something almost of complicity, of triumph. It irritated and puzzled her at times.

"I wonder if he thinks he's going to marry me after the divorce," she reflected. "What a ghastly idea!" And she communicated the idea to Ozzie at the first opportunity.

Ozzie grinned again.

"In the first place, you haven't got your divorce. And in the second, we'll all want to marry you. You're going to have a hell of a time, my dear."

"Don't be an ass! And he rings me up now as if he had a right to. The other day he said on the telephone—*on the telephone*—'Well, how's the divorce this morning?' I was so furious I rang off! I—I don't understand him! And wild curates couldn't make me marry him!"

"Where'd he come from?" asked Ozzie. "D'jever meet any of his people?"

"Dear, pedigreed one, no! And don't want to! Who cares who his people are? He's a genius. Isn't that enough? Think of his orchestral suite and his chromatic trio for violas! To say nothing of George's quartet. I don't suppose he'll ever finish it now—like Schubert's Unfinished Symphony—or was it Schumann's? I never can remember. But I do think he shouldn't joke about the divorce. And on the telephone too."

"How is the divorce this morning, by the way?" asked Ozzie, always hoping for better things concerning it.

Lady Violet beamed, then sighed heavily.

"As well as possible. We had bitter words over a bill this morning. I wept. Ribbons heard me sobbing. She will make an excellent witness, Ozzie. 'When Sir George left the room I found her Ladyship in tears,' she will say. 'Her condition was pitiful, my Lord, pitiful.' And I'm not sure, but I certainly got the impression that George was on the very tiptoe point of—well, it looked like kissing that viper as I came into the room yesterday! I can't quite swear to it, I'm sorry to say!"

She laughed the hard little laugh that Ozzie was getting to dread so. He shuddered at it now.

"You're worse than Lucrezia Borgia," he said.

"Don't talk Tommy nonsense!" she answered defiantly.

Their eyes met in a swift accord of misery. Neither spoke for at least one dragging, unhappy moment.

"You forget how angry I am," she said finally. And she repeated the little phrase that he remembered so often—it seemed to explain so much that was difficult to explain: "I don't think I was ever really angry before. And I'm dreadfully unhappy! Sir Julius is a horrible old man. He suggested having George followed, the other day. Brute!"

She rose and stood by the open window, and he followed her dejectedly, looking across Piccadilly with dull, unseeing eyes. Beyond the cheerfully crowded street, in full swing of London-season traffic, Green Park spread its leisurely paths, its nonchalant old trees seemed to loiter comfortably through the hot June afternoon.

"I love your view," she said.

Neither of them saw Sir George as they stood there side by side—Sir George in the street below, opposite them, waiting for a lull in the stream of carriages and taxis and rumbling busses. Neither of them saw him looking up at their window, at first carelessly, then fixed, staring, staring. Neither of them saw him turn away, walk quietly on down Piccadilly.

VI

IT MUST be confessed Sir George had never meant to let things go so far between him and Eve. He was a reticent man and he had all the Englishman's horror of baring his emotional perplexities, of talking about them. He did not actually know how it had all come about. But it had come about and with it had come a new and very sweet and comforting intimacy with little Evie. It was good to know that she was there, it was good to go to her after the rows, as he savagely called them to himself, and find her always so understanding, so wise in her silences and in her words, so—pretty. For Eve was strangely pretty these days. Sir George had never noticed it before and he wondered why.

And Evie was fond of him. She told him so frankly and fearlessly, and had ceased to add the "Vi too." Sir George was not a subtle man, but he had noticed the omission at first, noticed it and felt a little guilty about it. But even a feeling of guilt succumbs to habit and—hang it all, Vi was goin' on anyhow, and he wasn't interferin', was he?

A word about Eve: She had always loved Sir George. She had been Lady Violet's bridesmaid, held her bouquet, stood behind her long, shimmering train; orange blossoms made her feel curiously faint to this very day. And the studio had had a deteriorating effect upon her, in a way. Its four walls inclosed a miserable knowledge of which Eve was the bitter sharer, for here she had learned that she would never paint, would never be an artist; and in her studio a new and rather reckless Eve came into being, an Eve of restless flame, a lonely Eve whose philosophy was not caring a damn, a rather dangerous Eve for a man in Sir George's present mood of hurt bewilderment and angry mental discomfort.

"Is Ferdie Green a genius, Evie?" he asked her one day, apropos of nothing in particular. "What's a genius anyway?"

"Ferdie's immensely clever. I wouldn't dare to say he was a genius. That's such a big word. But he certainly is what Cissie van T. calls a bright youth."

Sir George continued soberly: "He's an awful bounder. Vi doesn't seem to mind it. I don't know anything about music of course, but don't his things sound all alike? Aren't there lots of wrong notes and—and all that sort of thing?" he ended lamely.

"Oh, some of them are right enough. And beautiful enough, I dare say. One must be just about it."

"Are they?" he asked submissively. "All right, Evie. You know, of course. He's a bounder all the same." And Sir George lapsed into a silence.

After a while he spoke again: "Ozzie's the best of 'em. I like Ozzie." Eve said nothing. He looked at her for a moment. "Don't you?" he asked.

"I—I don't know, George. Sometimes I think I do. And then again ——"

She did not finish the sentence, but Sir George felt vaguely the unspoken thought.

"You mean you think that he and Vi are seein' a lot of each other, don't you?" he said slowly. "I don't mind Ozzie, Eve. He's the best of 'em all. Ozzie's all right."

Again the silence between them.

"Are you comin' to dinner to-night?" he asked. She shook her head. "Not

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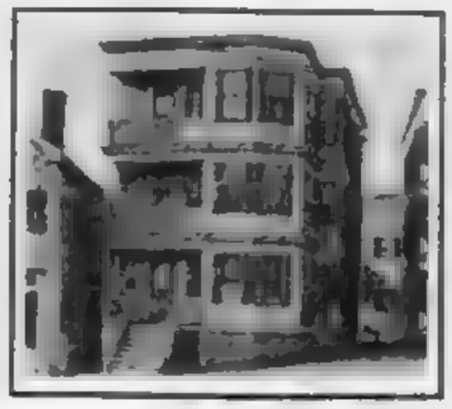
Salem has burned its last witch



Frame dwellings, old Salem—Inflammable Roofs

Fire-safe dwelling, new Salem—Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofed

NOT a hundred years ago, but in only the last decade, did Salem burn its last witch, for the witch we mean is the dangerous, inflammable roof, really more of a menace to the welfare of any community than all the broom-stick riding hags of fable or tradition.

The old witch was an imaginary menace. The roof that can take fire from the slightest spark is a real, ever present danger.

In the big fire of 1914 Salem burned up these witches, her last witches. Great as was that disaster it at least brought one benefit, it consumed the hazard by which it had been bred.

A new Salem has grown up out of the blackened stumps of her fire, a safer community, with new dwellings, industrial and business buildings of modern, fire-safe construction, including many fire-safe roofs of Johns-Manville Asbestos.

And other communities the country over have read the lesson of the Salem fire, other cities have banished their witches before burning them and substituted fire-safe roofs of Johns-Manville Asbestos.

A building covered by a Johns-Manville Asbestos roof is safe from communicated fire. It is fortified where ordinarily it is most undefended and most vulnerable—and not alone from fire but from weather and time as well.

Asbestos is a mineral born out of earth pressure and great heat, and tested for eons by the elements. Not hard to understand, then, that Asbestos when incorporated into the roofings listed below becomes a barrier against weather, time and fire.

Asbestos Roll Roofing, Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofings, Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 98)

invited," she said briefly. "Vi doesn't like me, George! Surely you must see that! I've done all I can—but I don't care for that crowd of hers and I'm afraid she rather resents it."

Eve lit her tenth cigarette. He reached toward her hand and held it close.

"What are we goin' to do about it all, Evie? I think she hates me! She told me the other day that widow's weeds would be very becomin' to her and she meant to wear 'em a long time."

"Little beast!" said Eve, adding immediately: "She didn't mean a word of it. That's Vi's way of talking when she's half angry."

"And her singin' lessons! Did you know Ferdie has discovered she's got a voice? He's teachin' her! I always told her she could sing, but she wouldn't believe me. Nowshe's takin' a lesson with that little cad every day. I found her standin' in front of a mirror doin' breathin' exercises and stickin' out her tongue at herself. And I'm asked not to interfere. I haven't a soul above huntin' and shootin', it appears."

When Sir George was bitter it was more than Eve could bear. It was more now.

"Dear George," she said. "Dear, dear old boy!"

"I do badger her, I suppose. I'm not a saint, Eve!"

"It's a mistake to badger her," she replied gently. "Why don't you have a straightforward talk with her some day, instead?"

"She hasn't time. She just walks off out of the room. I did try. It wasn't a success." And Sir George's face set in dogged lines. "I won't try it again. But I do badger her," he repeated. "I can't seem always to help it."

He was thinking of a little scene that very afternoon.

"What's that rum-lookin' thing you've got on?" he had asked as she emerged from her room, spick and span and joyous, on her way to a concert with Ferdie. "You're not goin' out like that?"

Lady Violet looked at him with a great fury gathering in her face, and mixed with the fury a hurt, half-wistful surprise.

"Why not? What's the matter with me?"

He put out his hand and touched the sleeve of her gown. The rum-lookin' thing was a Bulgarian peasant's blouse lavishly embroidered with colors, which must have been considered elated even in the far-away Bulgarian village where it first saw light. With the blouse was worn a pleated black-satin skirt, very short, and curious little—so little!—square-toed, brocade shoes, diamond buttoned and worn over the thinnest of black silk stockings.

She drew away from his touch with a loathing that stung him and was intended to. "I won't waste time by pretending not to understand you," she said in icy tones. "I should be late for the Scriabine—and lose my temper as well. It isn't good enough, really." And she sailed down the stairs.

He had a sudden un-English desire to swoop down the staircase after her, catch her by those violently embroidered, impertinently held shoulders, swear at her, shake her, kiss her wildly! And take her away from them all, from Ferdie, and the Scriabine—who the devil was that one?—from London, from everything and everybody!

And of course he had done none of these things. He went to the club, looked in at Tattersall's—and finally he had gone to Eve's for tea.

"Why don't you take her away?" Eve was asking.

"Where?" he replied wearily. "Besides, she wouldn't come."

Eve looked pale in the June dusk. "I mean really away. Something that would amuse her, excite her. Japan, Russia, Norway."

He got up from his chair. "She wouldn't come."

"Suggest it," she said again, in a funny little voice that sounded as if she had been running.

"It's no good, but I will," he answered thoughtfully.

VII

SIR GEORGE and Lady Violet met less and less; and more and more coldly. Once, late at night, her car and his taxi almost collided at their own front door.

"Whither away?" she asked lightly. "Or rather, whence cometh thou, late man?"

"I don't ask you," he replied perfectly seriously and held the door open for her.

She raised her eyebrows.

"Tut, tut!" she said still more flippantly. "Cross Georgie Porgie!" And she moved toward some letters lying on the hall table. "Why don't you if you want to? It's no guilty secret. I'm a good woman, George."

She became absorbed in a note the envelope of which bore the two underscored words "By hand." He could not help noticing that.

"I'm a good wife," she murmured absent-mindedly, deep in her letter. "I wonder if you could say the same—husband, I mean? I've been to the play and to supper with Cissie van T. and some perfectly delectable Californians. They seemed to be rolling, dear things. Such pearls!"

"If you aren't too tired I wish you'd talk to me a little while before you turn in. There is something rather important I want to say to you. Will you?"

She looked at him warily. "Of course—if it won't keep till to-morrow, that is."

He shook his head. "I'd rather say it to-night, Vi. I leave the house rather early to-morrow mornin'." And he led the way to his den.

"I warn you, if you scold me I'll remember how late it is and go straight to bed," she remarked, and put her feet up on the big red velvet sofa comfortably.

"I'm goin' to Japan," he remarked.

Something funny happened to her heart, but her face never changed in expression.

"What for?" she asked.

"Want a change," he answered.

"You'll get it, won't you?" she said sweetly. "Isn't the season all wrong or something?"

"Doesn't matter. I'll get what I'm goin' for." And he filled a glass with some whisky and soda. "Have some?" he asked.

She made a little gesture of refusal. "And—what are you going for, George?"

"I'm goin'—to get out of—all this!" There was something in his voice that hurt infinitely.

"All this. That means—me, doesn't it?"

He looked at her steadily. "It means the ridiculous life you lead, yes! It doesn't mean you. I want you to come with me."

She dropped some cigarette ash onto her bare neck and sat up with a little shiver of pain, to shake it off.

"Oh, how that hurt!" She rubbed her neck for a moment. "It's gone out," she said, examining her cigarette end.

Now Sir George was in a highly nervous state and he had always disliked Lady Violet's smoking.

"You never could smoke," he said and lit a match for her.

She threw her cigarette across the room. "I wish you could resist the obvious, just once! It would be refreshing! It's such a bore knowing what you're going to say—always! However, I won't ask for miracles! What I would like to know is what you mean by calling the life I lead ridiculous. What's the matter with it?"

He looked big and firm-jawed as he stood beside the sofa, where she lay staring up at him like a small impertinent child. And he took the plunge, as he would have called it, unflinchingly.

"What's the matter with it? Everything's the matter with it! It's rotten. I want to get out of it and to take you out of it! Will you come?"

She readjusted a little curl at the nape of her neck.

"You have an engaging way of asking me to go with you, I must confess. It's almost as exciting as being proposed to!" She grew very pink and then pale. "What does it all mean, George? And how dare you call my life rotten! My perfectly pleasant, happy life with all the dear people who love me! How dare you! And what is back of this glorious idea of Japan—in the middle of the London season too! I'd like to know!"

She rose from the sofa with as much dignity as is possible when one lies deep among cushions, legs tucked up under a tight much-draperied skirt, heels catching at hidden laces.

"What does Eve say about it? I suppose she's coming too?"

"Why should Eve come?" he answered a little dully. "She—she thinks it's a splendid idea. She ——"

But Lady Violet heard no more.

"I thought so! Upon my word this is beyond human endurance! To stand there telling me of Eve and her splendid ideas! Do you suppose I don't know about you and Eve—haven't known all these months? And you talk about my rotten life! And now this cooked-up trip to Japan! With me! George, do you two take me for an absolute—fool?"

He stared at her.

"You're mad," he said slowly. "Perfectly mad. I've known Eve all my life. She's like a sister to me. I—I forbid your speakin' of her in that tone. You can keep it for Ferdie and Cissie and the delectable Californians!"

She laughed shrilly. "That's quite a good remark," she said. "And as I don't think you'll make a better one this evening I'll leave you while the impression it's made upon me is still there."

She moved toward the door.

"One moment," he said. "There is one thing more."

She paused in the doorway without looking back. "There's nothing more, absolutely nothing!" In the far, dim background of her emotions she felt tears coming, and she feared them. She must get to her room.

"Yes, there is. There's your standin' with Ozzie at his window, for all Piccadilly to see, at five o'clock in the afternoon. I'd rather you didn't do that again, Vi."

Lady Violet flushed a glorious crimson.

"Who saw us?"

"I did," he answered shortly.

She made a swift recovery.

"How like me," she admitted. "I acknowledge it was silly." Then she laughed. "Doesn't it prove the innocence of my visit, dear little thing! What had I to conceal?" She looked at him significantly. "No one will know of your pleasant hours of *dolce far*—well, we'll say *niente*, at Eve's studio, I dare say."

"Rot!" Sir George answered.

"Hence the trip to Japan," she continued contemptuously. "I see. Eve's bright idea, did you say?"

"What would I want to go away from Eve for, if what you are insinuatin' were so?" he answered equally contemptuously. "You're—silly, Vi! And I've asked you to leave Eve out. You never liked her, for the matter of that. She's the best friend I've got. Always was. Don't let's discuss Eve, please."

Something seemed to give way in Lady Violet's brain. His whole attitude was so indifferent, his face so doggedly cold, telling her nothing, nothing! She stood there baffled, beaten—and terribly alone. She hated him!

"The sooner you go to Japan and the longer you stay, the better pleased I'll be," she said in a tone which she strove to make very matter-of-fact and comfortable. "And—I should certainly suggest your taking Eve with you. And leaving me to my rotten life."

They stood staring at each other.

"Do you mean that, Vi?" he asked finally. "Do you?"

"Yes, George, I mean it." The tears were nearer, she must hurry. They made her angry too. "Certainly I mean it! I've seen for a long time that you two were fond of each other. I—I like everybody to be happy—that's my beautiful nature! Do be happy, Georgie Porgie!"

What a good line for an exit—only she must hurry.

"Do you mean it?" he repeated hoarsely.

"Don't be dramatic! These—mistakes happen every day. It's nobody's fault. I'm not even hurt, dear. Good night!"

He listened to the quick step on the stairs, to the fading rustle of her skirts. And he stood looking down at the cushions that still bore something of her shape, for a long time.

VIII

"DO YOU think I've condoned, Ozzie? I mustn't condone, you know."

"Condone?" Ozzie looked blank.

"By suggesting his taking Eve. It was my suggestion, you know. And you've no chance in the D. C. if you condone, Sir Julius says."

"D. C.?" repeated Ozzie, still more mystified.

"Please don't keep echoing my words! It makes me jumpy. I'm perfectly clear, dear boy, if only you'd be interested! D. C.—divorce court, of course. Ought I to tell Sir Julius I suggested his taking Eve to Japan?"

Lady Violet sat languidly in his big leather chair. There were shadows under her eyes and her face looked very small beneath the waving sprays of blue paradise, and as pale as the limp petals of the rose that kept falling from her bosom into her lap. But her words were brave and sprightly, and the glass dish of chocolate praline was not being neglected.

"Ought I to tell him?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied a little sullenly. "I don't know anything about divorces, and what's more, I don't want to. Besides, George hasn't taken her to Japan. And I don't believe he will. I—I think it was extremely immoral of you to suggest it, if you must know. I'm shocked, Lucrezia. And you're driving me into an asylum, my dear!"

She looked at him tenderly. "Dear Ozzie," she said. "When it's all over we'll have such good times together! I'll be the very nicest divorcée you know, I promise you! You'll adore me. Just now I admit it's trying for us all."

Ozzie stared sulkily toward the opposite wall.

"I wish you'd come with me to Sir Julius some day," she continued. "I assure you it's perfectly extraordinary how that old ghoul cheers one up. He tells me such interesting stories. 'If this room could talk, my lady,' he begins and then the room doesn't have to! Of course he doesn't mention any names! But I guess quite a lot of them. Such fun! Like a game, you know. And when I do guess he's as pleased as Punch."

Ozzie groaned. "And you're going to be one of the interesting stories, Vi!"

She rose from the leathern depth of the chair.

"I'm not!" she said indignantly. "What's interesting about me? What have I done? I'm merely the poor betrayed wife. Nobody's interested in her—unless she marries again, for a few minutes—I mean interested not married, of course. And that I never mean to do, never! I'm sublimely sick of men."

Lady Violet powdered her nose with a tiny puff, which she drew from a minute gold apple on which was inscribed "To the fairest"—it gave Ozzie no joy at all to see her using his last Christmas gift—and picked up her gloves and bead bag.

"It's awful when I meet George nowadays," he said dejectedly. "I don't know what to say to him. I saw him in Albemarle Street yesterday and turned into a chemist's and bought some aspirin—which is very bad for me."

"Do give it to me! I love aspirin. Albemarle Street—I've no doubt! That's the shortest way to Eve's studio."

"I'm glad of it!" replied Ozzie sullenly, "and you shan't have the aspirin."

Lady Violet laughed. "Ozzie, I adore you! But I mustn't be late for my singing lesson. Ferdie's too marvelous. Fancy, I sang a high C last Thursday!" She smiled brilliantly at him. "Would you like to hear it? Shall I sing it to you? A beloved, little, birdlike high C?"

"I couldn't bear it, Vi. I'd cry if you sang a high C at me just now. My nerves wouldn't stand it. Some other day I'd be delighted," he added politely.

"Right-O, Ozziekins. I'm not in the least offended. You shall hear it after all this fuss is over and one can enjoy simple pleasures again. I quite understand. Bless you." And Lady Violet patted him on top of his head. "You've done me no end of good. And I can't think why—for you've been far from sympathetic."

"Good-by, Lucrezia," said Ozzie.

IX

"WILL you come, Eve?" Sir George had told her of his plans to leave England, of his talk with Lady Violet the night before; and Eve had listened without saying a word.

She did not speak now. Sir George got up and crossed over to where she sat. He put his hand on her shoulder and she looked up at him, still silent.

"Will you come with me?"

"No, dear George," she answered simply.

"Why not?" he asked. "Don't you—trust me?"

"Kiss me," she said.

He bent down and kissed her very gently.

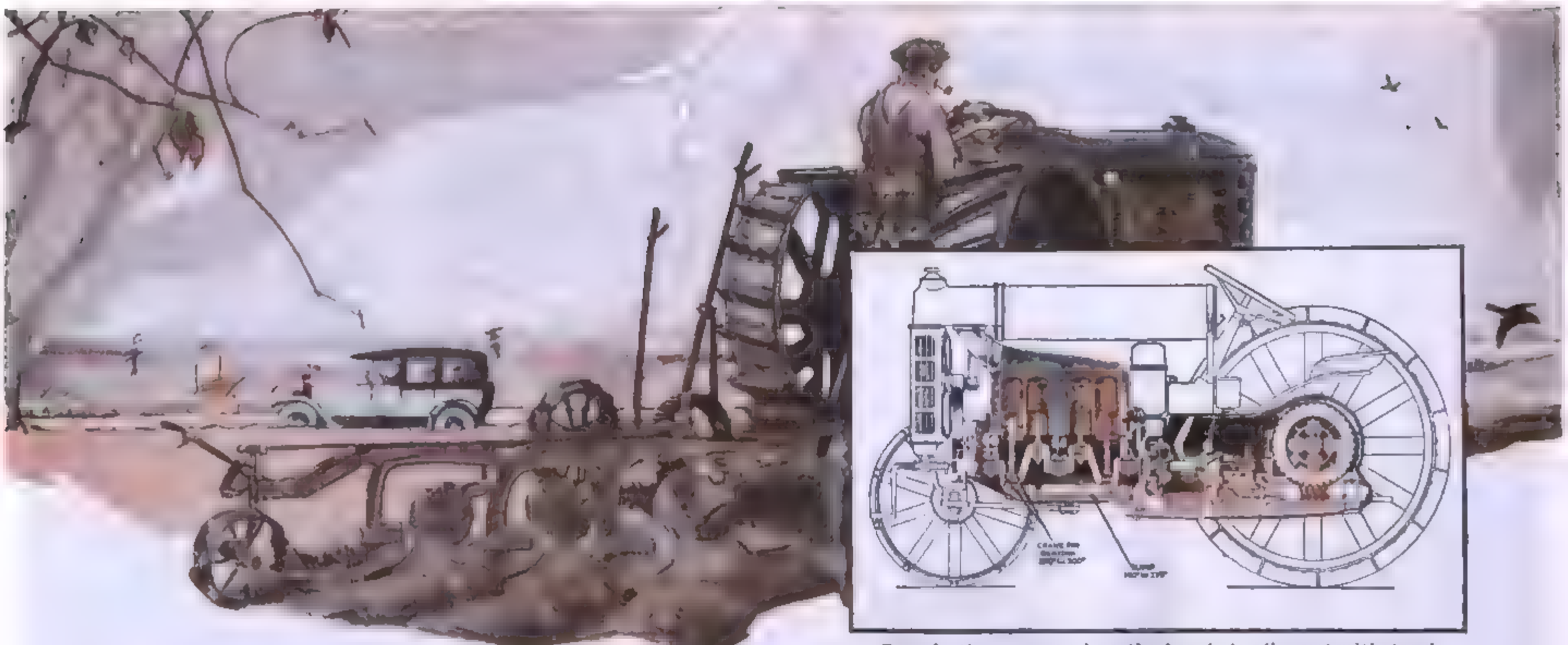
She looked at him with strange wide eyes. "That's why," she said.

"I don't understand," he answered. "I don't understand you, Evie. Tell me, won't you?"

She shook her head without speaking, and he said again: "Please tell me what you mean, dear."

Suddenly she rose and threw herself into his arms. Her lips were on his, her breast

(Continued on Page 104)



Even in the sump and on the bearings oil must withstand high temperature. (Cross-section Fordson Tractor)

Engine troubles—90% preventable

Burned out bearings, overheating, lack of power are caused by failure to lubricate properly

ONE man has trouble with his engine.

Another does not. What is the difference?

In nine cases out of ten, engine trouble in automobiles, trucks or tractors is preventable. Practical tests over a period of months and even years, laboratory experiments, physical and chemical tests show that the internal combustion engine which is properly lubricated avoids almost all engine trouble.

It is the tremendous heat at which engines operate which makes lubrication a problem. Down in the oil sump the whole supply often attains a heat as high as 225°F. On the cylinder walls it may reach a heat of 1000°F. Ordinary oil is destroyed. Large quantities of black sediment which has *no lubricating value* are formed. Moreover, inferior oil evaporates like water in a tea kettle at these heats. The oil in the engine is contaminated by fuel until it is as thin as water. Because the tractor works at higher temperatures these evils are aggravated in its case.

In any engine using inferior oil carbon forms rapidly. Bearings burn out, the engine overheats and loses power. Serious engine trouble results almost immediately.

Solving lubrication problems

To overcome these great drawbacks in ordinary oil the engineers of the Tide Water Oil Company experimented and tested for years, to produce a lubricant that resists heat. They developed the famous Faulkner process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol.

How Veedol resists heat is clearly illustrated by the sediment test at the left. Veedol Special Heavy, the universal automobile type tractor engine oil, reduces greatly kerosene contamination in the crankcase. Tractor tests show that in most cases the use of Veedol lowers contamination by 25%.

The proper grade of Veedol for all engines not only reduces the sediment formed and prevents excessive contamination but also reduces evaporation to a minimum. For this reason it gives from 25% to 50% greater service per gallon.

Recommended for most fine tractors

Veedol Special Heavy is recommended by most Fordson dealers for use in the Fordson tractor. Many manufacturers recommend it for their machines, including: Allwork, Moline, International Harvester, Bates Steel Mule, Parrett, Case, Hart-Parr, Emerson Brantingham, Weideley Tractor engines, American, Wallis, and most prominent motor car and truck manufacturers.

Send for this book

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Every dealer has a chart which shows the correct grade of Veedol for automobile, truck or tractor. The new 100-page Veedol book on scientific lubrication will save you many dollars and help you keep your tractor, car and truck running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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THE farm truck makes money for the farmer just so long as it runs at minimum cost for repairs and layups. Geared low, the truck engine develops heat less only than that of the tractor.

Inferior oil that breaks down under heat and forms sediment is responsible for almost every difficulty with the truck engine.

Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, reduces sediment formed by 86%.

Because it resists heat Veedol reduces evaporation 25% to 50%. This means great economy per mile and per gallon as well as protection against ordinary engine troubles.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 50 hours of running

This actual photograph, taken at night, shows a portion of the Goodyear factories at Akron where [illegible]

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GOODYEAR

A Continuous Process of Betterment

THE present conspicuous goodness of Goodyear Cord Tires has origin in a type of bettering effort pursued by this Company through many years.

Out of this effort emerged such important developments as the first American tire-making machine and the standard straight-side casing of today.

Out of it, too, came the original Goodyear detachable rim, the safe and reliable piano-wire tire base, the efficient All-Weather tread.

The perfected Goodyear Cord Tire principle itself, as applied now in both passenger car and truck equipment, likewise arrived from this source.

At no other time since the beginning of this business has this continuous process of betterment attained the scope and importance surrounding it today.

At no other time has it so effectively touched, and enriched, and benefited every phase of the material and manufacture of our products as now.

Its fruits in the present Goodyear Cord Tire are an immense capacity for service and a record of tire accomplishment unique in the world.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford uncommon satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

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Old Friends and Strangers
DO you ever go back to the old home town? How many strangers and how few friends you see!
It's like looking into a present-day cigar case—full of strangers and only a few constant, loyal, genuine, friendly brands.
Cinco is the surest and oldest friend of all.
STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE
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(Continued from Page 100)

was crushed to his, her arms held him. She laid her cheek close to his cheek and they stood clinging to each other. And then she spoke.

"Oh, my dear—my dear—if you had kissed me like that—I would have gone with you!" Slowly she slipped from his arms. "Anywhere'" she added brokenly.

She stood before him, an Eve that he had never dreamed of, a new and very wonderful Eve. "I love you," she whispered. "Please go—darling, beloved best friend! Please—please go!"

He made a swift movement toward her, but she shrank from him.

"No—no! You—mustn't, George. Dear George—please ——"

He knew that she was right. He realized that there was nothing he could say to her that would not be a lie or an insult. He understood. And he went away without a word.

HE MADE his preparations to leave England methodically, very calmly. He even saw his lawyer—in case anything happened, as he explained to Lady Violet, for he had to tell her of certain details connected with some of his property and investments.

"Don't be gloomy, Georgie Porgie," she had said with an extra touch of lightness. "You're not going to die because you're going to Japan. Lots of people live through it. The dangers of Regent Street are as great as Fuji-yama. In fact, greater. I ought to make a will; I really ought," she added thoughtfully.

Eve had left London. She had gone to Scotland to visit an old aunt, and would not return until autumn, she told Lady Violet. And Lady Violet had quarreled with Ferdie.

"You will never hear the high C now," she said to Ozzie dolefully. "Let him keep it, the horror!"

He had written a song for her, it appeared, and on the first page of the manuscript was its dedication: "To my dear wife."

"And then he tried to kiss me, Ozzie! Tried hard!"

Ozzie shrieked with laughter and suddenly got perfectly furious.

"The little cad! I'll—I'll horsewhip him! I'll have him turned out of the club. I'll ——"

"You'll do absolutely nothing of the sort," replied Lady Violet with great dignity. "Besides, it's all done! I boxed his ears and tore up the song. And told him a few home truths. I left him in several pieces! And I'll never see him again. Where are the pralines?"

Ozzie saw her nearly every day now. It seemed an understood thing that she should come to tea. She did not want him to come to her.

"The house bores me," she explained. "As soon as George goes I'm going to shut it up. I—I hate it, Ozzie."

Her under lip trembled for a second and then grew very firm.

"Isn't it funny that Eve should have left London? And gone to the dreadful old Lady Dickinson—just as George is going away too. I don't understand it."

But in a few days she did. A horrible idea had come to her in her morning bath. Lady Violet always declared her brightest thoughts came to her in her bath—"especially the boiling-hot ones, baths, not thoughts." There was a hasty visit to Sir Julius Rosenberg. During the course of the day she went to his office again, and Sir Julius verified the horrible idea. Sir George had engaged a large suite on the ship—the bridal suite, Sir Julius called it. Sir George did not seem—again the significant wording of Sir Julius—did not seem to be traveling alone.

Ozzie almost screamed as he opened the door to her. She seemed to glitter with a hard radiance, she was terrible with a frozen composure; beautiful, but with the beauty of something brittle that might smash into a thousand pieces before his horrified eyes.

"Hello, Ozzie," she said in a voice that sounded like ice tinkling against glass. "Here I am again."

He followed her with a sense of dread into his little sitting room. She raised strained, too widely opened eyes to his and began pulling at her gloves. He could not bear the silence and broke it clumsily.

"What's the matter?"

She tried to speak naturally, but he could see how stiffly her lips moved.

"The matter?" She forced a little laugh to the surface of her words. "Sir Julius informs me delicately that George has taken a—bridal suite on the Teronia! Sir Julius says George does not seem to be traveling alone."

"Wha—what ——"

His voice trailed into nothingness.

"And Eve is in Scotland! For the rest of the summer." She began to speak more easily. "They're going away together! Ozzie, do you hear?" She shook him gently by the sleeve. "George has taken a bridal suite! He *doesn't seem to be traveling alone!* He's running away with Eve! He is, he is! He's going to elope with Eve Sartoris on Tuesday week at two P. M. on the good old Teronia!"

Ozzie sat down suddenly.

"You see, Ozzie! You see! Will you believe me now? Oh, I'm not surprised! I'm not in the least surprised! I—I don't give a tinker's dam what they do! I'm just leaving it all to Sir Julius. But I do think George must be mad to do such a perfectly blatant thing! As for that ——" But Ozzie had found his voice.

"Vi, for God's sake, stop this hideous business! Go to him—it isn't too late. I'll swear it isn't! And George loves you—of course he loves you—you could make him love you in two minutes—even if he didn't—and of course he does! Oh, Vi, do go to him!" raved Ozzie.

"Go to him? Make him love me in two minutes? That is a perfectly disgusting suggestion! I'm—I'm ashamed of you, Ozzie. That girl's lover?"

"He isn't her lover and you know he isn't!" Ozzie almost squeaked the words.

Lady Violet shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps he isn't—yet! But kindly explain to me the bridal suite. No, on second thought I'd much rather not know! Horrid rumors of bridal suites have reached me from—reliable sources. Spare me details, please." There was a ghastly little attempt at the old raillery. "I'm a good woman, Ozzie."

"You're a horrible woman," he replied with a sudden great calm. "What are you going to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind. Perhaps nothing at all—but that's so dreadfully dull! I—I should go mad! I'd like to do something—jolly about it! I wish you would suggest something, Ozzie dear."

Ozzie shivered.

"I couldn't think of anything horrible enough to please you. Why don't you send them a basket of fruit, Lucrezia?"

"What a wonderful idea!" She pondered over it, then shook her head. "I'm sure Sir Julius would consider that condoning. It's a lovely thought, Ozzie—grapes and peaches and perhaps figs—but it's not practical."

"Why don't you see them off?" continued Ozzie in what he flattered himself was his best satiric form.

She rose from her chair in great excitement.

"Oh, you lamb! You genius! I will! We'll get up a party and go down to Southampton to see the guilty pair off! Ozzie, I love you!" And Lady Violet threw her arms round Ozzie's neck.

"Let me go, you shameless woman! Let me go at once!" He tried to unwind her from about his collar, but she still clung.

"Who shall we ask to George's eloping party? What a pity I quarreled with Ferdie; he'd have adored it so! Cissie van T. must come of course; and let me see—one other man. Just a nice little *partie carrée*."

She released Ozzie, as she racked her brain for the possible other man.

"Count me out," he said, readjusting his tie sulkily. "I'm too busy to leave town just now. Besides, I don't want to come."

Suddenly she grew very sad; and very dignified.

"Foolish Ozzie," she said in a bereaved voice. "Dear idiotic Ozzie! Nor you, nor anyone! But I'm going! Quite, quite by myself. I want to see those two with my own eyes just once from the dock of course; I don't want to speak to them!" She stepped up to him and kissed him softly between the eyes.

"George is losing a friend as well as a wife, isn't he? I pray he'll miss us properly some day!"

He held her two hands against his heart.

"I wish you'd let me go to him, dear. Perhaps I could help—somehow," he added forlornly.

(Concluded on Page 107)

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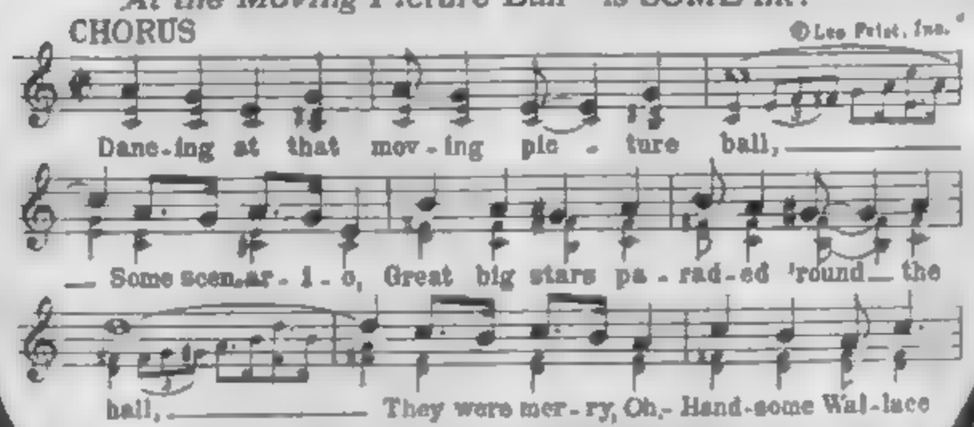
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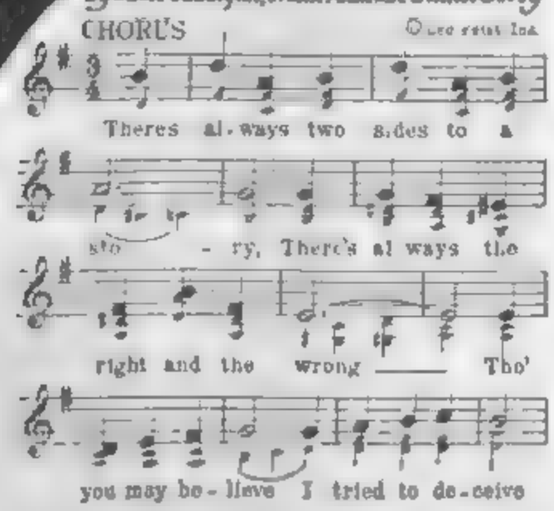

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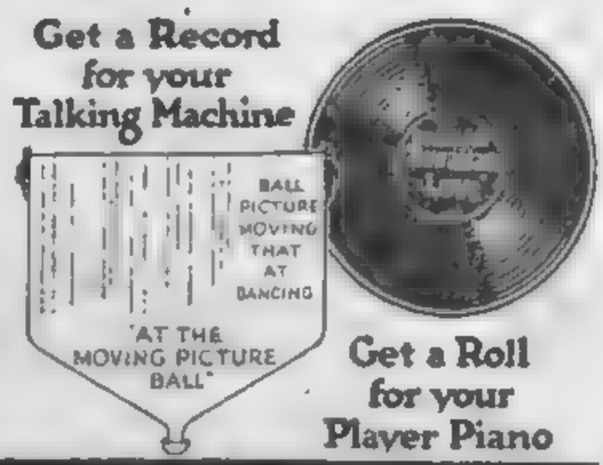

Get a Roll for your Player Piano

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(Concluded from Page 104)

"You know you can't, Ozzie," she replied. "I should die of shame if you went to him!" A sudden panic seized her. "You wouldn't do that! You wouldn't go to George now, would you, Ozzie? Tell me, promise me you won't do anything so—so ghastly!"

She grew white with the anguish of the thought.

"Don't look like that. Of course I won't do anything you don't want me to, Vi. My Lord, do you think I want to talk to George about it? I'd rather be shot! Unless it would help you, that is. But can't you go, dear? Won't you?"

She shook her head again. "Won't, Ozzie! And can't! You see, there's another woman now. It's all over between George and me."

"*Is* there another woman?" said Ozzie. "I still don't believe it!"

"You will when I come back from Southampton!"

"And not one minute before," he replied.

"Good-by, dear mule," said Lady Violet. "Precious, darling old long-eared ostrich! I'm going to my Turkish bath now. I feel positively—besmirched!"

XI

SHE was perfectly determined to see them off. Ozzie had ceased to reason with her. She was as aloof from reasoning as a coldly twinkling midwinter star—and as lovely.

She was like a child in a trance, at times; a naughty, hypnotized child whom Ozzie longed to shake, to rouse. And she was very pitiful in her lightly borne woman's wounded pride and pain—for he felt sure she was unhappy, notwithstanding all her brave foolery.

Where was Eve, she wondered? And should she, Lady Violet, see Sir George safely into the train at Waterloo, saying good-by to him there, and slip into another carriage herself at the last moment? She decided that this would be too risky a proceeding.

"It might spoil everything," she said to Ozzie; and they looked at each other miserably.

"Spoil!" he repeated after her. "What a word—spoil!"

"I think we're all mad," she went on. "And I know we're all behaving like cads! It's George's fault if I am. I'm a nice woman, really—and I was beautifully brought up! Say I'm a nice woman, Ozzie."

"You're not," he answered stolidly. "You're a Borgia. And when it's all over you'll probably be very ill and we'll all worry to death about you. And then the divorce will come on and we'll have to face that! It's like a bad dream loving you—and nobody wants to wake from you! That's the worst of it. I wish I was dead." And Ozzie took a large fine handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose with a reckless disregard of euphony.

"And I still don't believe old George is eloping with Eve," he added.

"Must I keep drawing your attention to the bridal suite?" she asked.

"Damn the bridal suite!"

"Damn it, by all means. But it's there all the same. How shall I get to Southampton, Ozzie? That's what's worrying me."

Ozzie groaned. "I don't know, Vi. And if I did I wouldn't tell you! I don't think you ought to go to Southampton."

Her eyes were as bright as a bird's.

"Oh, yes, I ought, my dear," she answered. "I feel I ought. I feel much good will come of it."

He remembered her words afterward, remembered, too, the strange little sense of prophecy he had had as she said them.

XII

BUT Fate made things easy at the last—Fate and Sir George. The truth is, Sir George couldn't stand the strain of it. Lady Violet's face seemed to grow smaller, her eyes larger those last days before his departure. She was using rouge recklessly, smoking incessantly. And she was very gay.

There was to be a farewell dinner party the night before he sailed. Lady Violet had telegraphed to Eve to be sure and come. And Eve had telegraphed in reply that she regretted infinitely not being able to do so.

"Isn't it all horrible?" Lady Violet commented to Ozzie.

Ozzie had said it was, drearily, but Sir George, who said nothing, did not attend the dinner.

"Had to see a man on business," she explained carelessly to her guests. "It's too tiresome. He asked me to tell you how sorry he was. Never mind. We'll give him a rousing send-off, all the same. Cissie, lamb, do go and make some of those dear little cocktails."

After dinner they all went to the Empire and were very noisy in three big boxes, and after that they went to the Savoy, and after that they returned to Lady Violet's, where a newly imported coon band, recommended by Cissie van T., awaited them with alluring mad rhythms. They danced wildly until past four o'clock.

"Good-by, Ozzie," she whispered as they were standing by the open street door in the June dawn—how jaded and faded and ghastly they all looked—whistling for taxis and hansoms. "George's farewell dinner has been a huge success, hasn't it? I'm—almost sorry it's over."

He longed to pick her up and comfort her like a little child—comfort her or smack her, he was undecided between the two.

"Good night, Lucrezia," was all he said, however. "Terrible one, good night. I'll be round early in the morning."

She looked at him strangely. He remembered that, too, later.

XIII

AND she was gone when he came to take her to the station. She had motored down to Southampton, Biles informed him impassively; she had left the house at six o'clock.

He stood stunned with the little note in his hand.

"I should have fidgeted to pieces in the train," she wrote. "I didn't tell you, because I really wanted to go alone, dear Ozzie. I'll see you ever so soon.

"YOUR VI.

"P. S.—My new motor coat is a dream. I hope they both catch a glimpse of me."

XIV

FEMME propose, Dieu dispose. This is the end of Lady Violet's divorce. Two telegrams to Ozzie from the Teronia, both wireless:

"Just off. George hoped I might come at the last minute. Isn't it like my George? I've been a norful fool. Wildly happy. Am going to have an aitch of a time. Not even a toothbrush. Give my love to Sir Julius. George says his too. Bless you, only Ozzie. "LUCREZIA."

"Please help wife's maid to get off to Canada soon as possible. We will wait for her there. Old friend, thanks.

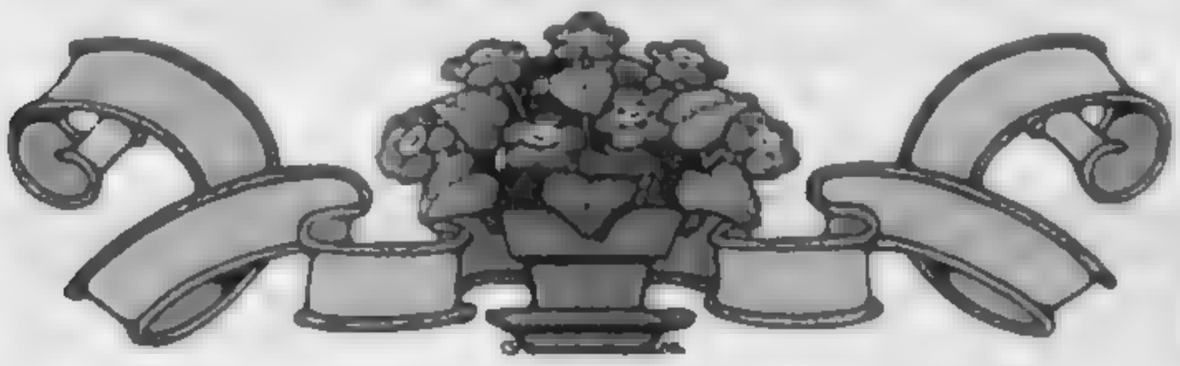
"GEORGE."

Ozzie sat in the leather chair for a long while, the two messages spread out, one on each knee in front of him. Piccadilly sounded its cheerful roar from below, the little clock on his desk mixed its busy chirp importantly with the noise of London's great street.

The rose geranium in the bowl by the window filled the room with its presence—its presence and hers.

He got up a little stiffly and put the blue-glass dish of chocolate praline away in a drawer.

"*Hic jacet* ——" he said in a slow, convinced and not unhappy voice; and locked the drawer.



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The Essex Sedan is Famous for Beauty as Well as Performance

Essex performance proofs naturally overshadow its qualities of quieter appeal.

For prior to Essex, it was held that light weight must mean some forfeit in smoothness, speed, power and endurance.

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Abundant surplus power handles the extra weight of the Sedan body with ease. It is this surplus power and strength beyond any need you will ever have for it that accounts too for Essex smoothness and ease in tasks at which many cars strain with permanent injury to their mechanism.

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(145)

by the Hudson Standard

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Every day you see Hudsons, two and three years old, which, both in performance and style, might well be judged of recent production.

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That is sufficient reason why no change has ever been made in the principle of the Super-Six motor.

It is exclusive to Hudson. You can get its advantages in no other car.

(3026)

THE MIGHTY MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

Judith had no delusions. McCurdy bellowed to me from a bench under the spreading horse-chestnut tree in the smithy yard and I crossed over the narrow roadway while he made jovial observations on my urban dress in tones that brought all the blood into my yellow skin.

"One those old mares of Sherm Potter's took a piece out my leg," he grunted, petting his bandages. "Want to look at it? No, I guess you see 'nough sore legs at your hospital. Well, how's it feel to be back home, huh? Want a job? Walt's got about all he can handle right now. You was in Patterson's. I seen you comin' out. Did that skinny old ape make any cracks at Walt? It's come to a fine show when Mort Patterson's lookin' for a millionaire to marry Judy!"

I sat beside him and asked about the boy, who was noisy inside the dull smithy and just visible, his white skin rosy from the forge when the bellows roared. A dozen horses were waiting and the yard was full of drawling farm hands. A weedy apprentice scuttled between the forge and the cooling trough, and old Sherman Cody, the county bore, whined about a broken axle:

"Oh, Walt writes when he's just got to tell me somethin'. We get along first-rate, seein' I love him a heap an' that makes it pretty easy to get what he wants to say. A mighty contented kind of feller too. Likes workin'. He don't have to. His pa left him plenty. But, Lord, this old fool Patterson gettin' high an' mighty at his age! Walt could buy his whole stock an' not feel it. An' Patterson's turned Demmycrat. Says he won't vote for McKinley if he's nominated, an' him born an' raised right in Ohio! An' havin' his stock insured! Say, Joe Henry, did you ever hear of anybody bustin' into a paint shop and stealin' a bucket of paint? I mind hearin' of a drunk tramp that broke into a undertaker's place once over in Crawford County and stole some silver plates for coffins, but what the hell could you steal in a paint store?"

"Well," I said, "I don't think Judy's awfully high and mighty about Walter."

The smith took another inch of tobacco from his slab with a vicious bite and helped it with a swallow from his usual quart bottle. His red-laced eyes rolled less savagely.

"Judy's no fool. Walt ain't asked her. Come to that, if she ain't willin' to marry the boy there'd be some sense to it. He just can't talk. Make it kind of slow round the house. I ain't a thing to say against Judy. But her pa's got me itchin' like the ringworm. What comes of playin' the organ, I guess. Always was kind of soft in the head since his wife died off. An' he's got a mortgage at the First National for five thousand dollars an' the whole town knows it an' he ain't makin' enough to feed him an' his girls sour milk on Sunday. Owes bills all over kingdom come, the —— Hey!"

A yell cut his tirade and I ducked as a horse screamed. Something had annoyed a huge roan brute from the Ross stud, and the yard seethed as his halter snapped short. I saw the stallion rearing among the loungers by the door. Sumner Ross shouted to keep back. There was a smash of hoofs on a wagon bottom, then some runner bowled me over on the cobbles and my chin struck an unkind projection. A dance of prismatic moons filled my eyes. When I sat up, expecting a hoof on my skull, Walter was astride the crazy beast, his apron flapping like a brown leather gudon and his arms tense as he held something down in the stallion's mouth. Froth covered his hands and I could not see what he used as a bit, for his mount plunged and the sun playing on the boy's convulsed shoulders fascinated my dizziness. It was like a statue come to mad living.

"Bust his jaw, Walt!" McCurdy shouted, tottering on the bench. "Go on, smash his jaw off'n him!"

The stallion settled as if he heard the threat, and his head sagged. Someone stole warily up with a headstall and Walter drew the steel bar out of the bleeding mouth. Peace entered my heart. The muscles of his brawny arms were strong as iron bands, and I had seen it proved. A committee of farmers took charge of the Ross property and Walter walked back into the shadow of the smithy.

"Now," said McCurdy, offering me the flask, "I'd call that a mighty useful kind of citizen. But Mort Patterson don't think so—the ringtail baboon! By hell, I'd like to burn his store down!"

Rumor enlivened Clarke Street. I found Judith outside the shop, her hands twisted together, so stopped to tell the story.

"Oh, I wish I'd seen it! No, I don't either. But Walter's very brave, Joe. He pulled one of the Gruber boys out of the river last winter and the ice was so thin! It kept breaking. Oh, isn't there some way you can cure dumb people, Joe?" I restrained a laugh. It was the most candid confession I have ever seen, and it touched me so that my eyes dampened.

"Look here—I'm going to see Doctor Case about it. Suppose Walter did get cured? Would you go to New York?"

"I don't know what I can do! And they won't insure the store again because it's such an old thing and —— Oh, people don't seem to want paint! And daddy doesn't like Walt, because he can't—can't ——"

Clarke Street was at noon dinner. I stood with her head on my shoulder and she wept, while I worried. Common sense assured me that it was not an extraordinary match for the pretty girl. Morton Patterson had always thought well of his state as the town authority on music and a man of good family on the local scale, which meant prosperous respectability.

He might reasonably object to Bill McCurdy as a relative. The blacksmith was a chronic scandal and a subject for reform to all new clergymen.

"If I get Judge Lowe to talk to your father ——"

"But there's the mortgage, Joe! Oh, I wish I'd never sung a note! I'm not a great soprano. I don't think even Walter thinks I can sing very well, and he —— You see," she informed me as if it must be a surprise, "Walter's in love with me." The robins chirped in the maples and the sun made her lashes glisten.

"I'd guessed that," I said, "and I don't blame him much. Would you marry him, right now?"

"I—it isn't his being dumb, Joe. But—oh, we haven't any money and daddy mortgaged the store for me. Yes, I'd marry Walter, but ——" She struggled with obedience and sobbed woefully. "Daddy's so proud of my voice and he doesn't know—and he thinks I'm beautiful. And of course I'm not. My mouth's too big and I always have freckles in summer. I wish I was dead!"

Doctor Case was a physician too lazy for ambition, but if there is waste in a profession vowed to benevolence he was wasted in Zerbetta. He would be called a psychiatrist to-day, and in 1896 his eye for nervous trouble would have made him a specialist elsewhere. He smiled angrily when I began to talk of Walter.

"Some of these days a Frenchman or a German will make a big splash in the frog pond with a book on suggestions in childhood. Take a look at the boy's larynx and tell me what you think. Of course, he could talk! He was scared dumb. It's a prolonged temporary paralysis—if that's anything. He simply can't bring himself to talk, and I suppose his fool of a mother saved him the trouble of trying. Read Trilby? Sure, everyone has. Well, a hypnotist could make Walter talk. It's nothing but an inhibition. Gad, I wish we could give the human mind a pill! He's no more dumb than you are! I wish you could transfer the thing to Judy Patterson! If I have to hear that squall again anyone that wants the best practice in this town can darned well have it!"

"You will if you go to Mrs. Reid's party Thursday," said the judge. "Judy'll sing there, of course. But look here, Case—you say the boy can talk. Well, he must be wanting to mighty bad. Why doesn't he?"

Doctor Case rubbed his bald spot and we argued. His point was that a lax fiber of the boy's will was at fault.

"You've heard of the Christian Science cures where some bedridden person who hasn't set foot to ground for years gets up and prances down the street? Well, that's faith operating on will. Now, back when this happened to Walter if there'd been some sensible man round who could have forced the kid to talk—hypnotism or faith or any old way—it would have been all right. But he tells me his mother gave him a slate and let him write. He's lost the habit of talking. There's a center somewhere in his brain that forbids him to try even. I think if some—some crisis came up when he had to talk or be shot, he could. But all he has to do is to sit and make eyes at Judy, and it doesn't call for words. That's the trouble with being handsome. If I ever wanted to make love to a girl—well, I'd have to be mighty eloquent. But you go take a look at his larynx, Joe."

I borrowed the mirror and instruments I needed and walked down to the smithy after dinner that night. Judy was practicing to her father's accompaniment on a word piano. She sang the Gounod setting of the serenade in Mary Tudor, and her trills were causing sorrow in Zogbaum's saloon opposite the paint shop. Fred Orn, the drunken mason, was audibly threatening to have someone lynched, and a knot of men on Zogbaum's threshold stared up wearily at the lighted windows.

"A feller can't get any rest any more," said Orn, "and I got a cat can sing better'n that. Honest, Joe, there'd oughta be some way of ampytatin' a voice like that!"

Bill McCurdy was entertaining in the smithy by the glare of several lanterns slung to the black rafters. His friends, canine, female and male, were all affected by the April weather and had taken to song, about the beer keg. It was a wonderful racket. But Walter did not appear and McCurdy told me the boy was in bed upstairs.

"Seein' he's tamed one hoss and put shoes on about fifty an' mended ten wagons, he's likely to be asleep. What you luggin' all that junk for?"

"I want to have a look at his larynx," I explained.

"Larynx? He ain't got any that I know of. What kind of sickness is that? Say, I went over to Patterson's an' told him I'd pay his mortgage an' all if he'd let Judy marry the boy. Say, that little fishin' worm's got more spirit'n I thought. He heaved a oil can at me. Look at my nose, will you?"

It seemed more inflamed than usual. I climbed the ladder to the second floor of the bachelor dwelling and found Walter asleep in a makeshift bed, looking like a gigantic cherub in a tattered nightshirt with his arms locked under his head. A shadeless lamp gave his hair the proper halo and he must be tired, I thought, if the gayety below permitted slumber. But curiosity and an honest wish to help kept me from crawling downstairs, and I stood admiring him while the party about the keg chanted a profane arrangement of There is a Happy Land. Perhaps it broke through his grave dream, for he frowned and his head rolled on the pillow vexedly. Then as I smiled his lips moved, and suddenly he spoke in a soft hoarse mutter.

"Oh, shut up!" said the dumb man.

It was quite distinct, though his throat swelled in the effort, and my blood stopped for an instant. Then I leaned down and shook him wide awake.

"Go on!" I begged. "Go on talking! Don't you know you were talking?"

(Concluded on Page 114)

The Final Trill Shook Me to a Matter of Profane Syllables, and Columbus Sims Broke Into Wild Laughter

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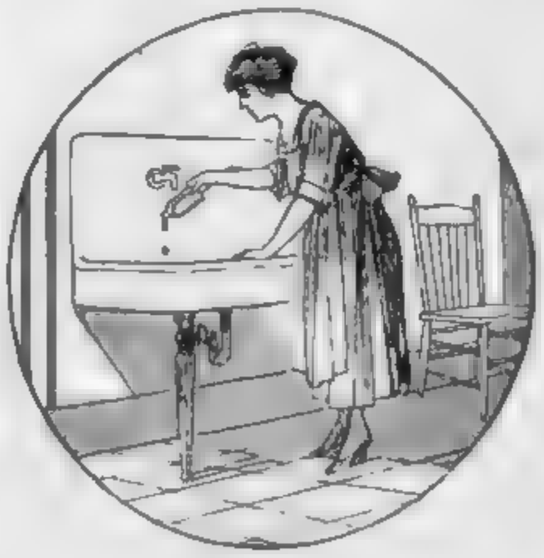

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COLORS, PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, AND WOOD PRESERVATIVES

(Concluded from Page 110)

Walter peered up at me, frightened and pale, but shook his head. He reached for his pad and wrote a denial. "I was dreaming about talking." He often dreamed of it, he wrote. In his sleep he could talk easily and could sing.

"Walter," I insisted, "you did speak. I heard you. Try it again. If you can whistle you can talk. Try."

But we wasted time. Something stopped him.

"I cannot make the cords in my throat work," his statement ran. "Have you heard about what happened to me? When I saw the fire getting up the steps to where I was I tried to yell and I could not. And I have been that way all the time ever since." He grinned and added, "Anyhow I used to stutter." The larynx was not malformed or diseased as far as I could see in the faulty light. Walter accepted a cigarette and sat doubling his arms thoughtfully. At last he made an offer. "If you can find someone to cure me I will give him all the money I have. Is there someone in New York?"

"Oh, you can cure yourself," I said, tossing my cigarette toward the fireplace and missing it, "but you'd better come back to New York with me."

He nodded, then swung out of bed and went to stamp on the cigarette spark by the hearth, where some rags of paper were ready to catch.

"I am very scared of fire," he wrote when I apologized. "It is the only thing I dream about. I mean nightmares and so on."

He dreamed of fire rising toward him, of course, and of trying to scream for help. It was a natural recurrent terror. It amused him, awake. "Lord knows this place would go up like a haystack if Bill ever upset a lamp. I never saw anybody get as drunk as he does and not see snakes. He has had three quarts of red-eye since morning."

I laughed over McCurdy's derelictions and went away. Judy had stopped tormenting Clarke Street. The shades of the paint shop were pulled down and the glass caught the moonlight. But Zogbaum's saloon was active and I halted there for a mild drink, finding gossip centered on Bill McCurdy's affray with Mort Patterson, which was not at all imaginary.

"Huh," said Peter Vanois, "I wish Patterson would get over this pipe dream about Judy makin' a fortune. She ain't likely to catch a better husband than Walt, anyhow, and Patterson owes me a good plenty. I don't know what his mortgage is, but that buildin' ain't worth thirty cents. It's likely to fall down any day." Zerbetta was largely of the opinion that Judy might as well marry Walter. She had refused other young men of more standing, it was true, though I could perfectly understand her dislike of Columbus Sims, who remained the town bully in spite of his amiable family. Some old ladies regarded Walter as not quite nice enough for the girl, which was the plain result of his lodging with Bill. I think they were maternally worried. A handsome giant who has blue eyes and yellow hair is not safe from virginal scrutiny. Peter Vanois said that he could pick out fifty wives for Walter.

"Oh, yes," said the judge, "Pete's right. A lot of girls tell me they think The Village Blacksmith is a mighty fine poem. I was down at the yard one day last summer getting a lock fixed and it was funny how many girls had driven the horse in to get new shoes—or something. Well, I hear Mort Patterson's forbidden Walt to come inside the store now. Family pride," he mused, "is a queer study, Joe. The little jackass really thinks Walt isn't good enough for Judy. It seems to me a dumb husband with money in the bank isn't a bad bargain. He couldn't talk politics at breakfast. Any danger of the children being dumb?"

"But the boy isn't dumb, sir," I exclaimed. "I heard him speak. He can if he'll try. I'm sure Doctor Case is right. A hypnotist could make him talk. I think any sudden emotion or a shock might make him talk. I'd like to see what would happen if he took hold of a live wire or sat down on a red-hot horseshoe. And his cousin says the boy's mother petted him after this fire instead of trying to get him cured. He can talk. It's not congenital."

"I hate medical words," the judge observed, preening his white beard. "Well, I'm going down to have an argument with Mort Patterson. It's a shame if he sends Judy off to break her heart trying to be a grand-opera star. She'd better twinkle here. I don't like going in the store. The turpentine gets up my nose and I'm always afraid the floor'll fall through. Charlie Reid must have been crazy to write a mortgage. Five thousand on that rattletrap!"

His argument with Patterson was not a success. I think the proud father felt that Judy's voice was not rousing Zerbetta to a frenzy of delight, and Walter was not tactful. Being forbidden the shop he spent odd half hours sitting on the step of Zogbaum's saloon and whistling all the girl's best songs in his miserable manner. Clarke Street enjoyed the comedy and people came down to see Walter, with encouragement. Patterson raged idly. Judy was frankly touched by her lover's attitude and for three days sang gently at night the simple airs her battered voice could compass, while Walter tramped up and down the roadway smoking.

It was natural that he was not asked to Mrs. Charles H. Reid's Thursday evening party. The wife of the First National Bank had an easy rule for the selection of guests. She never invited people who were not known to have evening dress suitable to the Reid magnificence, and the gathering in the West Avenue house was as starched and laced as possible. We circulated drearily under the electric lamps and drank lemonade until supper.

"This," said the judge, "is something Dante didn't know about or he'd have made a new punishment in hell for it. Still there's going to be champagne when we're fed, and everyone looks mighty well for a small town. Good looks aren't the private property of the aristocrat, Joe. Ever noticed it? Columbus Sims seems to be pretty drunk, by the way."

Columbus was not sober. Some of the young men had braced themselves to this polite ordeal, and Columbus had overdone the thing. He was laughing loudly at intervals, and Mrs. Reid seemed worried as she moved from condescension to condescension about the parlors. Sumner and Winfield Scott Ross tried to keep him quiet from time to time, but he was aggravating and champagne did not calm him down. It was excellent champagne, for Mr. Reid had traveled habits and it pleased him to display his income from the bank and the new machinery plant.

Zerbetta, as represented, grew quite gay, and on the breath of merriment someone asked Judy to sing. She was not willing, but Patterson leaped at the chance and scurried to the piano. I saw Doctor Case make a gesture of grief and several persons drifted into the hall at once, but the judge and I were pinioned in a group near the white-stone fireplace and could not fly. Judy plucked desperately at the plump sleeves of her green frock and bade her father play Robin Adair. She got through the business nicely. People nodded a genuine pleasure and applauded too much, for Patterson swung on the stool and announced she would sing the Jewel Song from Faust.

"Oh," said the judge, "a man ought to be hung for that!"

I think he wanted to interfere. I know I began to sweat for sheer pity as Judy opened her mouth. Zerbetta was not a musical center, but these moneyed farmers and lawyers knew well enough that Judy's agitated wavering was bad from the first bar to the last. Even her obsessed parent realized, I am sure, that the silent men and women were suffering, for he glanced up now and then anxiously. I saw Doctor Case wriggle behind the large black silk dignity of Mrs. Edgar Ross, and young Sumner Ross had a grin with a split white glove. The final trill shook me to a mutter of profane syllables, and just then Columbus Sims broke into wild laughter. He was always a boor. The judge started applause that covered the cruelty, too late. Patterson crouched on the stool, his face gray, and Judy shivered, bowing. Everyone stirred and the groups changed. I went off to smoke in the library, where a delegation of Rosses were telling Sims what they thought of him, on behalf of the county.

"But that may help Patterson out of his hobby," Doctor Case whispered, "and if it does there's something gained. Nasty to see, though. The girl's as brave as an Indian. There's Pete Vanois looking for you."

Judy wanted me to take her home. Her father was ranging the parlors lapping up every crumb of flattery that local kindness could spill for him, but the girl wished to escape before dancing started, without taking her younger sister away from the party.

"And I don't blame Colly Sims a bit!" she exploded as we slipped down the walk to the florid gates on West Avenue. "No. It was dreadful. I can't sing that kind of thing. I suppose Madame Eames can, but I know I'm not Madame Eames. Oh, I hope daddy won't —— Oh!"

Walter was standing in the gateway, whistling the Largo, and she went to him without a word, for comfort.

"But," she gulped when she had told her story, "I'm so glad you weren't there, Walt. You might have done something to Colly, and that would have been dreadful."

We walked slowly down into the square, where Walter took his arm away from her waist, and entered Clarke Street. Zogbaum's was gay and Bill McCurdy led the chorus of a lay about honest labor and the old village blacksmith shop. His roar blew jovially over as I unlocked the paint-shop door. A smell of oil stole into the April air.

"I'll have to leave the key in the lock for daddy and May," said Judy. "Oh, Walt, do make Mr. McCurdy apologize to daddy! This is all so silly. And you shouldn't have stayed up so late after working all day. Joe, do make him go to bed."

I promised this, and held a match while she crossed the shop floor to the stairs, which creaked under her petty weight. We went on down to the smithy and the boy found a bottle of ale in the cooling trough, so we sat on his bed and consumed it, carrying on our pieced-out talk of the disaster.

"I was on the porch," he confessed, "and I know it was pretty bad. I am going to have it out with Patterson to-morrow. I am kind of glad it happened because now he will not send her to New York, maybe. He is a fool if I know one. I have seen hens that have more sense."

"But you wouldn't mind having him for a father-in-law?" I laughed, and he shook his head, yawning, though he would not let me go.

I stayed talking and soon Bill McCurdy wabbled up the ladder. His red face rose like a sun through the trap, and he bellowed inarticulately when he saw us.

"Well, Walt—you kin get your duds fixed up f'r the weddin', son. I got it all fixed up, see? Ol' Mort'll be mighty glad to have anybody marry Jud' to-morrow."

He sat down on the floor and howled merrily. But the reason of his joy did not make itself clear. He gabbled something about the paint shop and a door, then rolled over and went to sleep, snoring directly.

"I hope he has not gone and talked to Judy," Walter wrote.

"He doesn't know she's home," I said. "He's just drunk. Better put him to bed." Walter picked his disgusting relative up and dropped him on the smith's untidy cot, still snoring. He was really fond of his only kinsman, who treated him with all the kindness possible, of course, and undressed him carefully. A box of matches fell from one of the snorer's pockets and rattled on the boards about the bed.

"What on earth does he carry matches for when he doesn't smoke?" I asked.

Walter did not know, but we could not talk against this gurgle of noise and I climbed down the ladder as the boy pulled off his shirt. The dark street was empty, as Zogbaum closed his saloon at twelve, and I noticed light behind the paint-shop shades. Evidently Patterson had come home, I thought, and walked past to the square, pondering. But at the edge of the still space a policeman stopped me.

"What's all that light in Patterson's, doctor? It looks ——"

I wheeled, staring back, and just at the moment the dim glow became sharp red. It could be nothing else than fire, we both knew at once, and we ran together, shouting, down the block. But the blaze rose faster than our feet pounded, and the matches in McCurdy's coat meant something now. I did not doubt that he had fired the shop, thinking the family away, and a yell from some window startled me to the dreadfulness of Judy's place. There was only one flight of stairs from the rooms above to the ground floor and the oils would catch at any second.

Voices rose as the street woke, but over any other sound came a hoarse shout of "Fire! Fire!" and I saw Walter racing up from the smithy, the flame bright on his breast and his teeth gleaming as he yelled. The miracle numbed me, then I rushed on and half-dressed people poured from the alleys. There was a small mob ready to drag him back from the door, where a rift of orange licked out beneath the panels. The paint shop was a furnace, dazzling and lovely to see, and the fury turned the struggling boy into a gold image. But no one could pass through the flame to the stair and he knew it. His face writhed in the effort to speak clearly. "Ladder!" he gasped. "Ladder!"

His eyes found the tilting sign above the doorway and he stood glaring up, then while the crowd edged back from the heat he stooped, his knees doubling, and shot from the sidewalk in a prodigious leap. The people screamed, but he got the top of the black-and-gilt board with one hand. His feet swung and smashed the show window so that a gush of fire swept about his trouser legs before he drew himself up to the sill above and knelt there, battering in the panes, then vanished.

"Gad, Joe!" howled Zogbaum in my ear. "That's near fifteen feet."

"Well," I said idiotically, "he had to."

They had found a ladder in some alley and we shoved it up, our hair crisping in the fierce belching from the shop. Walter walked down the rungs, with Judy wrapped in a pink quilt from her bed, held high in his arms. There began to be seen in the blinding orange explosive stars of color. The oil spattered out in flakes and the ladder dropped as the signboard caught. We were hypnotized by the beauty of the show and stood watching happily, now that the girl was safe. In fact it was only when the engines were forced through the jam that I thought of the miracle again, and then because Doctor Case took my arm.

"Is it true he yelled?"

"Of course he did," I said. "Great Scott! Where have they gone to? He hadn't any shirt on and he must be cut up. Look round!"

A dozen men were hunting Walter, and Mrs. Vanois was ambling to and fro with a cloak of some sort for Judy. Her Gallic common sense suggested the smithy at last, and we hurried there, seeing a lantern alight by the forge as we crossed the yard and pushed through the wide door. It was very peaceful, after the street, though Bill McCurdy was snoring upstairs with the noise of stormy surf. Judy, still in her pink quilt, sat on an anvil, and Walter was grinning down at her, not aware that his naked chest and arms were scratched and bleeding or that his trousers were charred to the knee. She saw us and clapped her hands. "Oh, Joe, listen! Now do it again, Walt!"

"Judy," said Walter slowly. "Judy."

We applauded, quite as though this were the feat of some imported tenor instead of a muffled croak. Judy waved for silence.

"I—can—talk," Walter stated.

"Oh, doesn't he do it well?" said Judy proudly. "It's just as plain!"

Then Mrs. Vanois had an attack of decent dismay, and took the girl away from him. The crowd surged in, some weeping, and the boy was patted on his back. Most of Zerbetta tried to congratulate him, and there was a muddle of men in soiled white waistcoats and all sorts of women who thronged the smithy, deserting the fire. Walter sat on the anvil and blushed and spoke in his queer awkward way, his eyes full of amazement, while Doctor Case and I made rough repairs on his surface. He has told me since that he did not know he was yelling until the need for a ladder arrived in his terror over Judy.

"Exactly," said Doctor Case. "He had to talk, and he talked. All of you people get out of here. He's got to go to bed."

"Now, Walter," said Judge Lowe, "Mr. Patterson's coming, and I want you to be as pleasant as you can."

Walter grinned, rubbing his jaw, but fell sober as the ruined man limped into the light. Patterson was not pleasant. Two shocks in succession had maddened him, and he did not know that Walter had saved Judy. He shook his fist and raved.

"You set fire to my place, Walter McCurdy, so's I'd have to let Judy marry you! And I don't care whether you can talk or not! It's a dirty trick! And don't you come soft-soaping round me to try ——"

"Wait a minute," the judge said sternly in his old official tone. "Wait a minute! Let the boy talk."

Walter stretched his arms, strolling off to the ladder. He was too happy to quarrel. There is, in fact, no record that he has ever quarreled with anyone except an ill-advised school-teacher who shut one of his small sons in a dark closet. However, he felt obliged to say something and turned at the ladder, thinking of a remark. I could see his throat ripple as he brought it out.

"You—talk—too—damn—much," he said, and added: "Good night, daddy."

"If you don't own a Player Piano, you are denying yourself the most wholesome enjoyment in the world"

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 25)

in respect to men." A slight flush just tinged Miss Goucher's prominent cheek bones; but duty was duty, and she persevered: "She has a bad inheritance, I think; and until she came here, Mr. Hunt, her environment was always—unfortunate. If it were not for Miss Susan I shouldn't have spoken. I should have felt it my duty to try to protect the child and —— However," added Miss Goucher, "I doubt if much can be done for Sonia. So my first duty is to Miss Susan, and to you."

Susan's quiet admiration for Miss Goucher had more or less puzzled me hitherto, but now my own opinion of Miss Goucher soared heavenward. Why, the woman was remarkable—far more so than I had remotely suspected! She had a mind above her station, respectable though her station might well be held to be.

"My dear Miss Goucher," I exclaimed, "it is perfectly evident to me that my interests are more than safe in your keeping. Do what you think best, by all means!"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hunt," said Miss Goucher, "that is what I cannot do."

"May I ask why?"

"Society would not permit me," answered Miss Goucher.

"Please explain," I gasped.

"Sonia will cause a great deal of suffering in the world," said Miss Goucher, the color on her cheek bones deepening, while she avoided my glance. "For herself—and others. In my opinion—which I am aware is not widely shared—she should be placed in a lethal chamber and painlessly removed. We are learning to swat the fly," continued Miss Goucher, "because it benefits no one and spreads many human ills. Some day we shall learn to swat—other things." Calmly she rose to take her leave. Excitedly eager I sprang up to detain her.

"Don't go, Miss Goucher! Your views are really most interesting—though, as you say, not widely accepted. Certainly not by me. Your plan of a lethal chamber for weak sisters and brothers strikes me as—well, drastic. Do sit down."

Again Miss Goucher perched primly upright on the outer edge of the chair beside my own. "I felt bound to state my views truthfully," she said, "since you asked for them. But I never intrude them upon others. I'm not a social rebel, Mr. Hunt. I lack self-confidence for that. When I differ from the received opinion I always suspect that I am quite wrong. Probably I am in this case. But I think society would agree with me that Sonia is not a fit maid for Susan."

"Beyond a shadow of doubt," I assented. "But may I ask on what grounds you suspect Sonia?"

"It is certainly your right," replied Miss Goucher; "but if you insist upon an answer I shall have to give notice."

"Then I shall not insist."

"Thank you, Mr. Hunt," said Miss Goucher, rising once more. "I appreciate this." And she walked from the room.

It was the next afternoon that Susan burst into my study without knocking—a breach of manners which she had recently learned to conquer, so the irruption surprised me. But I noted instantly that Susan's agitation had carried her far beyond all thought for trifles. Never had I seen her like this. Her whole being was vibrant with emotional stress.

"Ambo!" she cried, all but slamming the door behind her. "Sonia mustn't go! I won't let her go! You and Miss Goucher may think what you please—I won't, Ambo! It's wicked! You don't want Sonia to be like Tilly Jaretaki, do you?"

"Like Tilly Jaretski?" My astonishment was so great that I babbled the unfamiliar name merely to gain time, collect my senses.

"Yes!" urged Susan, almost leaping to my side and seizing my arm with tense fingers. "She'll be just like Tilly was, along State Street—after her baby came. Tilly wasn't a bit like Pearl, Ambo; and Sonia isn't either! But she's going to have a baby, too, Ambo, like Tilly."

With a wrench of my entire nervous system I in one agonizing second completely dislocated the prejudices of a lifetime and rose to the situation confronting me. O Hillhouse Avenue, right at both ends! How little you had prepared me for this precocious knowledge of life—knowledge that utterly degrades or most wonderfully saves—which these children, out toward the wrong end of the Birch Streets of the world, drink in almost with their mothers' milk! How far I, a grown man—a cultured, sophisticated man—must travel, Susan, even to begin to equal your simple acceptance of naked, ugly fact—sheer fact—seen, smelt, heard, tasted!

"Susan," I said gravely, "does Miss Goucher know about Sonia?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. I haven't seen her yet. When Sonia came to me, crying—I ran straight in here!"

"And how long have you known?"

"Over a week. Sonia told me all about it, Ambo. Count Dimbrovitski got her in trouble. She loved him, Ambo—her way. She doesn't any more. Sonia can't love anybody long; he can't either. That's why his wife sent Sonia off. Sonia says she knows her husband's like that, but so long as she can hush things up she doesn't care. Sonia says she has a lover herself, and Count Dim doesn't care much either. Oh, Ambo—how *stuffy* some people are! I don't mean Sonia. She's just pitiful—like Tilly. But those others—they're different—I can feel it! Oh, how Artemis must hate them, Ambo!"

Susan's tense fingers relaxed, slipping from my arm; she slid down to the floor, huddled, and leaning against the padded side of my chair buried her face in her hands.

Very quietly I rose, not to disturb her, and crossing to the interphone requested Miss Goucher's presence. My thoughts raced crazily on. In advance of Miss Goucher's coming I had dramatized my interview with her in seven different and unsatisfactory ways. When she at last entered, my temple pulses were beating and my tongue was stiff and dry. Susan, except for her shaken shoulders, had not stirred.

"Miss Goucher," I managed to begin, "shut the door, please. You see this poor child?"

Miss Goucher saw. Over her harsh positive features fell a sort of transforming veil. It seemed to me suddenly—if for that moment only—that Miss Goucher was very beautiful. "If you wouldn't mind," she suggested, "leaving her with me?"

Well, I had not in advance dramatized our meeting in this way. In all the seven scenes that had flashed through me I had stood, an unquestioned star, at the center of the stage. I had not foreseen an exit. But I most humbly and gratefully accepted one now.

Precisely what took place, what words were said in my study following my humble exit, I have never learned, either from Miss Goucher or from Susan. I know only that from that hour forth the bond between them became what sentimentalists fondly suppose the relationship between mother and daughter must always be—what, alas, it so rarely, but then so beautifully, is.

I date from that hour Miss Goucher's abandonment of her predilection for the lethal chamber; at least she never spoke of it again. And Sonia stayed with us. Her boy was born in my house, and there for three happy years was nourished and shamelessly spoiled; at the end of which time Sonia found a husband in the person of young Jack Palumbo, unquestionably the pick of all our Hillhouse Avenue chauffeurs. Their marriage caused a brief scandal in the neighborhood, but was soon accepted as an authentic and successful fact.

Chance and change are not always villains, you observe; the temperamental Sonia has grown stout and placid, and has increased the world's legitimate population by three. Nevertheless, it is the consensus of opinion that little Ivan, her first-born, is the golden arrow in her quiver—an opinion in which Jack Palumbo delightedly if rather surprisingly concurs.

And so much for Sonia. Let the curtain quietly descend. When it rises again six years will have passed; good years—and therefore unrecorded. Your scribe, Susan, is now nearing forty; and you —— Great heavens, is it possible! Can you be going on twenty? Yes, dear—you are.

XIII

IT WAS October; the year, 1913. Susan, Miss Goucher and I had just returned from Liverpool on the good ship Lusitania—there was a good ship Lusitania in those days—after a delightful summer spent in Italy and France. Susan and I entirely agree that the season for Italy is midsummer. Italy is not Italy until she has drunk deep of the sun; until a haze of whitest dust floats up from the slow hoofs of her white oxen along Umbrian or Tuscan roads. You will never get from her churches all they can give unless they have been to you as shadows of great rocks in a weary land. To step from reverberating glare to vast cool dimness—ah, that is to know at last the meaning of sanctuary!

But to step from a North River pier into a cynical taxi, solely energized by our great American principle of "Take a chance!"—to be bumped and slithered by that energizing principle across the main traffic streams of impatient New York—that is to reawaken to all the doubt and distraction, the implacable multiplicity of a scientifically disordered world!

New Haven was better; Hillhouse Avenue preserving especially—through valorous prodigies of rejection—much of its ancient, slightly disdainful, studiously inconspicuous calm.

Phil Farmer was waiting for us at the doorstep. For all his inclusive greeting, his warm welcoming smile, he looked older, did Phil, leaner somehow, more finely drawn. There was a something hungry about him—something in his eyes. But if Susan, who notices most things, noted it she did not speak of her impression to me. She almost hugged Phil as she jumped out to greet him and dragged him with her up the steps to the door.

And now if this portion of Susan's history is to be truthfully recorded certain facts may as well be set down at once, clearly, in due order, without shame:

1. Phil Farmer was by this time hopelessly in love with Susan.
2. So was Maltby Phar.
3. So was I.

It should now be possible for a modest but intelligent reader to follow the approaching pages without undue fatigue.

XIV

SUSAN never kept a diary, she tells me, but she had, like most beginning authors, the habit of scribbling things down which she never intended to keep and then could seldom bring herself to destroy. To a writer all that his pen leaves behind it seems sacred; it is, I treacherously submit, a private grief to any of us to blot a line. Such is our vanity. However inept the work which we force ourselves or are prevailed upon to destroy, the unhappy doubt always lingers: "If I had only saved it? One can't be sure? Perhaps posterity ——?"

Susan, thank God, was not and probably is not exempt from this folly. It enables

(Continued on Page 120)

"I Won't Accept You as an Onlooker. Either You'll Fight Me or Help Me—or Clear Out. Is That Plain?"

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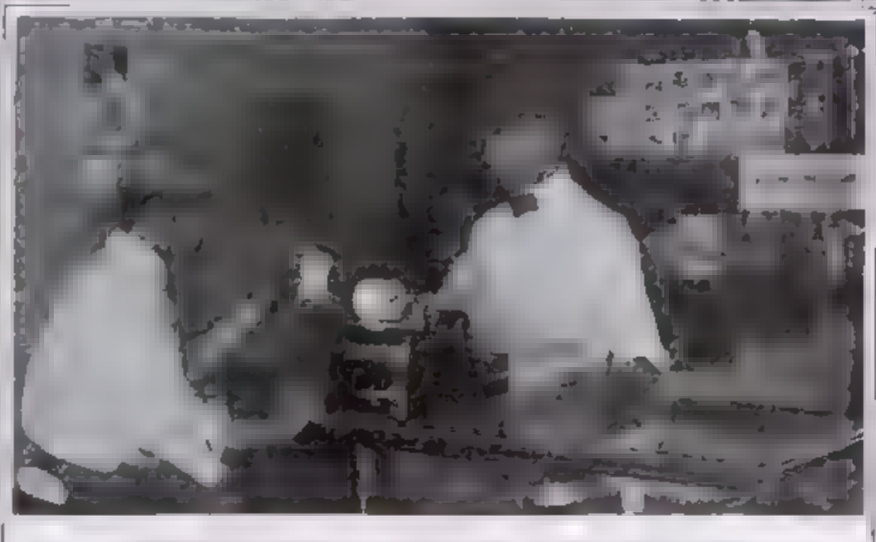

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(Continued from Page 116)

me from this time forward to present certain passages—mere scraps and jottings—from her notebooks, which she has not hesitated to turn over to me.

"I don't approve, Ambo," was her comment, "but if you will write nonsense about me I can't help it. What I can help, a little, is your writing nonsense about yourself or Phil or the rest. It's only fair to let me get a word in edgewise now and then—if only for your sake and theirs."

That is not, however, my own reason for giving you occasional peeps into these notebooks of Susan's.

"I'm beginning to wish that Shelley might have had a sense of humor. Epipsychidion is really too absurd. 'Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!' Imagine, under any condition of sanity, calling any woman that! Or 'Thou star above the storm!'—beautiful as the image is. 'Thou storm upon the star!' would make much worse poetry, but much better sense. Isn't it strange that I can't feel this about Wordsworth? He was better off without humor, for all his solemn-donkey spots—and it's better for us that he didn't have it. It's probably better for us, too, that Shelley didn't have it—but it wasn't better for him. Diddle-diddle-dumpling—what stuff all this is! Go to bed, Susan."

"There's no use pretending things are different, Susan Blake; you might as well face them and see them through, open-eyed. What does being in love mean?

"I suppose if one is really in love, head over heels, one doesn't care what it means. But I don't like pouncing, overwhelming things—things that crush and blast and scorch and blind. I don't like cyclones and earthquakes and conflagrations—at least, I've never experienced any, but I know I shouldn't like them if I did. But I don't think I'd be so terribly afraid of them—though I might. I think I'd be more—sort of—indignant—disgusted."

Editor's Note: Such English! But pungent stylist as Susan is now acknowledged to be, she is still, in the opinion of academic critics, not sufficiently attentive to formal niceties of diction. She remains too wayward, too impressionistic; in a word, too personal. I am inclined to agree, and yet—am I?

"It's all very well to stamp round declaiming that you're captain of your soul, but if an earthquake—even a tiny one—comes and shakes your house like a dice box and then scatters you and the family out of it like dice—it wouldn't sound very appropriate for your epitaph. 'I am the master of my fate' would always look silly on a tombstone. Why aren't tombstones a good test for poetry—some poetry? I've never seen anything on a tombstone that looked real—not even the names and dates.

"But does love have to be like an earthquake? If it does, then it's just a blind force, and I don't like blind forces. It's stupid to be blind oneself; but it's worse to have blind stupid things butting into one and pushing one about.

"Hang it, I don't believe love has to be stupid and blind and go thrashing through things! Ambo isn't thrashing through things—nor Phil either. But of course they wouldn't. That's exactly what I mean about love; it can be tamed, civilized. No, not civilized—just tamed. Cowed? Then it's still as wild as ever underneath? I'm afraid it is. Oh, dear!

"Phil and Ambo really are captains of their souls though, so far as things in general let them be. Things in general—what a funny name for God! But isn't God just a short solemn name for things in general? There I go again. Phil says I'm always taking God's name in vain. He thinks I lack reverence. I don't, really. What I lack is—reticence. That's different—isn't it, Ambo?"

The above extracts date back a little. The following were jotted early in November, 1913, not long after our return from overseas.

"This is growing serious, Susan Blake. Phil has asked you to marry him, and says he needs you. Ditto Maltby; only he says he wants you. Which, too obviously, he does. Poor Maltby—imagine his trying to stoop so low as matrimony, even to conquer! As for Ambo—Ambo says nothing, bless him—but I think he wants and needs you most of all. Well, Susan?"

"Jimmy's back. I saw him yesterday. He didn't know me."

"Sex is a miserable nuisance. It muddles things—interferes with honest human values. It's just Nature making fools of us for her own private ends. These are not pretty sentiments for a young girl, Susan Blake!"

"Speak up, Susan—clear the air. You are living here under false pretenses. If you can't manage to feel like Ambo's daughter—you oughtn't to stay."

XV

IT WAS perhaps when reticent Phil finally spoke to me of his love for Susan that I first fully realized my own predicament—a most unpleasant discovery; one which I determined should never interfere with Susan's peace of mind or with the possible chances of other, more eligible men. As Susan's guardian I could not for a moment countenance her receiving more than friendly attention from a man already married, and no longer young. A grim, confused hour in my study convinced me that I was an impossible, even an absurd, *parti*. This conviction brought with it pain so sharp, so nearly unendurable that I wondered in my weakness how it was to be unflinchingly borne. Yet borne it must be, and without betrayal. It did not occur to me, in my mature folly, that I was already, and had for long been, self-betrayed.

"Steady, you old fool!" whispered my familiar demon. "This isn't going to be child's play, you know. This is an hour-by-hour torture you've set out to grin and bear and live through. You'll never make the grade if you don't take cognizance in advance. The road's devilishly steep and icy, and the corners are bad. What's more, there's no end to it; the crest's never in sight. Clamp your chains on and get into low. Steady!

"But of course," whispered my familiar demon, "there's probably an easier way round. Why attempt the impossible? Think what you've done for Susan. Gratitude, my dear sir—affectionate gratitude is a long step in the right direction—if it is the right direction. I don't say it is; I merely suggest, *en passant*, that it may be. Suppose, for example, that Susan ——"

"Damn you!" I spat out, jumping from my chair. "You contemptible swine!"

Congested blood waned in my ears like a faint jeering laughter. I paced the room, ravaged—only to sink down again, exhausted, my face and hands clammy.

"What a hideous exhibition," I said, distinctly addressing a grotesque porcelain Buddha on the mantelpiece. Contrary, I believe, to my expectations he did not reply. My familiar demon forestalled him.

"If by taking a merely conventional attitude," he murmured, "you defeat the natural flowering of two lives? Who are you to decide that the voice of Nature is not also the voice of God? Supposing for the moment that God is other than a poetic expression. If her eyes didn't haunt you," continued my familiar demon, "or a certain way she has of turning her head, like a poised poppy. . . ."

As he droned on within me, the mantelpiece blurred and thinned to the blue haze of a distant Tuscan hill, and the little porcelain Buddha sat upon this hill, very far off now, and changed oddly to the semblance of a tiny huddled town. We were climbing along a white road toward that far hill, that tiny town.

"Ambo," she was saying, "that isn't East Rock—it's Monte Senario. And this isn't Birch Street—it's the Faenzan Way. How do you do it, Ambo—you wonderful magician! Just with a wave of your wand you change the world for me; you give me—all this!"

A bee droned at my ear: "Gratitude, my dear sir. Affectionate gratitude. A long step."

"Damn you!" I whimpered. But the grotesque porcelain Buddha was there again on the mantelshelf. The creases in his little fat belly disgusted me; they were loathsome. I rose. "At least," I said to him, "I can live without you!" Then I seized him and shattered him against the fireplace tiles. It was an enormous relief.

Followed a knock at my door that I answered calmly: "Who is it? Come in."

Miss Goucher never came to me without a mission; she had one now.

"Mr. Hunt," she said, "I should like to talk to you very plainly. May I? It's about Susan." I nodded. "Mr. Hunt," she

(Continued on Page 123)

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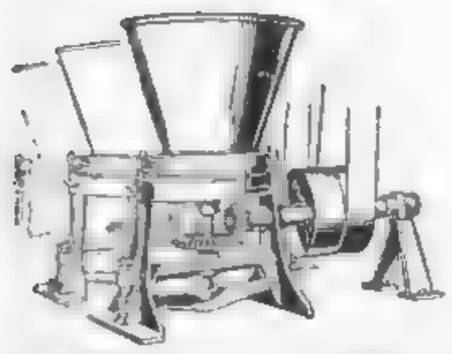

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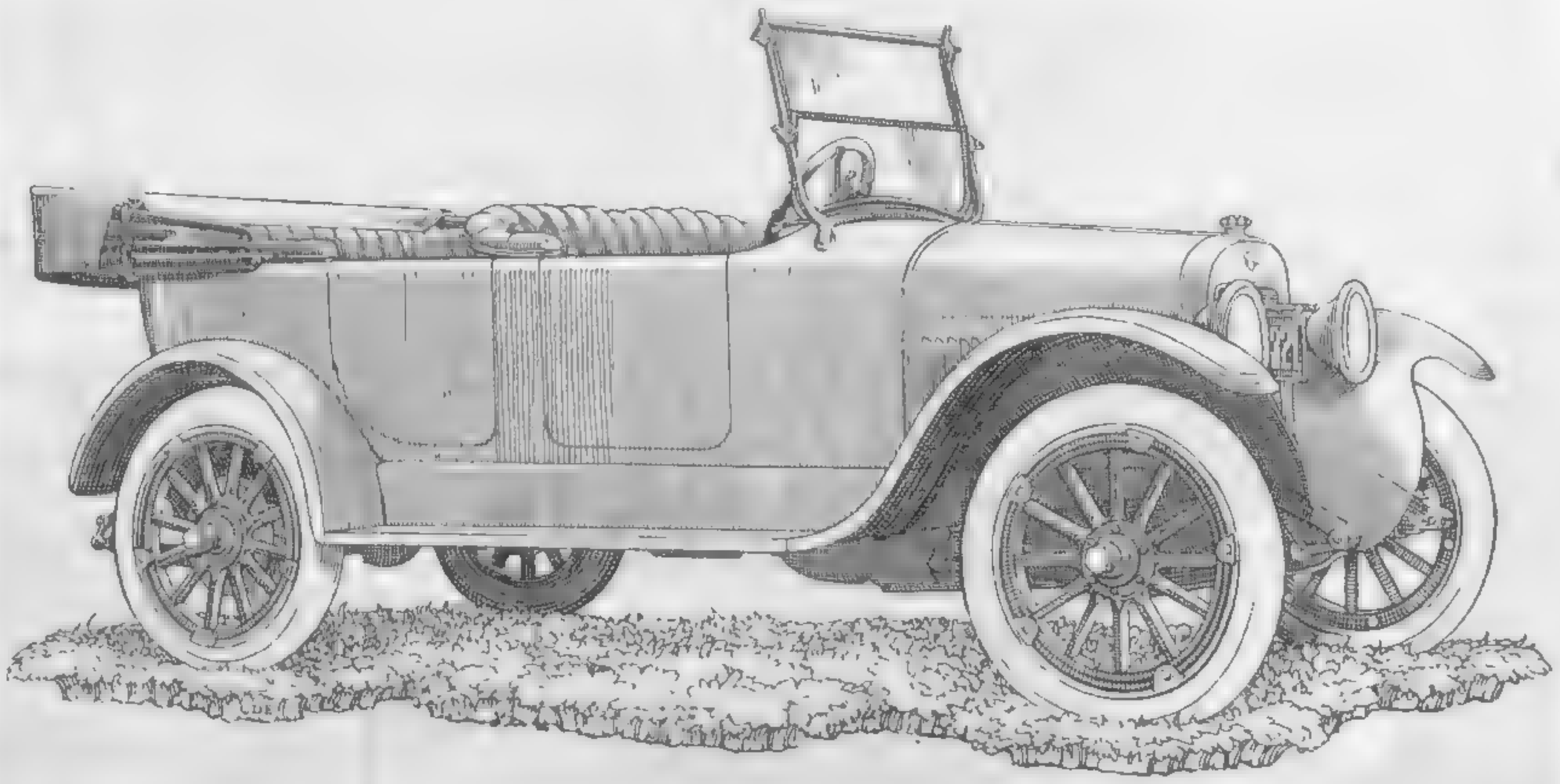

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continued resolutely, "Susan is in a very difficult position here. I don't say that she isn't entirely equal to meeting it; but I dread the nervous strain for her—if you understand."

"Not entirely, Miss Goucher; perhaps not at all."

"I was afraid of this," she responded unhappily. "But I must go on—for her sake."

Knowing well that Miss Goucher would face death smiling for Susan's sake, her repressed agitation alarmed me. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Is there anything really wrong?"

"A good deal." She paused, her lips whitening as she knit them together, lest any ill-considered word should slip from her. Miss Goucher never loosed her arrows at random; she always tried for the bull's-eye, and usually with success.

"I am speaking in strict confidence—to Susan's protector and legal guardian. Please try to fill in what I leave unsaid. It is very unfortunate for Susan's peace of mind that you should happen to be a married man."

"For *her* peace of mind!"

"Yes."

"Wait! I daren't trust myself to fill in what you leave unsaid. It's too—preposterous. Do you mean —— But you can't mean that you imagine Susan to be in love with—her grandfather?" My heart pounded, suffocating me; with fright, I think.

"No," said Miss Goucher coldly; "Susan is not in love with her grandfather. She is with you."

I could manage no response but an angry one. "That's a dangerous statement, Miss Goucher! Whether true or not—it ruins everything. You have made our life here together impossible."

"It is impossible," said Miss Goucher. "It became so last summer. I knew then it could not go on much longer."

"But I question this! I deny that Susan feels for me more than—gratitude and affection."

"Gratitude is rare," said Miss Goucher enigmatically, her eyes fixed upon the fragments of Buddha littering my hearth. "True gratitude," she added, "is a strong emotion. When it passes between a man and a woman it is like flame."

"Very interesting!" I snapped. "But hardly enough to have brought you here to me with this!"

"She feels that you need her," said Miss Goucher.

"I do," was my reply.

"Susan doesn't need *you*," said Miss Goucher. "I don't wish to be brutal; but she doesn't. In spite of this, she can easily stand alone."

"I see. And you think that would be best?"

"Naturally. Don't you?"

"I'm not so sure."

As I muttered this my eyes, too, fixed themselves on the fragments of Buddha. Would the woman never go! I hated her; it seemed to me now that I had always hated her. What was she after all but a superior kind of servant—presuming in this way! The irritation of these thoughts swung me suddenly round to wound her, if I might, with sarcasm, with implied contempt. But it is impossible to wound the air. With her customary economy of explanation Miss Goucher had left me to myself.

The evening of this already comfortless day I now recall as one of the most exasperating of my life. Maltby Phar arrived for dinner and the week-end—an exasperation foreseen; Phil came in after dinner—another; but what I did not foresee was that Lucette Arthur would bring her malicious self and her unspeakably tedious husband for a formal call. Lucette was an old friend of Gertrude's, and I always suspected that her occasional evening visits were followed by a detailed report; in fact, I rather encouraged them, and returned them promptly, hoping that they were. In my harmless way of life even Lucette's talent for snooping could find, I felt, little to feed upon, and it did not wholly displease me that Gertrude should be now and then forced to recognize this.

The coming of Susan had of course for a time provided Lucette with a wealth of interesting conjecture; she had even gone so far as to intimate that Gertrude felt I was making—the expression is entirely mine—an ass of myself, which neither surprised nor disturbed me, since Gertrude had always had a tendency to feel that my talents lay in that direction. But on the whole, up to this time—barring the Sonia incident, which had afforded her a good deal of scope, but which, after all, could not be safely misinterpreted—Lucette had found at my house pretty thin pickings for scandal; and I could only wonder at the unwearying patience with which she pursued her quest.

She arrived with poor Doctor Arthur in tow—Dr. Lyman Arthur, who professed primitive eschatology in the School of Religion: eschatology being "that branch of theology which treats of the end of the world and man's condition or state after death"—just upon the heels of Phil, who shot me a despairing glance as we rose to greet them.

But Susan, I thought, welcomed them with undisguised relief. She had been surpassing herself before the fire, chatting blithely, wittily, even a little recklessly; but there are gayer evenings conceivable than one spent in the presence of three doleful men, two of whom have proposed marriage to you, and one of whom would have done so if he were not married already. Almost anything, even open espionage and covert eschatology, was better than that.

Lucette—the name suggests Parisian vivacity, but she was really large and physically languid and very blond—scented at once, I felt, a something faintly brimstonish in the atmosphere of my model home, and forthwith prepared herself for a protracted and pleasant evening. It so happened that the Arthurs had never met Maltby, and Susan carried through the ceremony of introduction with a fine swinging rhythm which settled us as one group before the fire and for some moments at least kept the conversation animated and general.

But Eschatology brooding in the background soon put an end to this somewhat hectic social burst. The mere unnoted presence of Dr. Lyman Arthur peering nearsightedly in at the doorway on a children's party has been known, I am told, to slay youngling joy and turn little tots self-conscious, so that they could no longer be induced by agonized mothers to go to Jerusalem, or clap in clap out. His presence now gradually but surely had much the same effect. Seated at Maltby's elbow he passed into the silence and drew us, struggling but helpless, after him. For five horrible seconds nothing was heard but the impolite, ironic whispering of little flames on the hearth. Was this man's condition or state after death? Eschatology had conquered.

Susan, in duty bound as hostess, broke the spell, but it cannot be said she rose to the occasion.

"Is it a party in a parlor," she murmured wistfully to the flames, "all silent and all—damned?"

Perceiving that Lucette supposed this to be original sin I laughed much more loudly than cheerfully, exclaiming "Good old Wordsworth!" as I did so.

Then Maltby's evil genius laid hold of him.

"By the way," he snorted, "they tell me one of you academic ghouls has discovered that Wordsworth had an illegitimate daughter—whatever that means! Any truth in it?"

Doctor Arthur cleared his throat, very cautiously; and it was evident that Maltby had not helped us much. Phil, in another vein, helped us little more.

"I wonder," he asked, "if anyone reads Wordsworth now—except Susan?"

No one, not even Susan, seemed interested in this question; and the little flames chuckled quietly once more.

Something had to be done.

"Doctor," I began, turning toward Eschatology, and knowing no more than my Kazak hearth rug what I was going to say, "is it true that ——"

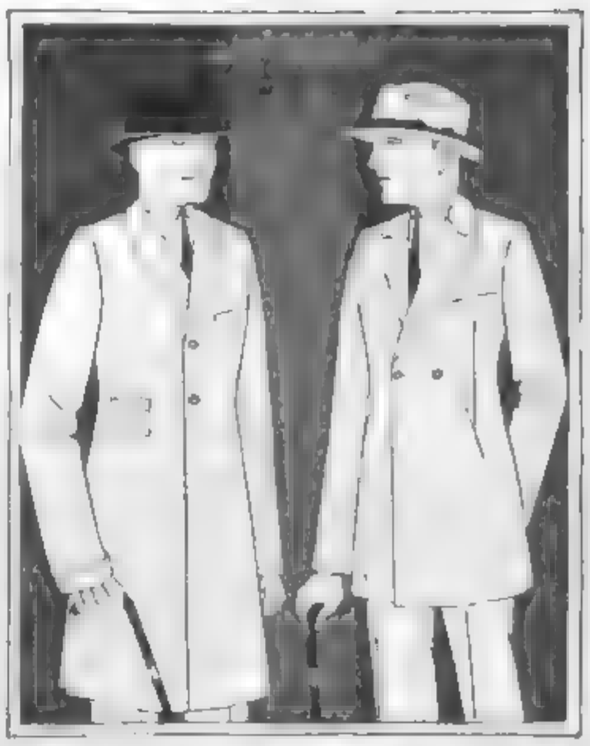
"Undoubtedly," intoned Eschatology, thereby saving me from the pit I was digging for myself. My incomplete question must have chimed with Doctor Arthur's private reflections, and he seemed to suppose some controversial matter under discussion. "Undoubtedly," he repeated. "And what is even more important is this ——"

But Lucette silenced him with a "Why is it, dear, that you always let your cigar burn down at one side? It does look so untidy." And she leaned to me. "What delightfully daring discussions you must all of you have here together! You're all so terribly intellectual, aren't you? But do

(Continued on Page 126)

Correct Styles

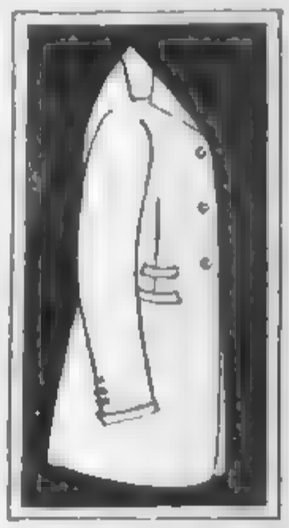
A book for young men has been prepared in New York to give style service to men everywhere. It shows and tells what well-dressed men will wear this spring and summer. A post card with your name and the name of your dealer will bring you a copy. Write for "Round About New York."



What Is Correct In Easter Clothing

I CAN report, this month, a group of most interesting style ideas that the young men of New York have accepted for Easter and after-Easter wear.

No season that I can recall has brought forth such admirable designing as the spring and summer of 1920. And for early season use good makers here have achieved several things worthy of particular comment.



The skirt of the coat should flare in profile as well as at the sides

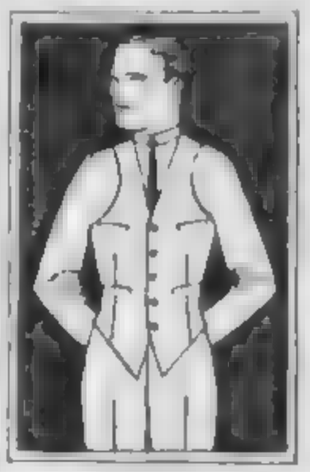
From what I have seen and heard at those fashion studios which are the birthplaces of correct attire for young men, I know that business suits will present a number of new features which, just as this is published, will be appearing at the clubs, theatres and hotels of New York.

One very pleasing thing that has been accomplished by a few of the smartest tailors is the improvement of the coat-flare. Careful attention has been given to producing the well-turned, erect appearance of the figure through the symmetrical "skirting" of the coat below the waist. In profile the coat flares backward with the same graceful swing as at the sides.

Great care also is being given to the designing and draping of the sleeve. Entire smoothness in the fit of the sleeve at the shoulder is demanded and a maker who is able to hang a sleeve without folds and wrinkles is very much in demand. The ideal sleeve in spring and summer suits as it has been forecast by discriminating wearers here gives the set-in effect at top, back and front, and falls in unbroken lines to the wrist.

I find that the square, erect type of shoulder is the right thing in all spring suits and topcoats. The coat collar is laid almost flat, permitting the use of the new low linen collars and adding to the muscular effect of shoulder line. In many of the good models a puff is permitted to show at the top of the sleeve. This clean, youthful shoulder and collar style seems to predominate in gatherings of well-dressed men everywhere.

A new feature in trousering that promotes both comfort and appearance is the method one designer has found for securing an accurate fit at the top of the trousers. This achievement makes a belt superfluous, for supporting purposes at least, and adds smoothness and grooming to the vest at the waist.



Smooth vest-fit results from an improvement in cutting the trousers

The suit for Easter and Spring wear generally is so faithfully cut as to bring out the best lines of the young man himself, and this object has been accomplished with unusually good taste in Cortley Clothes. All of the models presented under the Cortley name offer a true and pleasing interpretation of the new tendencies. Cortley Clothes seem to me to possess a manner and an excellence that is equalled only by the more acceptable products of the foremost custom tailors of America. They embody thorough correctness in young men's wear.—*H. L.*

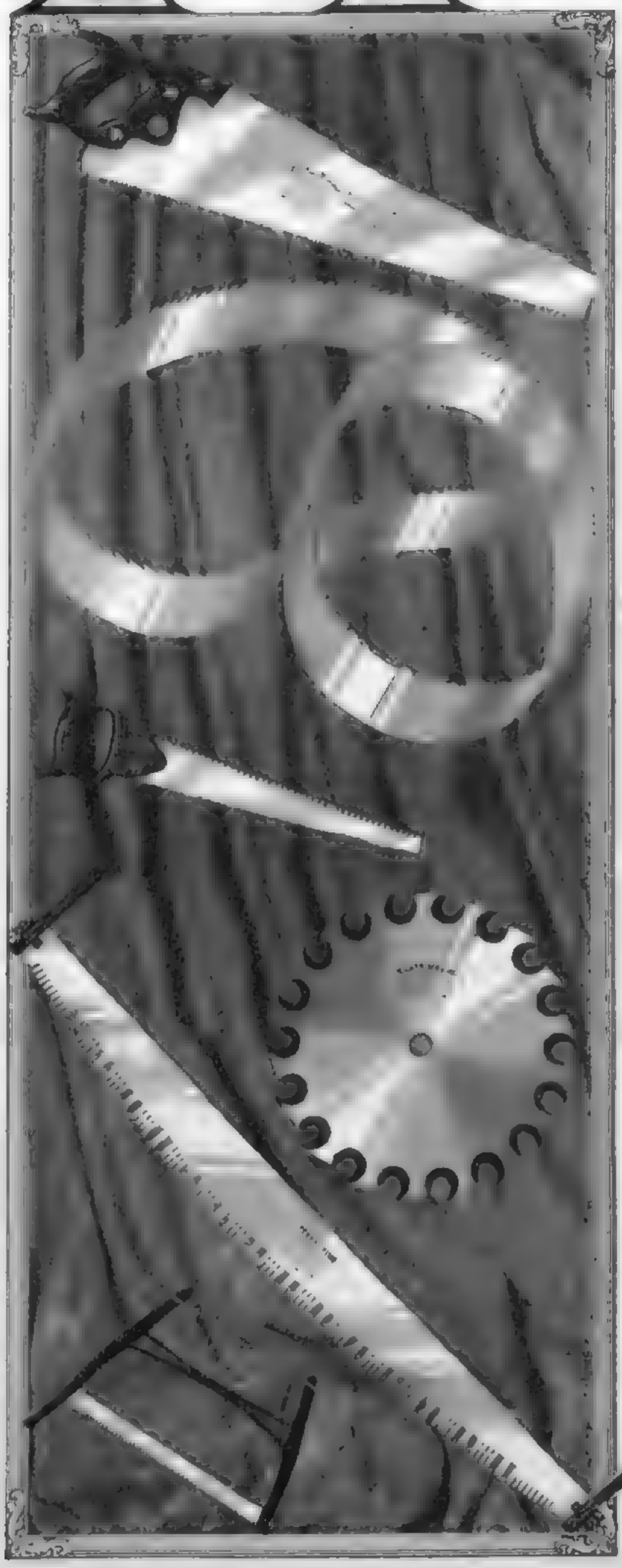
Cortley Clothes

by

COHEN & LANG

Style Authors
In the City of New York

ATKINS



For Wood

The Atkins family brought experience reaching back to the seventeenth century to the founding of this concern in Indianapolis in 1857. The Atkins name has been associated with practically every great development in saw making.

"Silver Steel" is but one of the many saw improvements Atkins has pioneered and brought into being to make sawing quicker, easier and better—to make saws last longer and give greater service.

In the U. S. Army forest regiments overseas, Atkins Saws doubled and tripled rated capacity. In the great lumber camps, in the farm woodlands, in the hands of experienced carpenters, in every wood cutting use—Atkins Saws prove Atkins quality and value.

You can get a saw guaranteed to represent the finest materials—the best design—the most painstaking making—a saw to do the best of work with the least of effort. There is an Atkins Saw for every purpose. Look on the blade for the word Atkins—"*the name back of saw value.*"

Any of these interesting booklets describing Atkins Saws will be sent you on request: "Atkins Cross Cut Saws," "Atkins Drag Saws," "Atkins Mill Saws," "Atkins Braces," "Atkins Machine Knives," "Atkins Plastering Trowels," "Atkins Pruning Saws," "The Story of Silver Steel," "Saw Sense," "The Saw on the Farm."

E. C. Atkins & Co., Inc.

(Established 1857) INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Makers of Silver Steel Saws and Tools; Automobile Clutch Discs; Meat Slicer, Belt Splitting, Cigarette and Tobacco Knives; Cabinet Scrapers and Other Steel Specialties.

Canadian Factory: HAMILTON, ONT.

Machine Knife Factory: LANCASTER, N. Y.

NEWS

or Metal

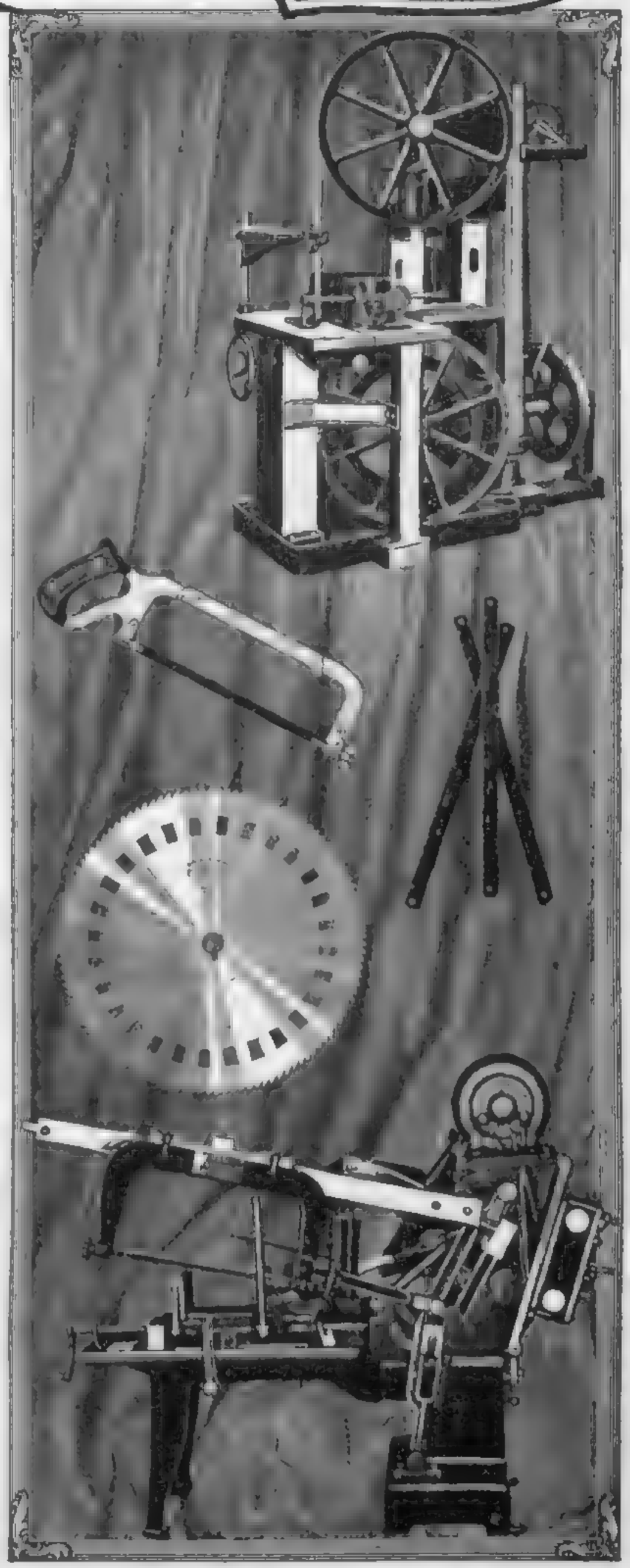
Just as Atkins led the way in bringing wood cutting saws to give better service—it now leads in the development of saws and equipment for metal cutting.

Atkins laboratories have developed new processes for tempering and toughening—found secrets of steel treatment to make metal cutting easier and quicker—to make saws last longer and give better service.

Atkins AAA "Non-Breakable" Hand and Power Hack Saw Blades do away with blade breakage. Made of selected steel—the body of the blade toughened and the cutting edge gas-and-oil tempered—they set a new standard for hack saw quality and efficiency.

Atkins Kwik-Kut machines add 26% over the efficiency of any other power hack saw machine. Atkins Band Saw Machines and Saws are the highest development of metal band sawing apparatus. Atkins circular metal cutting saws complete the Atkins line of saws for every wood and metal cutting purpose. Each one bears the Atkins name—a guarantee of absolute satisfaction—an insurance that you get the greatest service and value.

Everyone interested in metal cutting should have one or all of these books. Ask for them: "Atkins Metal Cutting Saws," "AAA Hack Saw Blades," "Kwik-Kut Metal Cutting Machines," "Metal Cutting Band Saw Machines," "Atkins Hack Saw Chart"—showing the right blade for every work and metal.



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—At Leading Jobbers, Dealers and Mill Supply Houses Everywhere.

(Continued from Page 123)

you never talk of anything but books and art and ideas? I'm sure you must," she added, fixing me with impenetrable blue eyes.

"Often," I smiled back; "even the weather has charms for us. Even food."

Her inquisitive upper lip curled and dismissed me.

"Why is it," she demanded, turning suddenly on Susan, "that I don't see you round more with the college boys? They're much more suitable to your age, you know, than Ambrose or Phil. I hope you don't frighten them off, my dear, by mentioning Wordsworth. Boys dislike bluestockings; and you're much too charming to wear them anyway. Oh, but you really are! I must take charge of you—get you out more where you belong, away from these dreadful old fogies." Lucette laughed her languid, purring, dangerous laughter. "I'm serious, Miss Blake. You mustn't let them monopolize you; they will if you're not careful. They're just selfish enough to want to keep you to themselves."

The tone was badinage; but the remark struck home and left us speechless. Lucette shifted the tiller slightly and filled her sails. "Next thing you know, Miss Blake, they'll be asking you to marry them. Individually of course—not collectively. And of course—not Ambrose! At least you're safe there," she hastily added; "aren't you?"

Maltby, I saw, was furious; bent on brutalities. Before I could check him, "Why?" he growled. "Why, Mrs. Arthur, do you assume that Susan is safe with Boz?"

"Well," she responded with a slow shrug of her shoulders, "naturally ——"

"Unnaturally!" snapped Maltby. "Unless forbidden fruit has ceased to appeal to your sex. I was not aware that it had."

Phil's eyes were signaling honest distress. Susan unexpectedly rose from her chair. Deep spots of color burned on her cheeks, but she spoke with dignity: "I have never disliked any conversation so much, Mrs. Arthur. Good night." She walked from the room. Phil jumped up without a word and hurried after her. Then we all rose.

It seemed, however, that apologies were useless. Doctor Arthur had no need for them, since he had not perceived a slight, and was only too happy to find himself released from bondage; as for Lucette, her assumed frigidity could not conceal her flaming triumph. As a social being, for the sake of the *mores*, she must resent Susan's snub; but I saw that she would not have had things happen otherwise for a string of matched pearls. At last, at last her patience had been rewarded! I could almost have written for her the report to Gertrude—with nothing explicitly stated and nothing overlooked.

Maltby, after their departure, continued truculent, and having no one else to roughhouse decided to rough-house me. The lengthening absence of Susan and Phil had much to do with his irritation, and something no doubt with mine. For men of mature years we presently developed a very pretty little gutter-snipe quarrel.

"Damn it, Boz," he summed his grievances, "it comes precisely to this: You're playing dog in the manger here. By your attitude, by every kind of sneaking suggestion you poison Susan's mind against me. Hang it, I'm not vain—but at least I'm presentable, and I've been called amusing. Other women have found me so. And to speak quite frankly, it isn't every man in my position who would offer marriage to a girl whose father ——"

"I'd stop there, Maltby, if I were you."

"My dear man, you and I are above such prejudices of course! But it's only common sense to acknowledge that they exist. Susan's the most infernally seductive accident that ever happened on this middle-class planet! But all the same, there's a family history back of her that not one man in fifty would be able to forget. My point is that with all her seduction, physical and mental, she's not in the ordinary sense marriageable. And it's the ordinary sense of such things that runs the world."

"Well ——"

"Well—there you are! I offer her far more than she could reasonably hope for; or you for her. I'm well fixed, I know everybody worth knowing; I can give her a good time, and I can help her to a career. It strikes me that if you had Susan's good at heart you'd occasionally suggest these things to her—even urge them upon her. As her guardian you must have some slight feeling of responsibility."

"None whatever."

"What!"

"None whatever—so far as Susan's deeper personal life is concerned. That is her affair, not mine."

"Then you'd be satisfied to have her throw herself away?"

"If she insisted, yes. But Susan's not likely to throw herself away."

"Oh, isn't she! Let me tell you this, Boz, once for all: You're in love with the girl yourself, and though you may not know it you've no intention of letting anyone else have a chance."

"Well," I flashed, "if you were in my shoes -would *you?*"

The vulgarity of our give and take did not escape me, but in my then state of rage I seemed powerless to escape vulgarity. I reveled in vulgarity. It refreshed me. I could have throttled Maltby, and I am quite certain he was itching to throttle me. We were both longing to throttle Phil. Indeed we almost leaped at him as he stopped in the hall doorway to toss us an unnaturally gruff good night.

"Where's Susan?" I demanded.

"In your study," Phil mumbled, hunching into his overcoat; "she's waiting to see you." Then he seized his shapeless soft hat and—the good old phrase best describes it—made off.

"She's got to see me first!" Maltby hurled at me, coarsely, savagely, as he started past.

I grabbed his arm and held him. It thrilled me to realize how soft he was for all his bulk, to feel that physically I was the stronger.

"Wait!" I said. "This sort of thing has gone far enough. We'll stop groveling—if you don't mind! If we can't give Susan something better than this we've been cheating her. It's a pity she ever left Birch Street."

Maltby stared at me with slowly stirring comprehension.

"Yes," he at length muttered, grudgingly enough; "perhaps you're right. It's been an absurd spectacle all round. But then, life is."

"Wait for me here," I responded. "We'll stop butting at each other like stags and try to talk things over like men. I'm just going to send Susan to bed."

That *was* my intention. I went to her in the study as a big brother might go, meaning good counsel. It was certainly not my intention to let her run into my arms and press her face to my shoulder. She clung to me with passion, but without joy, and her voice came through the tumult of my senses as if from a long way off:

"Ambo, Ambo! You've asked nothing—and you want me most of all. I *must* make somebody happy!"

It was the voice of a child.

XVI

I COULD not face Maltby again that evening, as I had promised, for our good sensible man-to-man talk—a lapse in courage which reduced him to rabid speculation and restless fury. So furious was he indeed, after a long hour alone, that he telephoned for a taxi, grabbed his suitcase, and caught a slow midnight local for New York—from which electric center he hissed back over the wires three ominous words to ruin my solitary breakfast:

"He laughs best —— M. PHAR."

While my egg solidified and the toast grew rigid I meditated a humble apologetic reply, but in the end I could not with honesty compose one, though I granted him just cause for anger. With that, for the time being, I dismissed him. There were more immediate problems, threatening, inescapable, that must presently be solved.

Susan, always an early riser, usually had a bite of breakfast at seven o'clock—brought to her by the faithful Miss Goucher—and then remained in her room to work until lunch time. For about a year past I had so far caught the contagion of her example as to write in my study three hours every morning—a regularity I should formerly have despised. Dilettantism always demands a fine frenzy, but now it astounded me to discover how much respectable writing one could do without waiting for the spark from heaven; one could pass beyond the range of an occasional article and even aspire to a book. Only the final pages of my first real book—Aristocracy and Art, an essay in æsthetic and social criticism—remained to be written; and Susan had made me swear by the Quanglewangle's Hat, her favorite symbol, to push on with it each morning till the job was done.

Well, Aristocracy and Art has since been published and, I am glad to say, forgotten. Conceived in superciliousness and swaddled in preciosity, it is one of the sins I now strive hardest to expiate. But in those days it expressed clearly enough the crusted aridity of my soul. However ——

I had hoped of course that Susan would break over this morning and breakfast with me. She did not; and from sheer habit I took to my study and found myself in the chair before my desk. It was my purpose to think things out, and perhaps that is what I supposed myself to be doing as I stared dully at an ink blob on my blotter. It looked—and I was idiotically pleased by the resemblance—rather like a shark. All it needed was some teeth and a pair of flukes for its tail. Methodically I opened my fountain pen and supplied these, thereby reducing one fragment of chaos to order; and then my eye fell upon a half-scribbled sheet, marked "Page 224."

The final sentence on the sheet caught me and annoyed me; it was ill-constructed. Presently it began to rearrange itself in whatever portion of us it is that these shapings and reshapings take place. Something in its rhythm, too, displeased me; it was mannered; it minuetted; it echoed Pater at his worst. It should be simpler, stronger. Why, naturally! I lopped at it, compressed it, pulled it about.

There! At last the naked idea got the clean expression it deserved; and it led now directly to a brief, clear paragraph of transition. I had been worrying over that transition the morning before when my pen stopped; now it came with a smooth rush, carrying me forward and on.

Incredible, but for one swiftly annihilated hour I forgot all my insoluble life problems! Art, that ancient Circe, had waved her wand; I was happy—and it was enough. I forgot even Susan.

Meanwhile, Susan, busy at her notebook, had all but forgotten me.

"Am I in love with Ambo or am I just trying to be for his sake? If happiness is a test, then I can't be in love with him, for there is no happiness in me. But what has happiness to do with love? It's just as I told nice old Phil last night. To be in love is to be silly enough to suppose that some other silly can gather manna for you from the meadows of heaven. Meanwhile the other silly is supposing much the same nonsense about you—or if he isn't, then the sun goes black. What lovers seem to value most in each other is premature softening of the brain. But surely the union of two vain hopes in a single disappointment can never mean joy. No. You might as well get it said, Susan. Love is two broken reeds trying to be a Doric column.

"Still, there must be some test. Is it passion? How can it be?

"When I ran to Ambo last night I was pure rhythm and flame; but this morning I'm the hour before sunrise. No; I'm the outpost star, the one the comets turn—the one that peers off into nowhere.

"Perhaps if Ambo came to me now I should flame again; or perhaps I should only make believe for his sake. Is wanting to make believe for another's sake enough? Why not? I've no patience with lovers who are always rhythm and flame. Even if they exist outside of *maisons de santé* -what good are they? Poets can rave about them, I suppose—that's something; but imagine coming to the end of life and finding that one had merely furnished good copy for Swinburne! No, thank you, Mrs. Hephæstus—you beautiful shameless humbug! I prefer Apollo's lonely magic to yours. I'd rather be Swinburne than Iseult. If there's any singing left to be done I shall try to do part of it myself.

"There, you see; already you've forgotten Ambo completely—now you'll have to turn back and hunt for him. And if he's really working on Aristocracy and Art this morning, as he should be, then he has almost certainly forgotten you. Oh, dear! But he isn't—and he hasn't! Here he comes ——"

Yes, I came; but not to ask for assurances of love. Man is so naïvely egotist it takes a good deal to convince him, once the idea has been accepted, that he is not the object of an inalterable devotion. Frankly, I took it for granted now that Susan loved me, and would continue to love me till her dying hour.

What I really came to say to her, under the calming and strengthening influence of two or three rather well-written pages, was that our situation had definitely become untenable. I am an emancipated talker, but I am not an emancipated man; the distinction is important; the hold of mere custom upon me is strong. I could not see myself asking Susan to defy the world with me; or if I could just see it for my own sake I certainly couldn't for hers. Nor could I see it for Gertrude's. Gertrude, after all, was my wife; and though she chose to feel I had driven her from my society I knew that she did not feel willing to seek divorce for herself or to grant the freedom of it to me. On this point her convictions, having a religious sanction, were permanent. Gentle manners, then, if nothing higher, forbade me to seize the freedom she denied me. Having persuaded Gertrude in good faith to enter into an unconditional contract with me for life I could no more bring myself to break it than I could have forced myself to steal another's money by raising a check.

My New England ancestors had distilled into my blood certain prejudices; only, where my great-grandfather or even my grandfather would have said that he refrained from evil because he feared God, I was content merely to feel that there are some things a gentleman doesn't stoop to. With them it was the stern daughter of the voice of God who ruled thoughts and acts; with me it was, if anything, the class obligations of culture, breeding, good form. Just as I wore correct wedding garments at a wedding, and would far rather have cut my throat with a knife than carry food on it from plate to mouth, so I clung to what instinct and cultivation told me were the correct sentiments in the face of any of life's moral or emotional crises.

Gertrude, it is true, was not precisely fulfilling her part in our contract, but then—Gertrude was a woman; and the excusable frailties of women should always be regarded as trumpet calls to the chivalry of man. Absurdly primitive, such ideas as these! Seated with Maltby Phar in my study I had laughed them out of court many a time; for I could talk pure Bernard Shaw—our prophet of those days—with anybody, and even go him one better. But when it came to the pinch of decisive action I had always thrown back to my sources and left the responsibility on them. I did so now.

Yet it was hard to speak of anything but enchantment, witchery, fascination, when from her desk Susan looked round to me, faintly puzzled, faintly smiling. She was not a pretty girl, as young America—its taste superbly catered to by popular magazines—understands that phrase; nor was she beautiful by any severe classic standard—unless you are willing to accept certain early Italians as having established classic standards; not such faultless painters as Raphael or Andrea del Sarto, but three or four of the wayward lesser men whose strangely personal vision created new and unexpected types of loveliness. Not that I recall a single head by any one of them that prefigured Susan; not that I am helping you, baffled reader, to see her. Words are a dull medium for portraiture, or I am too dull a dog to catch with them even a phantasmal likeness. It is the mixture of dark and bright in Susan that eludes me; she is all soft shadow and sharpest gleams. But that is nonsense. I give it up.

It was really, then, a triumph for my ancestors that I did not throw myself on my knees beside her chair—the true romantic attitude, when all's said—and draw her dark-bright face down to mine. I halted instead just within the doorway, retaining a deathlike grip on the doorknob.

"Dear," I blurted, "it won't do. It's the end of the road. We can't go on."

"Can we turn back?" asked Susan.

I wonder the solid bronze knob did not shatter like hollow glass in my hand.

"You must help me," I muttered.

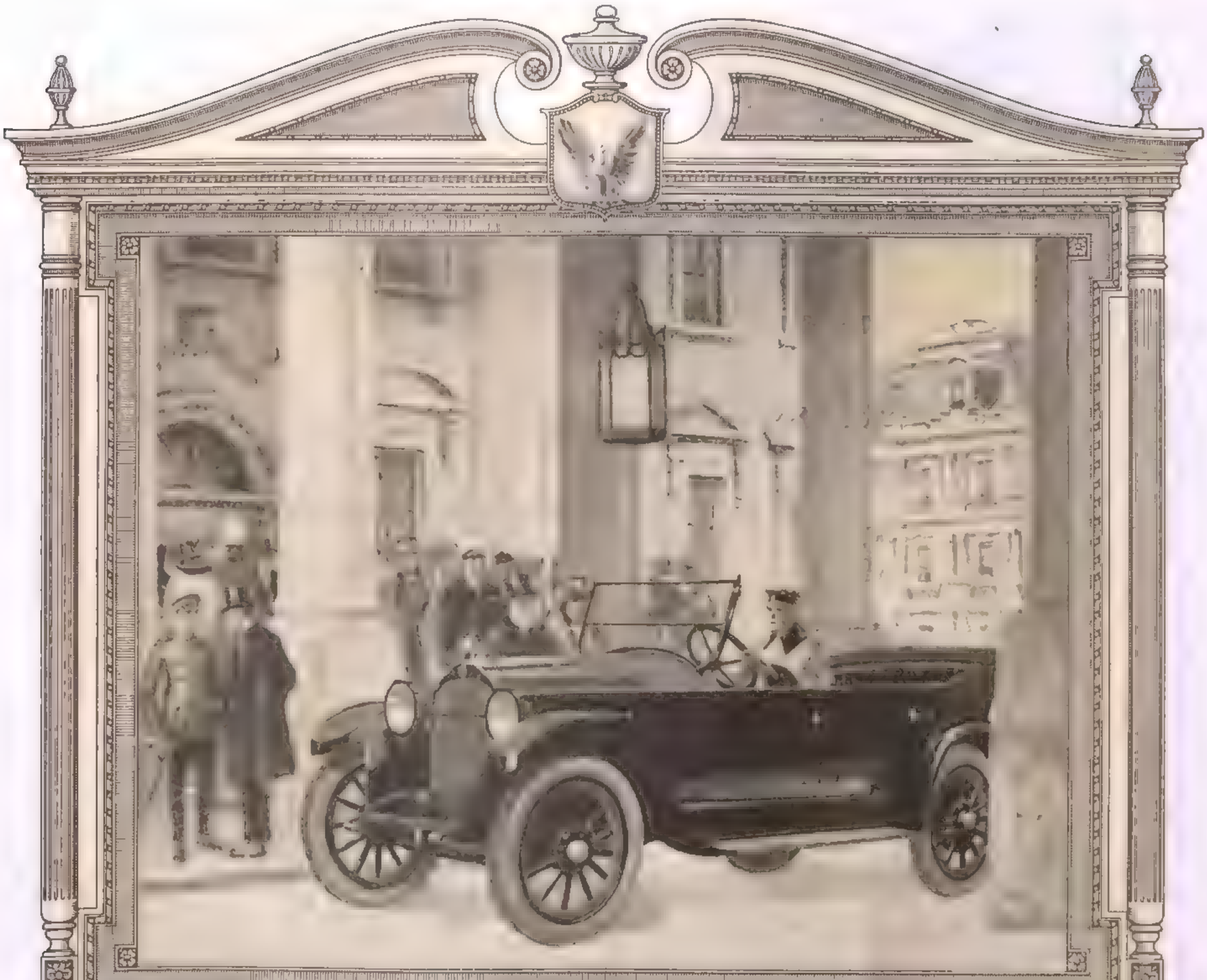
"Yes," said Susan, all quiet shadow now, gleamless; "I'll help you."

Half an hour after I left her she telephoned and dispatched the following telegram, signed "Susan Blake," to Gertrude at her New York address:

"Either come back to him or set him free. Urgent."

The reply—a note from Gertrude, the ink hardly dry on it, written from the Egyptian tomb of the Misses Carstairs—came directly to me that evening; and Mrs. Parrot was the messenger. Her expression, as she mutely handed me the note,

(Continued on Page 129)



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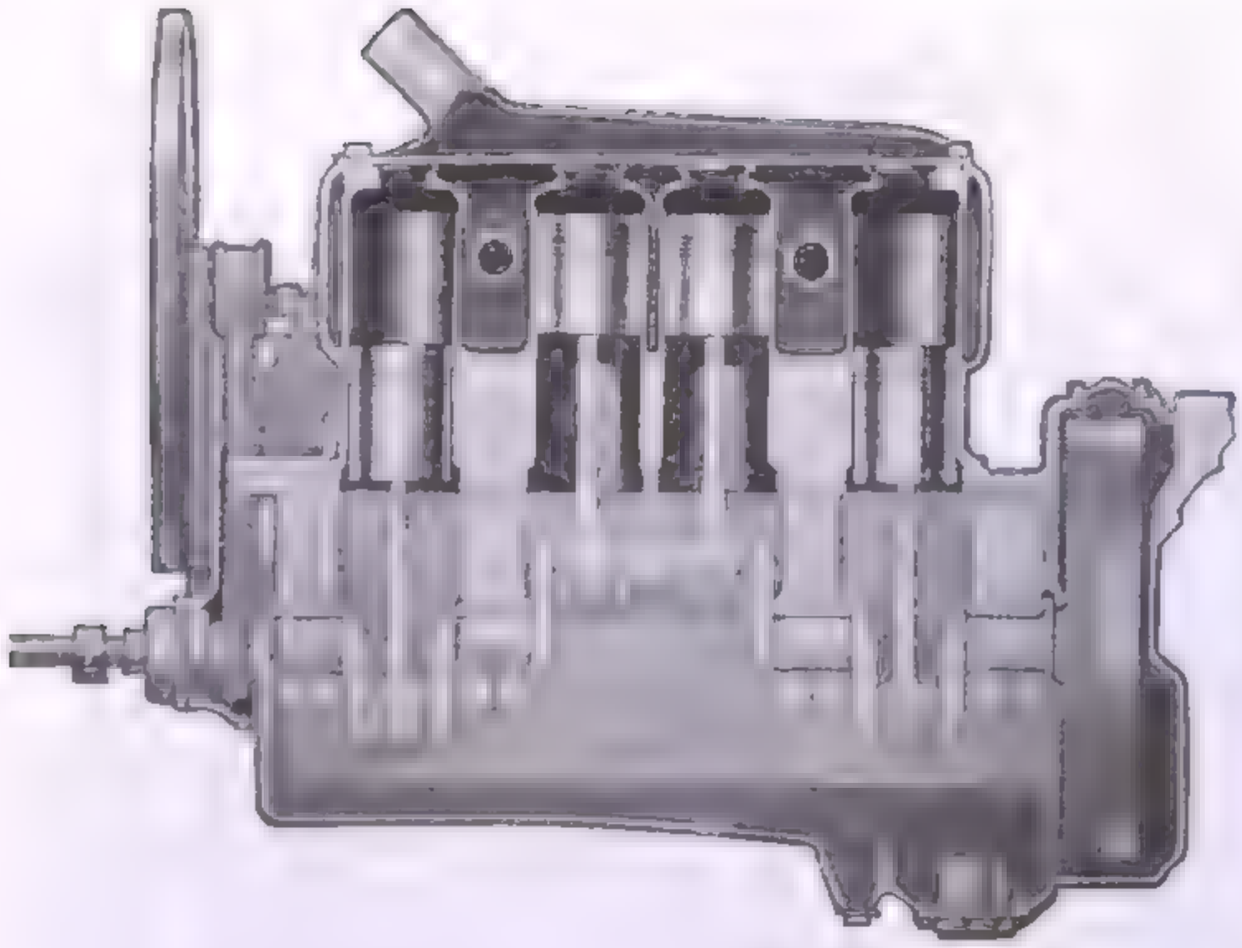
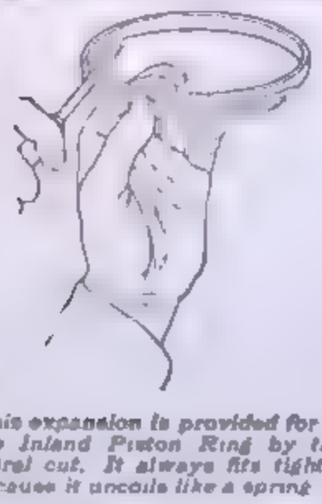


Piston Rings must be capable of expansion in order to fit snugly against the cylinder walls. For, cylinders vary considerably in diameter even in the same engine.



This expansion is provided for in the Inland Piston Ring by the spiral cut. It always fits tightly because it uncoils like a spring

Inlands make old motors *new*

When the cylinders of your automobile become worn and "out of round"—it is then you most need Inland Piston Rings.

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The Inland is the only piston ring with a spiral cut. It uncoils and contracts like a spring—maintaining a snug, tight contact against the walls of the cylinder.

And, because made in one piece and cut spirally, it is entirely without gaps.

No oil or gas can leak through and cause trouble.

If your engine is old or runs poorly, look to your piston rings.

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1635 Locust St. **St. Louis, Mo.**

INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

(Continued from Page 126)

was ineffable. I read the note with sensations of suffocation; an answer was requested.

"Tell Mrs. Hunt," I said firmly to Mrs. Parrot, "that it was she who left me, and I am stubbornly determined to make no advances. If she cares to see me I shall be glad to see her. She has only to walk a few yards, climb a few easy steps and ring the bell."

My courtesy was truly elaborate as I conducted Mrs. Parrot to the door. Her response was disturbing.

"It's not for me to make observations," said Mrs. Parrot, "the situation being delicate, and not likely to improve. But if I was you, Mr. Hunt, I'd not be too stiff. No; I'd not be. I would not. No. Not if I valued the young lady's reputation."

Like the Pope's mule Mrs. Parrot had saved her kick many years. I can testify to its power.

Thirty minutes later this superkick landed me, when I came crashing back to earth, at the door of the Egyptian tomb.

"How hard it is," says Dante, "to climb another's stairs," and he might have added to ring another's bell, under certain conditions of spiritual humiliation and stress. Thank the gods—all of them—it was not Mrs. Parrot who admitted me and took my card!

I waited miserably in the large ill-lighted reception vault of the tomb, which smelt appropriately of lilies, as if the undertaker had recently done his worst. How well I remembered it, how long I had avoided it! It was here, of all places, under the contemptuous eye of old Ephraim Carstairs, grim ancestral founder of this family's fortunes, that Gertrude had at last consented to be my wife. And there he still lorded it above the fireplace, unchanged, glaring down malignantly through the shadows, his stiff neck bandaged like a mummy's, his hard, high cheek bones and cavernous eyes making him the very image of bugaboo death. What an eavesdropper for the approaching reconciliation; for that was what it had come to. That was what it would have to be!

It was not Gertrude who came down to me; it was Lucette. Lucette—all graciousness, all sympathetic understanding, all feline smiles! Dear Gertrude had phoned her on arriving, and she had rushed to her at once! Dear Gertrude had such a desperate headache! She couldn't possibly see me to-night. She was really ill, had been growing rapidly worse for an hour. Perhaps to-morrow?

I was in no mood to be tricked by this stale subterfuge.

"See here, Lucette," I said sternly, "I'm not going to fence with you or fool round at cross purposes. Less than an hour ago Gertrude sent over a note asking me to call."

"To which you returned an insufferable verbal reply."

"A bad-tempered reply, I admit. No insult was intended. And I've come now to apologize for the temper."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lucette. "Men always do their thinking too late. I wish I could reassure you; but the mischief seems to be done. Poor Gertrude is furious."

"Then the headache is—hypothetical?"

"An excuse, you mean? I wish it were, for her sake!" Lucette's eyes positively caressed me, as a tiger might lick the still-warm muzzle of an antelope, its proximate meal. "If you could see her face, poor creature! She's in torment."

"I'm sorry."

"Isn't that—what you called her headache?"

"No. I'm ashamed of my boorishness. Let me see Gertrude and tell her so."

Lucette smiled, slightly shaking her head. "Impossible—till she's feeling better. And not then—unless she changes her mind. You see, Ambrose, Mrs. Parrot's version of your reply was the last straw."

"No doubt she improved on the original," I muttered.

"Oh, no doubt," agreed Lucette calmly. "She would. It was silly of you not to think of that."

"Yes," I snapped. "Men always underestimate a woman's malice."

"They have so many distractions, poor dears. Men, I mean. And we have so few. You can put that in your next article, Ambrose." She straightened her languid curves deliberately, as if preparing to rise.

"Please!" I exclaimed. "I'm not ready for dismissal yet. We'll get down to facts, if you don't mind. Why is Gertrude here at all? After years of silence? Did you send for her?"

Lucette's spine slowly relaxed, her shoulders drooped once more. "I? My dear Ambrose, why on earth should I do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. The point is, did you?"

"You think it in character?"

"Oh—be candid! I don't mean directly, of course. But is she here because of anything you may have telephoned her—after your call last night?"

"Really, Ambrose! This is a little too much, even from you."

"Forgive me—I insist! Is she?"

"You must have a very bad conscience," replied Lucette.

"I am more interested in yours."

She laughed quietly, luxuriously. "Mine has never been clearer."

Did the woman want me to stop her breath with bare hands? I gripped the mahogany arms of my stiff Chippendale chair.

"Listen to me, Lucette! I know this is all very thrilling and amusing for you. Vivisection must have its charms of course, for an expert. But I venture to remind you that once upon a time you were not a bad-hearted girl, and you must have some remnants of human sympathy about you somewhere. Am I wrong?"

"You're hideously rude."

"Granted. But I must place you. I won't accept you as an onlooker. Either you'll fight me or help me—or clear out. Is that plain?"

"You're worse than rude," said Lucette; "you're a beast! I always wondered why Gertrude couldn't live with you. Now I know."

"That's better," I hazarded. "We're beginning to understand each other. Now let's lay all our cards face up on the table."

Lucette stared at me a moment, her lips pursed, dubious, her impenetrable blue eyes holding mine.

"I will if you will," she said finally. "Let's."

It was dangerous, I knew, to take her at her word; yet I ventured.

"I've a weak hand, Lucette; but there's one honest ace of trumps in it."

"There could hardly be two," smiled Lucette.

"No; I count on that. In a pinch I shall take the one trick essential, and throw the others away."

I leaned to her and spoke slowly: "There is no reason, affecting her honor or rights, why Gertrude may not return to her home—if she so desires. I think you understand me?"

"Perfectly. You wish to protect Miss Blake. You would try to do that in any case, wouldn't you? But I'm rather afraid you're too late. I'm afraid Miss Blake has handicapped you too heavily. If so it was clever of her—for she must have done it on purpose. You see, Ambrose, it was she who sent for Gertrude."

"Susan!"

"Susan. Telegraphed her—of all things!—either to come home to you or set you free. The implication's transparent. Especially as I had thought it my duty to warn Gertrude in advance—and as Mr. Phar sent her by messenger a vague but very disturbing note this morning."

"Maltby?"

"Yes. Gertrude caught the next train. And there you are."

Well, at least I began to see now, dimly, where Maltby was, where Susan was, where we all were—except possibly Gertrude. Putting enormous constraint on my leaping nerves I subdued every trace of anger.

"Two more questions, Lucette. Do you believe me when I say, with all the sincerity I'm capable of, that Susan is damnably slandered by these suspicions?"

"Really," answered Lucette with a little worried frown, as if anxiously balancing alternatives, "I'm not, am I, in a position to judge."

I swallowed hard. "All right," I managed to say coldly. "Then I have placed you. You're not an onlooker—you're an open foe."

"And the second question, Ambrose?"

"What, precisely, does Gertrude want from me?"

"I'm not, am I, in a position to judge," repeated Lucette. "But one supposes it depends a little on what you're expecting from her."

"All I humbly plead for," said I, "is a chance to see Gertrude alone and talk things over."

"Don't you mean talk her over?" suggested Lucette. "And aren't you," she murmured, "forgetting the last straw?"

XVII

MY CONFUSION of mind, my consternation, as I left the Egyptian tomb was pitiable. One thing, one only, I saw with distinctness: The being I loved best was to be harried and smirched, an innocent victim of the folly and malignity of others.

"Never," I muttered. "Never—never—never!"

This was all very grim and virile; yet I knew that I could grit my teeth and mutter "never" from now till the moon blossomed without in any way affecting the wretched situation. Words, emotional contortions, attitudes would not help Susan; something sensible must be done—the sooner the better. Something sensible and decisive. But what? There were so many factors involved, human, incalculable factors; my thoughts staggered among them, fumbling like a drunken man for the one right door that must be found and opened with the one right key. It was no use; I should never be able to manage it alone. To whom could I appeal? Susan, for the time being, was out of the question; Maltby had maliciously betrayed a long friendship. Phil? Why, of course, there was always Phil. Why hadn't I thought of him before?

I turned sharply and swung into a rapid stride. With some difficulty I kept myself from running. Phil seemed to me suddenly an intellectual giant, a man of infinite heart and unclouded will. Why had I never appreciated him at his true worth? My whirling perplexities would have no terrors for him; he would at once see through them to the very thing that should at once be undertaken. Singular effect of an overwhelming desire and need! Faith is always born of desperation. We are forced by deep-lying instincts to trust something, someone, when we can no longer trust ourselves. As I hurried down York Street to his door my sudden faith in Phil was like the faith of a broken-spirited convert in the wisdom and mercy of God.

Phil's quarters were on the top floor of a rooming house for students; he had the whole top floor to himself and had lived there simply and contentedly many years, with his books, his pipes, his papers and his small open wood fire. Phil is not destitute of taste, but he is by no means an æsthete. His furniture is of the ordinary college-room type—Morris chair of fumed oak, and so on—picked up as he needed it at the nearest department store; but he has two or three really good framed etchings on the walls of his study; one Seymour Haden in particular—the Erith Marshes which I have often tried to persuade him to part with. There is a blending of austerity and subtlety in the work of the great painter etchers that could not but appeal to this austere yet finely organized man.

His books are wonderful—not for edition or binding—he is not a bibliophile; they are wonderful because he keeps nothing he has not found it worth while to annotate. There is no volume on his shelves whose inside covers and margins are not filled with criticism or suggestive comment in his neat spiderwebby hand; and Phil's marginal notes are usually far better reading than the original text. Susan warmly maintains that she owes more to the inside covers of Phil's books than to any other source; insists, in fact, that a brief note in his copy of Santayana's Reason in Common Sense, at the end of the first chapter, established her belief once for all in mind as a true thing, an indestructible and creative reality, destined after infinite struggle to win its grim fight with chaos. I confess I could never myself see in this note anything to produce so amazing an affirmation; but in these matters I am a worm; I have not the philosophic flair. Here it is:

"'We know that life is a dream, and how should thinking be more?' Because, my dear Mr. Santayana, a dream cannot propagate dreams and realize them to be such. The answer is sufficient."

Well, certainly Susan, too, seemed to feel it sufficient; and perhaps I should agree if I better understood the answer. But I have now breasted four flights to Phil and am knocking impatiently. He opened to me and welcomed me cordially, all trace of his parting gruffness of the other evening having vanished, though he was still haggard about the eyes. He was not alone. Through the smoke haze of his study I saw a well-built youngster standing near the fireplace, pipe in hand; some college boy of course, whom Phil was being kind to. Phil was forever permitting these raw boys to cut in upon his precious hours of privacy; yet he was at the opposite pole from certain faculty members, common to all seats of learning, who toady to the student body for a popularity which they feel to be a good business asset or which they find the one attainable satisfaction for their tottering self-esteem.

Phil, who had had to struggle for his own education, was genuinely fond of young men who cared enough for education to be willing to struggle for theirs. He had become unobtrusively, by a kind of natural affinity, the elder brother of those undergraduates who were seekers in any sense for the things of the mind. To the rest, the triumphant majority—fine, manly young fellows as they usually were, in official oratory at least—he was as blankly indifferent as they were to him.

"My enthusiasm for humanity is limited, fatally limited," he would pleasantly admit. "For the human turnip, even when it's a prize specimen, I have no spontaneous affection whatever."

On the other hand it was not the brilliant, exceptional boy whom he best loved. It was rather the boy whose interest in life, whose curiosity was just stirring toward wakefulness after a long prenatal and postnatal sleep. For such boys Phil poured forth treasures of sympathetic understanding; and it was such a youth, I presumed, who stood by the fireplace now, awkwardly uncertain whether my coming meant that he should take his leave.

His presence annoyed me. On more than one occasion I had run into this sort of thing at Phil's rooms, had suffered from the curious inability of the undergraduate, even when he longs himself to escape, to end a visit—take his hat, say good-by simply, and go.

It doesn't strike one offhand as a social accomplishment of enormous difficulty; yet it must be—it so paralyzes the social resourcefulness of the young.

Phil introduced me to Mr. Kane, and Mr. Kane drooped his right shoulder—the correct attitude for this form of assault—grasped my hand, and shattered my nerves with the dislocating squeeze which young America has perfected as the high sign of all that is virile and sincere. I sank into a chair to recover, and to my consternation Mr. Kane, too, sat down.

"Jimmy's just come to us," said Phil, relighting his pipe. "He passed his entrance examinations in Detroit last spring, but he had to finish up a job he was on out there before coming East. So he has a good deal of work to make up first and last. And it's all the harder for him, because he's dependent upon himself for support."

"Oh," said Jimmy, "what I've saved'll last me through this year, I guess."

"Yes," Phil agreed; "but it's a pity to touch what you've saved." He turned to me. "You see, Hunt, we're talking over all the prospects. Aren't we, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmy. "Prof. Farmer thinks," he added, "that I may be making a mistake to try it here; he thinks it may be a waste of time. I'm kind of up in the air about it myself."

"Jimmy's rather a special case," struck in Phil, dropping into a Morris chair and thrusting his legs out. "He's twenty-two now; and he's already made remarkably good as an expert mechanic. He left his home here over five years ago, worked his way to Detroit, applied for a job and got it. Now there's probably no one in New Haven who knows more than this young man about gas engines, steel alloys, shop organization and all that. The little job that detained him was the working out of some minor but important economy in the manufacture of automobiles. He suggested it by letter to the president of the company himself, readily obtained several interviews with his chief and was given a chance to try it out.

"It has proved its practical worth already, though you and I are far too ignorant to understand it. As a result the president of the company offered him a much higher position at an excellent salary. It's open to him still if he chooses to go back for it. But Jimmy decided to turn it down for a college education. And I'm wondering, Hunt, whether Yale has anything to give him that will justify such a sacrifice—anything that he couldn't obtain for himself at much less expense, without three years' waste of time and opportunity. How does it strike you, old man? What would you say offhand, without weighing the matter?"

Knowledge

Ralph De Palma and you have one thing in common. You're both motorists. But De Palma *knows* motors. You merely *think* you know.

You say you "don't need a Boyce Moto-Meter." Your eyes, ears and nose are all *you* need to tell you if everything's running correctly in your motor.

De Palma knows so much about motors and motor troubles that he says a Boyce Moto-Meter is a *necessity.*

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What I wanted to say was, "Damn it all! I'm not here at this time of night to interest myself in the elementary problems of Jimmy Kane!" In fact, I did say it to myself with considerable energy—only to stop at the name, to stare at the boy before me, and to exclaim in a swift flash of connection, "Great Scott! Are you Susan's Jimmy?"

"'Susan's Jimmy'!" snorted Phil with a peculiar grin. "Of course he's Susan's Jimmy! I wondered how long it would take you!"

As for Susan's Jimmy, his expression was one of desolated amazement. Either his host and his host's friend or he had gone suddenly mad. The drop of his jaw was parentheses about a question mark. His blue eyes piteously stared.

"I guess I'm not on, sir," he mumbled to Phil, blushing hotly.

He was really a most attractive youth, considering his origins. I eyed him now shamelessly and was forced to wonder that the wrong end of Birch Street should have produced not only Susan—who would have proved the phœnix of any environment—but this pleasant-faced, confidence-inspiring boy, whose expression so oddly mingled simplicity, energy, stubborn self-respect, and the cheerfulness of good health, an unspoiled will and a hopeful heart. He seemed at once too mature for his years and too naïve; concentration had already modeled his forehead, but there was innocence in his eyes. Innocence—I can only call it that. His eyes looked out at the world with the happiest candor; and I found myself predicting of him what I had never yet predicted of mortal woman or man: "He's capable of anything—but sophistication; he'll get on, he'll arrive somewhere—but he will never change."

Phil meanwhile had eased his embarrassment with a friendly laugh. "It's all right, Jimmy; we're not the lunatics we sound. Don't you remember Bob Blake's kid on Birch Street?"

"Oh! Her!"

"Mr. Hunt became her guardian, you know, after ——"

"Oh!" interrupted Jimmy, beaming on me. "You're the gentleman that ——"

"Yes," I responded; "I'm the unbelievably fortunate man."

"She was a queer little kid," reflected Jimmy. "I haven't thought about her for a long time."

"That's ungrateful of you," said Phil; "but of course you couldn't know that."

Question mark and parentheses formed again. "Phil means," I explained, "that Susan has never forgotten you. It seems you did battle for her once, down at the bottom of the Birch Street incline."

"Oh, gee!" grinned Jimmy. "The time I laid out Joe Gonfarone? Maybe I wasn't scared stiff that day! Well, what d'y' think of her remembering that!"

"You'll find it's a peculiarity of Susan," said Phil, "that she doesn't forget anything."

"Why—she must be grown up by this time," surmised Jimmy. "It was mighty fine of you, Mr. Hunt, to do what you did! I'd kind of like to see her again some day. But maybe she'd rather not," he added.

"Why?" asked Phil.

"Well," said Jimmy, "she had a pretty raw deal on Birch Street. Seeing me might bring back things."

"It couldn't," I reassured him. "Susan has never let go of them. She uses all her experience, every part of it, every day."

Jimmy grinned again. "It must keep her hustling! But she always was different, I guess, from the rest of us." With a vague wonder he addressed us both: "You think a lot of her, don't you?"

For some detached ironic god this moment must have been exquisite. I envied the god his detachment. The blank that had followed his question puzzled Jimmy and turned him awkward. He fidgeted with his feet.

"Well," he finally achieved, "I guess I'd better be off, professor. I'll think over all you said."

"Do," counseled Phil, rising, "and come to see me to-morrow. We mustn't let you take a false step if we can avoid it."

"It's certainly great of you to show so much interest," said Jimmy, hunching himself at last out of his chair. "I appreciate it a lot." He hesitated, then plunged: "It's been well worth it to me to come East again—just to meet you."

"Nonsense!" laughed Phil, shepherding him skillfully toward the door.

When he turned back to me it was with the evident intention of discussing further Jimmy's personal and educational problems; but I rebelled.

"Phil," I said, "I know what Susan means to you, and you know—I think—what she means to me. Now through my weakness, stupidity or something Susan's in danger. Sit down, please, and let me talk. I'm going to give you all the facts, everything—a full confession. It's bound, for many reasons, to be painful for both of us. I'm sorry, old man—but we'll have to rise to it for Susan's sake; see this thing through together. I feel utterly imbecile and helpless alone."

Half an hour later I had ended my monologue, and we both sat silent, staring at the dulled embers on the hearth.

At length Phil drew in a slow, involuntary breath.

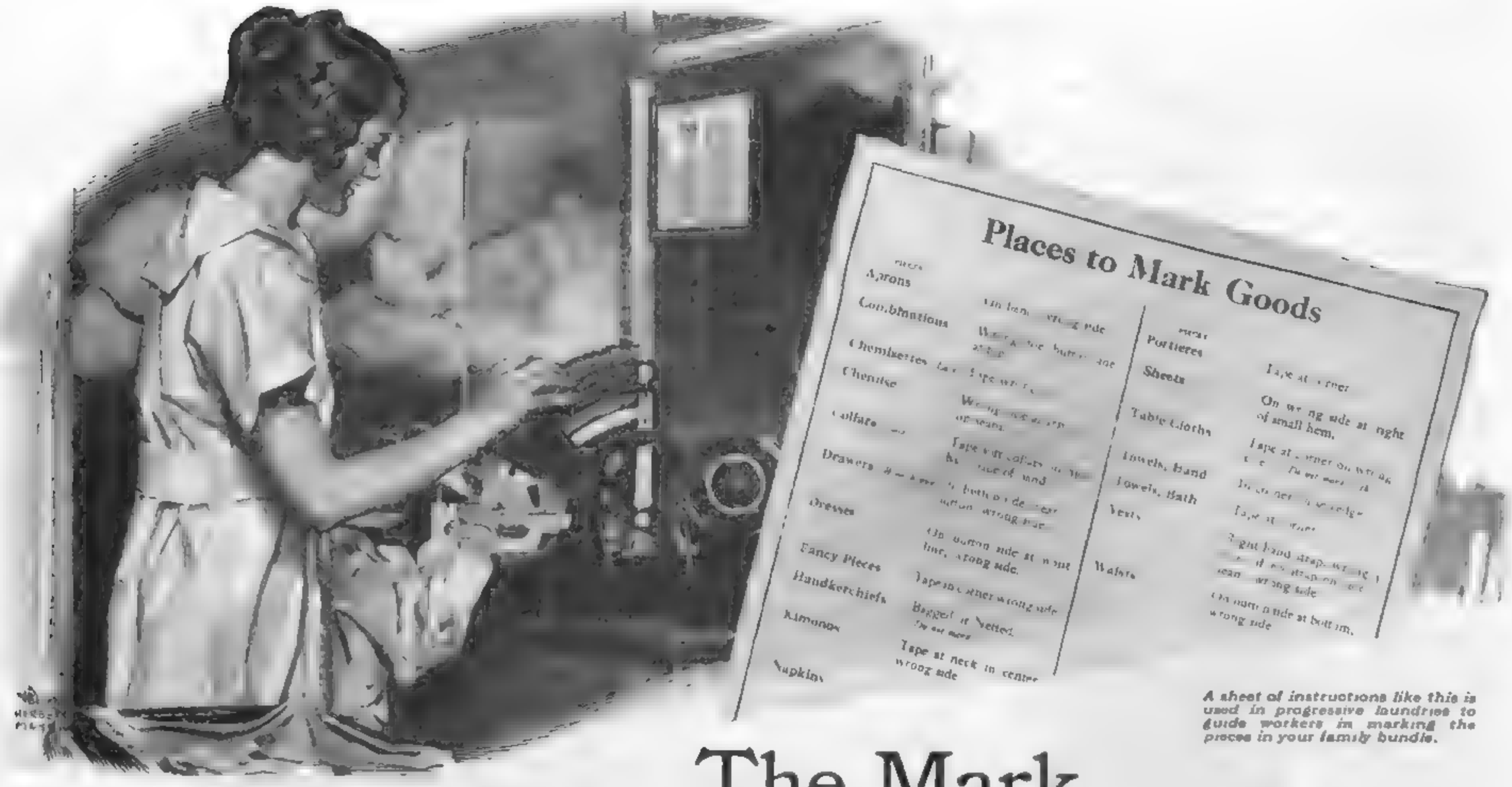
"Hunt," he said, "it's a humiliating thing for a professional philosopher to admit, but I simply can't trust myself to advise you. I don't know what you ought to do; I don't know what Susan ought to do; or what I should do. I don't even know what your wife should do; though I feel fairly certain that whatever it is she will try something else. Frankly I'm too much a part of it all, too heartsick, for honest thought."

He smiled drearily and added, as if at random: "'Physician, heal thyself.' What an abysmal joke! How the fiends of hell must treasure it. They've only one better—'Man is a reasonable being!'" He rose, or rather he seemed to be propelled from his chair. "Hunt! Would you really like to know what all my days and nights of intense study have come to? The kind of man you've turned to for strength? My life has come to just this: I love her, and she doesn't love me!

"Oh!" he cried. "Go home! Go home! I'm ashamed."

So I departed, like Omar, through the same door wherein I went; but not before I had grasped—as it seemed to me for the first time—Phil's hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A sheet of instructions like this is used in progressive laundries to guide workers in marking the pieces in your family bundle.

The Mark that Makes a Thing Yours

There is a particular place for every mark made in a modern laundry. The sketch shows a corset cover marked at bottom of button band, on under side.

Keeping people and apparel identified is one of the most exacting duties of modern laundries. The mark that makes a thing yours may seem but a simple detail of service, yet it has required long years of trial to develop the marking method that modern laundries employ.

If you lived in certain parts of France, your whole name and address, together with a special geometrical design, would be inscribed upon your apparel in some plainly visible place. In Batavia a number would be stamped in large characters upon your linen. The Russians mark things in a fashion prescribed by the police. Stamps with engraved designs of great variety are the vogue in Bulgaria.

It is only in the modern laundries of America that a system of marking has been evolved that is invisible, and which still insures the return to its rightful owner of every article laundered.

This marking is done according to a fixed rule. A place is chosen for lettering or numbering that is hidden from sight while the garment is being worn, and the mark is always made at this point only.

If it be a tablecloth, the mark that makes it yours is carefully stamped at a corner on the under side; if a skirt, a mark is made inside of the waistband, at the right of the opening; if a chemise, the initials or numbers are printed in some equally inconspicuous place.

Many things, like the fine undergarments, handkerchiefs and dainty apparel of women, are not marked in this way but are identified in a still more considerate manner by being securely enclosed in a special net bag—and the bag only is marked.

This exact and considerate marking is the rule in all modern laundries—it is a part of the service they give you when you send them your family washing.

There are modern laundries in your city. If you would strike washday from your domestic calendar, try them.

The American Laundry Machinery Company

Executive Offices, Cincinnati

A SCHEME TO DEFRAUD

(Continued from Page 21)

"What's the matter?" he demanded hoarsely. "Have you got the dumbies too? Listen to me a minute, feller!"

The clerk drew himself up.

"You won't gain anything this way!" he said snappishy. "Mr. Glesinger will ——"

"Oh, Mr. Glesinger can go get a job tatting somewhere! You hearken to me! Where is Sackett's office?"

The clerk wriggled helplessly, but Oulihan's big hand was closing on his shoulder and the grip was a healthy one.

"It's beyond the glass partition in that corner," he said doggedly.

"Go tell him I want to see him"

"He isn't there. Honest, he isn't! He won't be here till three this afternoon. Look out, you're hurting my arm!"

Oulihan dropped his hold.

"Oh, am I? That's too bad. I'll be back here at three, then, and if I don't get some action I'll hurt two or three other parts of you. Do you hear that? Tell Glesinger to write his notes to the congressman of this district—I'm too busy for literature right now. Three o'clock, you said, eh? I'll be back then."

He strode to the counter, gave Glesinger a gratuitous scowl, leaped the barrier once more and went out. He reappeared at the appointed time and waited an hour without getting any satisfaction. He returned the next day and lost his temper, roaring and threatening lives but accomplishing naught. On the following morning he arrived to be met by a special policeman, who warned him that he must keep the peace or be summarily locked up. After that his visits were more frequent but less tempestuous. On one occasion he waited for five slow and weary hours. On the sixth day he called nine times. And on the seventh day ——

But meantime Angus Lacey was on the eve of an important discovery that as it turned out had something very vital to do with that seventh day.

In these weeks Lacey had planted the Cole green triangle in the Birkville field permanently. He grinned whenever he thought of it. His chief had been short, sharp and sneering in early letters to Angus; then suddenly he had written:

"We would have been in Texas a year ago and got some of the cream if it had not been for a lot of you slow-footed field men. I told you all the time that we were taking dust from the live ones. Now I suppose you'll believe me.

"Regarding that Topnotch lease: Rogers is making life miserable for me trying to buy it for the Federated, but I have made up my mind to hold it for development, so do not get brilliant some day and sell it. If you were normal I'd send a couple of crews down to you from here and have you start prospecting. But as soon as Gallinger gets over the idea that I'm bush I'll come down myself. Meantime I'm appraising the Topnotch lease at half a million to the directors, which will probably cause you to swell up like a toad on a warm night."

That Topnotch lease was one of Lacey's best pick-ups. He had acquired it for eighty thousand and had immediately spudded in two holes and was driving downward at a satisfactory rate of speed with two standard rigs, hoping to be able to surprise Oil King Cole with a producing property just about the time his chief became fully converted to Texas and ordered work to proceed. In addition Angus was flirting with the owners of some choice wildcat leases outside the proven belt, had made a few dollars on his own account in speculation and was generally up to his neck in excitement and business.

But his pet and pride was the pipe-line project. There was still no gas in the Birkville territory, but Angus had seen signs and portents and with his usual forehandedness had signed up the gas companies of the two big cities to the east of the field to take all the gas he could deliver at twelve cents a thousand cubic feet. Of course this was contingent on his having gas to deliver, but if Harry Johnson, the geologist, had been right—and Angus grudgingly admitted that he sometimes was—the day would come when some Birkville operator would crowd through into a pocket of high-pressure gas and that pipe line would carry it under its own pressure into the city gas holders.

The Earth Rocked Under a Crushing Detonation. The Gas Flames Leaped Asunder Like a Million Lightning Bolts Hurled From a Common Center

It may be said in passing that one of the nicest, cleanest and easiest ways to make money that anyone has yet invented is to sit on the front stoop and let a pipe line carry gas for you from a field where it costs you three or four cents to a city holder where it brings you twleve and up, and that without striking for shorter hours or higher wages or even stopping work to hold a convention every few weeks.

Anticipating the day when the green triangle would be in the natural-gas business under some such happy auspices as those suggested, Angus was engaged with a young contractor one day on a piece of land along the pipe-line right of way when he noticed that something was wrong at a derrick just across the road. Angus knew all the signs. Drilling had been stopped, the roustabout and the tool dresser were standing over the casing mouth in earnest conversation and the driller and his boss, probably a field superintendent, were in an argument in the foreground.

Angus listened, sniffed, then left the builder and crossed the road. The field boss and the driller looked at him truculently and as Angus was about to pass them to step onto the derrick floor the former shouted angrily, "Here, Jack, what do you want?"

Now if there was one thing more than another Angus had no taste for it was for being called by the roustabout's universal name for a common laborer who is a stranger—Jack. He stopped.

"I came over to ask the price of castile soap," he answered bluntly.

"Come on now," the superintendent snarled. "Dont get fresh on top of it! You turn round and hunch off the job—see? And don't give me any of your lip either!"

Angus regarded him for a minute; then he moved up to where they stood.

"I come from California," Lacey began, and his voice was thick. "Out there we've got a queer liking for a civil word. I came over here to give you one. But I see I made a mistake—you wouldn't know it if you heard it. I'll say good day to you and I hope some day to have the pleasure of hammering your ugly head down between your shoulders."

As calmly as he could he walked back to his pipe line and the interested young contractor. "Whose outfit is that over there?" Angus asked abruptly.

"Delta Company. That is known as the Cunningham lease. Why? Did Rufus Knott get surly?"

"No, Rufus did Knott get surly—if that's his name. He got downright disagreeable and nasty. What's the idea—are they afraid somebody will walk in and pocket their derrick or have they got a secret between them?"

"It's a peculiar outfit, Mr. Lacey," the builder replied. "Old Jennings Norris is the owner of Delta. No one seems to know much about him and no one knows anything about his superintendent—that fellow Knott. For some reason or other they are a suspicious, grouchy gang. What would do them a lot of good would be a black eye or so, I'd say."

"I see. He acted as though I might find out something about their hole in the ground they that didn't want known."

"Sure! That sounds like them. Are they in trouble at the well?"

Angus grinned.

"No," he said slowly, "not yet. But they are going to be. That's what I went over there to tell them."

"What's wrong?"

"Well, I'm not telling you that, Duffy. But there's something for you to remember: If the Delta Company and the sore-headed Mr. Nix, or Knox, or whatever you call him, don't have difficulties in the next few days that ten words from me could have saved them and if those difficulties don't cost them anywhere up to a cool hundred thousand in hard cash I'll make you a present of the finest two-quart hat in the state of Texas."

Duffy laughed.

"I couldn't wear a two-quart hat, Mr. Lacey, but I could use it to keep maps in. I'll bear your words in mind."

"Just do that little thing. I believe you said this owner's name is Norris?"

"Jennings Norris. He has a little hole of an office on Pacific Street back of the Gulf Building. Now about this question of two stories for you ——"

"Young Mr. Duffy," quoth Angus Lacey, "I want a shack built here in which to carry on a large and flourishing business requiring the services of a clerk and an office boy, with room to hang coats up. Go ahead and lay it out. Make it fourteen stories if you have to, but don't bother me I've got something on my mind—and it isn't remorse. Now I'm gone"

And he was.

III

JENNINGS NORRIS was a sallow horse-faced gentleman distinguished by an apologetic air and a large mole on the side of his nose. His person was untidy, his stenographer and bookkeeper was a close-mouthed woman who had once been young, and his headquarters comprised a suite of two small, close and shabby rooms. The mention of the name of O. K. Cole of Los Angeles raised quite a commotion in the place and Angus Lacey was immediately shown into the presence of the long-faced head of the establishment.

After some rambling discourse on the part of Mr. Norris concerning the high regard he had for the O. K. Cole interests, owner and working force, Angus Lacey interrupted further disquisition by inquiring

(Continued on Page 135)

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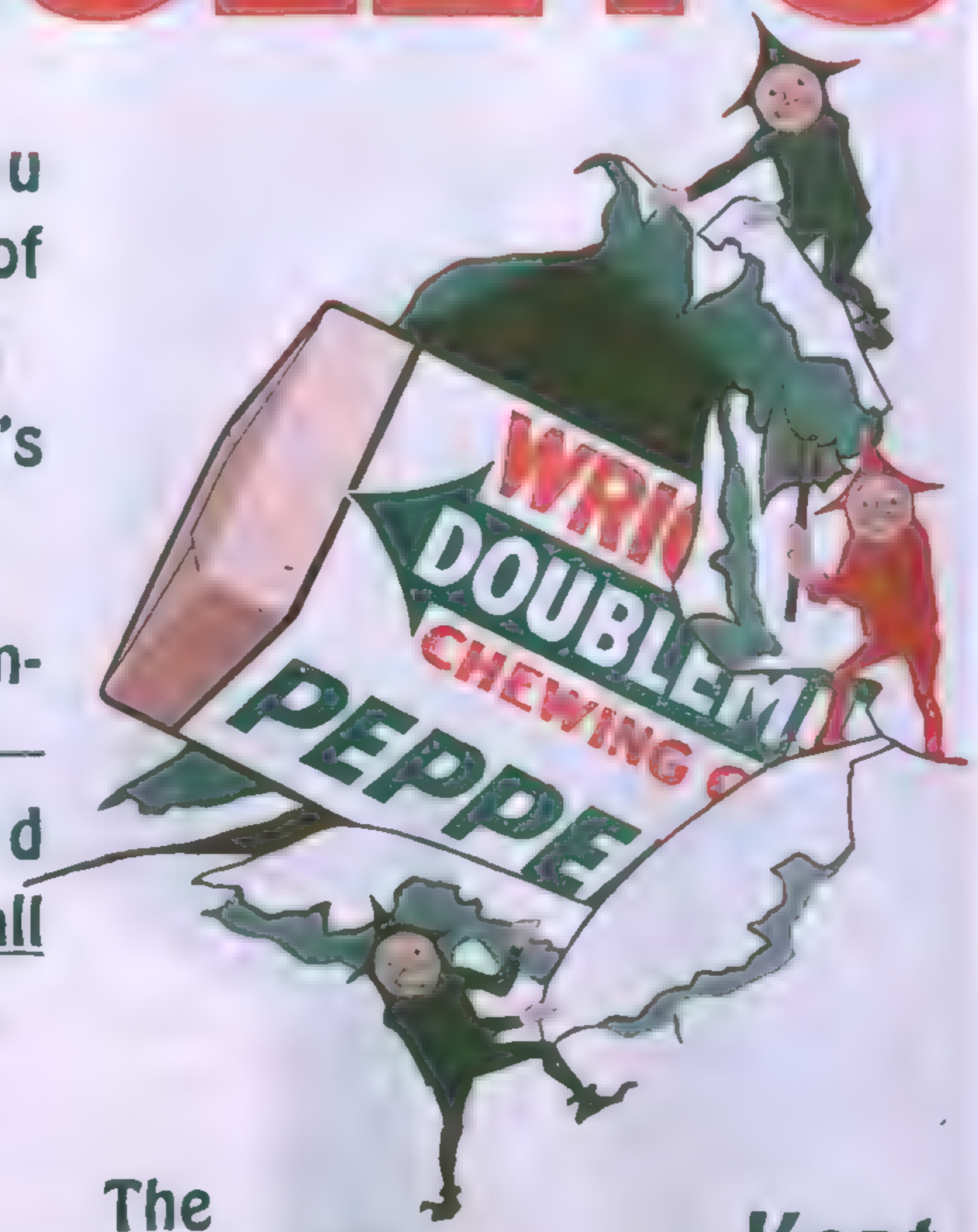

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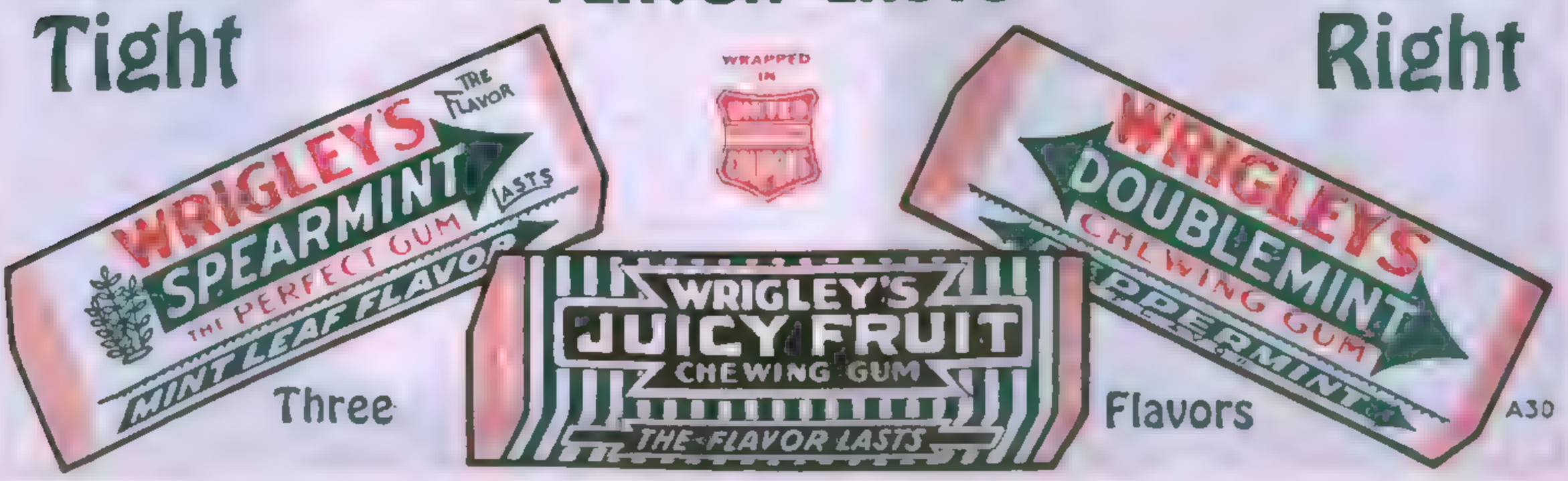

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Monroe Clothes

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The Clothes New York Men Wear

NEW YORK has millions of visitors a year from all over the United States—more than half are men who see, and *want*, New York Styles.

Monroe Clothes are first in volume sold in New York, because they represent the very best in New York style, quality, and workmanship—at less than normal prices.

Go to the Monroe Clothier in your City. He can give you the same opportunity that visitors to New York have, to get the latest metropolitan styles in Monroe Suits and Overcoats.

The Monroe label is your guaranty of satisfaction, and the price ticket attached to each garment is the nation-wide guaranty of less-than-normal New York prices

MONROE CLOTHES 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

500,000 New York Men have bought Monroe Clothes

Sold by Leading Clothiers throughout the United States

(Continued from Page 132)

directly: "Mr. Norris, have you sold an option on any gas your Delta Company might develop on the Cunningham lease?"

"Gas? Option? No, Mr. Lacey, I have not."

"Want to sell such an option?"

"I might consider it."

"Well, be kind enough to do it then. I'll give you a thousand dollars down right here and two cents a thousand cubic feet for all the gas you can turn into my feed lines—you to furnish the meters."

Mr. Norris contemplated the ceiling. What he was probably wondering was why a Cole employee who looked as smart as this young man looked should make the rash offer of a gift of one thousand dollars to an operator who had about as much chance to develop gas in his well as he had to develop whipping cream. What he was probably debating was whether he could get more than one thousand in that incomprehensible gift offer.

"A one-thousand-dollar bonus," he said ruminatively and keeping a wary eye on Lacey's face. "That seems a leetle bit low, Mr. ——"

"All right," Angus said, reaching for his hat. "I guess we're wasting valuable time then."

And he rose.

"Oh, you misunderstand me, Mr. Lacey!" Norris interrupted. "Sit down, sir! Sit down! I was about to add that in spite of the fact that I—well, in short, I'll accept your terms."

"That's all there is to it then," Angus said. "Sign here."

His document was shrewdly scanned through a pair of foggy spectacles, a clause or two were explained and then Norris signed. Angus drew a check book and wrote the one-thousand-dollar order.

"Is there a notary in the building?" Angus asked.

"I'll have Miss Doane call him in," Norris said.

Miss Doane, the high-shouldered lady attendant, went on her errand.

"I presume you are the gentleman who bought the Mattern-Dewey pipe line, aren't you?" Norris asked to pass the time.

"I'm the one who signed the papers—yes."

"For the O. K. Cole interests, I suppose."

"Well, not for the interests of science," Lacey rejoined.

"Quite so," Norris giggled. "Tee-hee! I didn't mean to be impertinent in my questioning, Mr. Lacey."

"No," Angus said dryly, "I suppose not. Is this your notary?"

It was, and the document was properly signed, sealed, attested, stamped and paid for. The notary withdrew.

"And I wish you luck, Mr. Lacey," Mr. Norris said, rising and rubbing his big mole gently with a forefinger. The gesture gave him a furtive and clandestine air that was not lessened by the man's stooping posture and general air of being a conspirator in some deep game. Angus, struck by this impression, took up his hat and stepped toward a door. As his hand fell on the knob Norris jumped forward with surprising agility.

"No—not that way!" he cried sharply. "This door, Mr. Lacey."

"Oh, sure enough," Angus said. "I won't need to use the fire escape. Good morning, Norris."

"Good day, sir—good day. Anything I can do for the Cole interests at any time ——"

"I'll let you know. And by the way, what is your field man's name?"

"Knott, Mr. Lacey. Rufus Knott. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I wanted to be sure," Lacey said. "I owe him something and I didn't want to pay the wrong man."

Leaving Norris to make as much or as little as he could from this reply, Angus went out. He turned into Fourth, rounded the corner into Sam Houston Street and was moving through the crowd of brokers' agents and speculators who daily gathered there to make and lose money in the fascinating game of stock gambling when he was suddenly butted from behind with great force by a very solid body that felt like a head.

Angus shot out one hand and brought up the butter with a violent jerk.

His captive was a snub-nosed and bellicose youth of twenty-two or three whose fists clenched instantly and who was about to strike out manfully for his freedom when he caught a good look at Lacey's face.

"Why, it's Mr. Lacey!" he exclaimed. "What do you know about that?"

Angus smiled.

"Who did you think it was—a tackling dummy? You want to be careful who you crowd here in Texas. Some of these wild men move quick and shoot straight. What's your name?"

"I'm Oulihan—Aloysius Oulihan—and I'm down here to lick a thief."

"Well, that's a nice pleasant job for you, I should judge. Where did you know me?"

"I was in the transportation department at the Cole offices in Los Angeles. You wouldn't remember me."

"Not from that, I wouldn't. But after to-day I'm not likely to forget you. I think I've got possible internal injuries from our meeting. Now about this thief-licking business—what's the row?"

"A dirty, thieving, low-lifed ——"

"Of course. But aside from that?"

"Well, a guy here roped my mother into putting a thousand dollars up for oil stock. When I got back from the service I wormed it out of her. I spent a month and most of my money trying to get satisfaction by mail and through lawyers and now I'm tired of that. I'm not going to get the money back, but I'm going to give a sneak-thief petty larcenist named Enos Sackett the dog-gonedest licking that ever a lousy, rotten-hearted, woman-robbing old ——"

"Oh, probably! Probably! Let that slide, sonny. Do you think you really want to lick this bird?"

"I don't think so—I know it. Le' me go and I'll look up you later and tell you about it."

"You seem to have your mind made up," Angus said pleasantly. "And perhaps you know something about fighting—having had more practice at it than I have. I guess I'll go with you and see how it's done. But go easy—remember that some men have a strong prejudice against being killed outright."

If Lacey expected further argument he was deceived. In fact he had a good deal of difficulty keeping up with his belligerent friend. Oulihan reached the second floor of the Gulf Building in three jumps and a scramble; he broke through the outer door of the Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company offices like a bull going through a picket fence, and while clerks and employees scattered before his onslaught he made his way straight toward the farthermost corner of the big suite. Ahead of him a meek individual in a long-tailed coat was just closing a door. This person stared at the oncoming avenger with perturbation whitening his florid face. He tried to check Oulihan, but was brushed aside. He turned to pursue the boy, but Angus Lacey was among those present.

Angus caught the gentleman's coat tails as the handiest part of him to catch, pulled him backward a step or two and with a jerk brought down on those superfluous tails the rolling top of a heavy desk that snapped viciously close to the posterior part or portion of the dismayed man's body. Angus noticed at the time and later that the imprisoned dignitary made no outcry. He merely waved his arms and emitted strange and unearthly gargling sounds from his throat. He did not know Mortimer Glesinger, but not knowing him made at the moment no particular difference to Angus. He was immediately interested in what was happening about him.

There were several things. Angus leaned against the door frame of the glass-inclosed office through which he had seen Oulihan charge. The latter had tried an inner door, it had refused to give, he had stepped back and burst it open with a shoulder. Quite a number of clerks meanwhile had come running up. Now they were formed into a loose and vacillating mob just out of arm's reach of Lacey. Angus stood amiably watching them.

"Look here," the boldest of them cried shrilly, "nobody is allowed to go into the president's office!"

"No?" Angus inquired. "Well, just stick round and tell my gentle friend Oulihan that when he comes out. Maybe he didn't understand the rule."

From beyond the splintered door came vague sounds; then the rising voice of the pugnacious young Californian; then a querulous and protesting voice. Angus started. As the remonstrating speech rose in pitch and volume he stepped back a pace or two and looked in. Across a broad desk, with his back to a door that seemed to lead through the wall of the Gulf Building and into space beyond, stood a tall stooping man—very white and visibly terror-stricken—on whose nose a big mole darkened into purple under his stress. Angus stared, then laughed. His laughter convulsed him. The more he thought about those two doors—one in the offices of Jennings Norris, the respectable and prosperous owner of the Delta Oil Company, and one in the office of Enos Sackett, president and chief beneficiary of the Sackett Gold Bond fraud—the more humorous the thing became. And the doors were only the beginning of the fun. He stepped back again to face the clerks. The latter pressed in a little.

"There's some trouble in there," the boldest cried, gaining courage from the swelling numbers behind him. "You just get out of the way and let us go in!"

Angus looked him over slowly.

"See here, little man," he said soothingly, "you children better run back to your adding machines and your sucker letters and not bother a busy man. Me, personally—I don't bite. But if Oulihan comes out in a hurry four or ten of you will get stepped on and seriously inconvenienced. And I'd advise ——"

From that cloistered sanctuary came harsh and unpleasant sounds, mounting suddenly.

"All right, you shark!" cried the voice of one in great anger. "Then look out for it, because here it comes!"

"Don't you—here! Murder! Help! I'm going to be killed!"

There was a rush and a scramble, a dull thud, a shriek and another heavy thud—then a half breath of silence and a crash as though a tall cabinet full of thin glassware had been toppled over. From the room there emerged Aloysius Oulihan calmly stuffing his cuffs back into his sleeves and smiling beatifically, like one of Tintoretto's cherubim.

The clerks, suddenly reënforced by Mortimer Glesinger, who had left his coat tails behind him in one desperate leap and wrench, all panic-stricken with fear for their jobs, closed in with a rush. Angus swung about from contemplating that smile of Oulihan's and he laughed once more.

"Come on, young Oulihan," he cried, "let's polish the place!"

They did. As Oulihan expressed it while heaving an accountant bodily into the mess and mêlée with which the floor was presently ornamented, they did kitchen police for three brisk minutes, working smoothly, coolly and rapidly. From the wriggling, cursing, tangled mass came sounds made by human beings in misery and discomfort and unhealthy terror. Angus and Oulihan went out, dusting off their hands, and on the stairs were met by a crowd of the curious, whose eyes bulged and whose ears were cocked to the sounds of riot and mishap from above. The two Californians stepped aside for them.

"Pass right on up, gentlemen," said Angus amiably. "There's quite a flurry in Gold Bond Oil. The market seems to have been beared a little and if you hurry you may be able to make a killing."

Unquestioned and serene, they went into the street.

Angus began to laugh again.

"Do a good job inside?" he asked.

Oulihan grinned and nodded.

"Pretty fair," he said. "Only the old skunk wouldn't stand up and take it."

"I suppose not. Unappreciative old beast. But, my son, this is a pleasant and beautiful world, for all that. You will learn more about what I mean before you are much older. Take me, for instance. I came downtown this afternoon to do myself some good, but also and incidentally to put an everlasting crimp into a roughneck that had called me Jack—a name I don't like from roughnecks. I bump into you and you do a little Black Hand avenging on your hook in a good, thorough, dough-boy fashion and incidentally toss right into my waiting mit a gentleman I greatly hone to do harm to."

"Uh-huh," said Aloysius, grinning. "I don't know what you are talking about, but I'm a happy guy myself. I consider I got about a thousand dollars' worth of satisfaction up there."

"Probably you did," Angus rejoined. "I judge as much from your behavior. But if you knew that the man whose face you pushed is the man I am now going to proceed to annihilate and totally subsquatulate—if that's a real word—until there isn't enough left of him to make into a decent bankruptcy proceeding, you would be still happier, wouldn't you?"

"How's that?" Oulihan inquired. "Say that again, Mr. Lacey."

"It's this way then" Lacey began—and stopped.

So did everyone else on the street. They stopped suddenly, as though frozen. They stopped just as they were—with their hands falling and their eyes big. From the west came suddenly a scraping, rending scream, then a sound like that of wind in tree tops, followed by a sort of giant's belch, a hiccup and a roar that shook the earth. At the same moment there shot into the air in the distance the top of a derrick, a rain of tools and pipe and a tangle of cable. A black torrent of mud and stones rose and opened like an umbrella and the roar increased.

"What is it?" someone shouted—and could scarcely hear his own voice.

Angus Lacey turned calmly to Oulihan.

"There, my son, is the day of judgment for Enos Sackett," he said soberly. "Come along—let's run out to the Delta lease and watch the crack of doom! Do you get me? You do not. But you will, boy—oh, you most certainly and undoubtedly will!"

Oulihan was compelled to shout to be heard.

"For the love of Mike, what is it? You don't mean it's the end of the world?"

Angus grinned.

"For your friend, Enos Sackett; and for my friend, J. Norris, it is, sonny. Because the Cunningham well of the Delta Company has gone into gas. And unless I miss my guess it's going to be afire ——"

As though his words had caused it, a lurid streak of light shot up and down the sky and with a splintering crash like the crackle of a lightning bolt there burst into being in the west a tower of fire five hundred feet high that became a column, burning as steadily as a lamp wick in a closed room and so brightly that men turned their eyes away from it and shaded their faces with their hands.

IV

ANGUS LACEY was not the seventh son of a seventh son; he was the only child of the ninth of a family of fourteen—all Scotch. In short, he laid no claim to prophetic ability. But he knew oil-well drilling from building the derrick and spudding in a hole to hooking up the pumps or capping the well and he could read signs as a doctor reads pulse, tongue and the lungs. For months he had known all that Harry Johnson, the geologist, knew about the certainty that the Birkville field was underlaid with some gas pockets of problematical size; and for days he had known that the well on the Delta Company's Cunningham lease was showing symptoms of proving Johnson correct.

If Rufus Knott had had Lacey's experience or had given the young Californian a pleasant word the Norris concern would have pumped mud and water into that hole on the morning of Lacey's discovery of trouble there instead of bailing it out and thus releasing the liquid plug that was holding the gas down. Once that plug, or cushion, was removed, however, the gas had forced its way through the thin earth or rock crust that incased it, some ancient fissure or fault was breached and the gas had done the rest.

Even then the well might have been prevented from taking fire if the moment that terrific blast of gravel and rocks had begun Knott and his men had begun flooding the steel-casing mouth with water to keep it cool. For when abrasive materials are shot through an eight-and-a-half-inch casing mouth under a pressure of four hundred or five hundred pounds to the square inch the friction set up is sufficient to make any metal heat. In this case Knott and his crew had stood back—amazed, frightened and helpless; the casing mouth had begun to glow rosily, then had flared red, then had ignited the gas. Knowing guessers estimated that fifty million cubic feet of the highly inflammable stuff was being consumed in that tower of fierce flame in every twenty-four hours and without exception they opined that it would continue to be consumed as long as the underground supply lasted, for they said loudly and positively that no human agency could control the burning well. They uttered this verdict with finality and offered bets at large odds in support of their contention. There were no takers. The job looked hopeless.

(Continued on Page 139)

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"That'll be fine! I'm certainly glad I came in today," she admitted, "for I've had such a hard time keeping a laundress, even though I paid her well. I have wanted an electric washer that would really wash clothes clean without injuring them, one that would be absolutely safe. I've heard lots of good things about the A-B-C from my friends and neighbors. But now I'm *sure* that this is the machine I've been looking for."

"We could handle other makes," replied the merchant, "but we consider that in the A-B-C Super Electric Washer, we are offering the very best. You'll find it even more satisfactory than you anticipate. Besides the guarantee of the manufacturer, our own guarantee of efficient service is given with every A-B-C. We appreciate *our* responsibility also."

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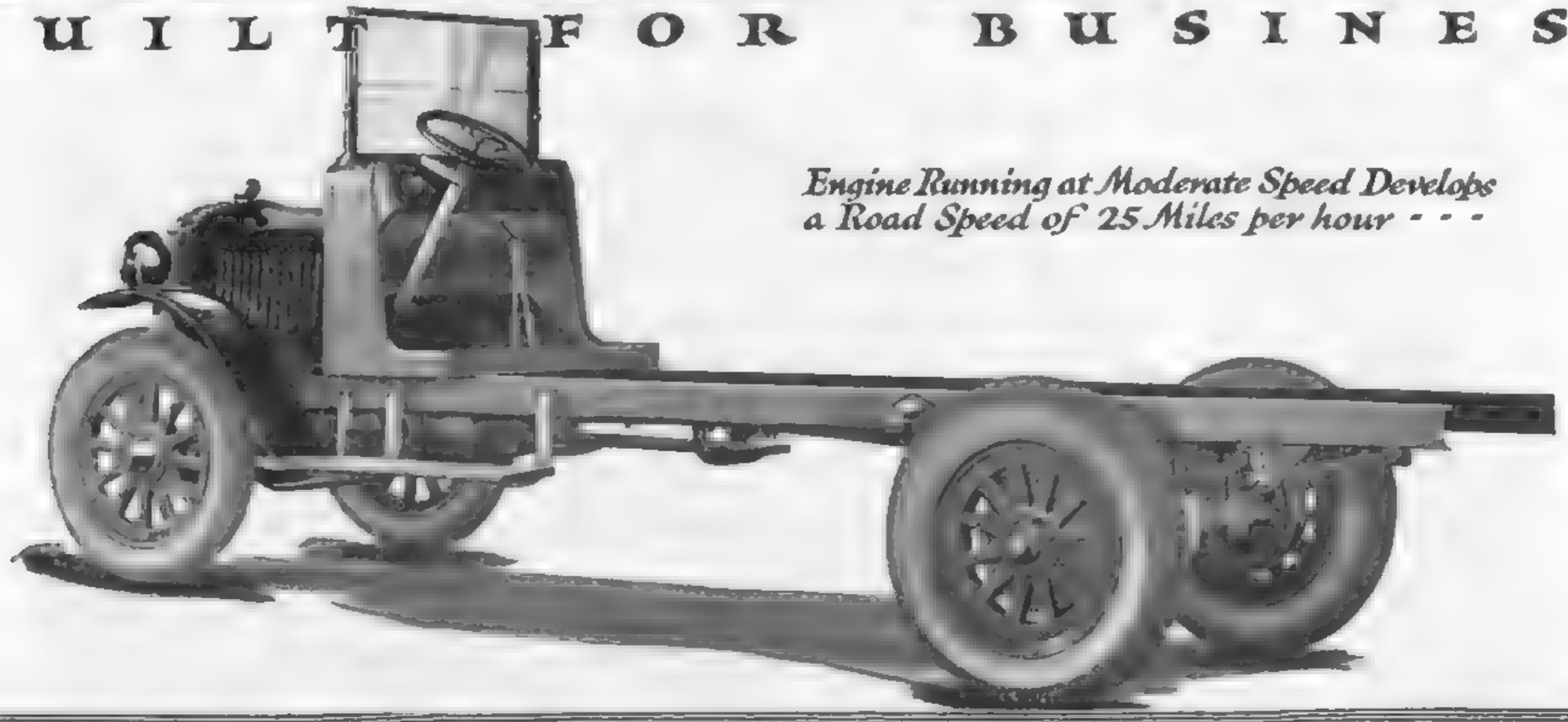

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With its motor power applied to all four wheels it moves along steadily and persistently with heavy loads over roads as they come.

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If you have a heavy hauling problem that you want solved economically, write us to send you the results of using Duplex 4-Wheel Drive Trucks as other men in similar fields experience them.

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3½ Ton Capacity
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THE Limited is specifically designed for high speed loads. Equipped with pneumatic tires—and more important—it is *deliberately designed and built for pneumatic tire equipment.* Standard equipment includes also electric starting and lighting.

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This eliminates at the start the difficulties due to wrong design and the shock and vibration of excessive motor speed.

There is nothing hasty or undeveloped about the Limited. It has back of it the character, integrity and experience of one of the oldest and most successful truck companies in America today.

And in truck making, as in everything else, character, integrity and experience are bound to register value in the truck itself—to give the man who buys the truck the benefits of correct design and experienced construction.

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One of the Oldest and Most Successful Truck Companies in America

(Continued from Page 135)

To no one did it look more hopeless than to Jennings Norris, owner of the Delta Oil Company; and Angus Lacey had been right in asserting that the gas fire was the beginning of the crack of doom for the man with two names and two offices and now with a very sore nose and two black eyes that did not heighten his beauty nor sweeten his disposition. For Jennings Norris of the Delta Company, or Enos Sackett of the Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company, whichever you prefer, was suffering from paroxysms of fear that he was about to reap that whirlwind which biblical authority states must follow the extensive sowing of the wind. In short, Norris-Sackett was in a bad way and getting into a worse one.

With all his careful and forethoughtful planning of the Sackett Gold Bond fraud, Norris had overlooked one contingency. He had expected to keep the Gold Bond scheme running only so long as was necessary to finance successfully the eminently legitimate and aboveboard Delta Company, and then to have the invisible Enos Sackett drop out of existence. The gas gusher had brought this well-considered project up short. Gold Bond sucker money might continue to flow in fast enough to enable Rufus Knott to conquer the gas fire—it might, but Sackett-Norris began to doubt it. And on top of this he was never wholly able to get over his fear that other snub-nosed and fiery-tempered young men with widowed mothers might drop in on him as frequent visitors as Oulihan had, and this meant physical pain, and physical pain was one luxury that the bunko man felt he could get along without.

Meanwhile Rufus Knott had put in three days and nights of prodigious effort against the tower of flame and had got exactly nowhere. On the fourth day Norris scraped together all the money there was in the Gold Bond pot, hypothecated some listed securities he held and summoned Knott.

"Look here, Knott," he began querulously, "you don't seem to be making any progress at the well at all."

"Oh, you noticed that, did you?" Knott growled in surly fashion. "What about it then?"

"What about it? Don't look at me and ask what about it! I want that fire put out."

"All right, Mr. Norris—go put it out."

"Are you getting impudent, Knott?"

"Maybe I am. I don't know and I don't care. I've done everything I could and I'm about through."

They jawed each other for a few minutes, then Norris took hold of himself.

"Come, come, Knott, this won't do!" he said. "I suppose you've done the best you knew. But the day the gas blew out one of O. K. Cole's men called and signed me up for gas at two cents a thousand cubic feet. I thought then he was crazy—I wasn't looking for gas at all, as you know. But now I believe he must have known what he was doing. I've tried to get him to put out the fire, but he only laughed at me. Said it was my gas as long as it was afire and his when the fire was out. I don't understand him exactly."

"This chatter doesn't get you any closer to two cents a thousand for gas," Knott interjected crossly.

"Quite right, Knott—no. I want you to get boilers and pumps in there and buy water to put out that fire if you have to pump the Gulf of Mexico dry to do it."

"It'll cost money, Norris."

"Damn it, man, the fire costs more! Don't argue—get busy!"

"All right, I'll get busy, and don't you ever forget it!"

He proceeded to carry out instructions to the tune of about thirty thousand dollars for additional equipment and men and returned to the scene of his activities. Norris chafed, fretted and lost weight. The fight continued for two days—a hopeless struggle. Norris began to grow desperate.

Then he had a visitor. He announced himself first in the outer office in a loud tone of voice and rather impatiently; informed Miss Doane that he didn't carry a card and that he wasn't going to sit round a two-by-four office drumming his heels while a six-by-nine wildcatter made up his mind to see him, and entered Mr. Norris' private office. Once in, he closed the door behind him with a thump and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Your name Norris?" he demanded.

"Norris is my name, sir. May I ask why you chose to bluster in here ——"

"Oh, can it!" the caller interrupted vigorously. "I've got about ninety seconds to give you and I don't want to waste them. My name's Cole."

Mr. Norris started up, his face brightening and a great load appearing to fall from his shoulders.

"Not O. K. Cole?" he cried.

"Yep. Sit down. You can hire a brass band for me some other time. What will you take—cash—for your Delta Company—if that's its name?"

"The Delta? What will I take?"

"Now what the triple-starred dash is the use of gabbling? Yes! Name your price."

"But, my dear Mr. Cole, I—I haven't considered selling."

"Don't tell me that! Every fly-by-night wildcatter considers selling! Come on, talk up."

"Well, Mr. Cole, I suppose if you are anxious to buy ——"

"Who said I was anxious to buy? Scrape together what sense you've got and name a price and don't sit there making faces at me!"

Norris was doing almost that. He was so dumfounded, so taken aback and so generally metagarbolized, as much by the presence in his little office of the great California magnate as by the latter's manner, that his wits were wandering. But when backed into a corner Mr. Jennings Norris—like most rats—could fight.

"Mr. Cole," he said, sobering, "you've made a mistake. I'm not the sort of man to be bullied and badgered, not even by you! I would sell the Delta, of course, but I'm not ready to fix a price. That's the long and short of it."

"Considerably too long and not near short enough!" Cole rasped, unmoved. "Lean in and let me tell you something. I'm going to make you an offer for the Delta and I'm going to advise you to take it. If you don't take it you're going out of this field broke—if you don't go out in the custody of a United States officer. Oh, that percolates, does it? All right—I'll give you fifty thousand dollars for the whole shebang."

Norris forced a laugh.

"Quit joking, Mr. Cole. I've got more than that much invested."

"I didn't ask you that. I'll give you fifty thousand now. I'll take a big chance in giving you anything, because my man, Lacey, may not be able to put out that fire you blundering asses got going, and he may not be able to cap the well after the fire is out. But fifty thousand goes—if you grab it now. If you don't I'll give you forty thousand to-morrow morning, or thirty thousand to-morrow afternoon, or twenty thousand the next day, and if you don't sell inside of three days I'll take the property away from you and kick you off it with my own boot toe. Does that sound rough? Well, that's the way I want it to sound. Can you talk now?"

Norris was obviously in doubt on that score. He swallowed hard several times, ran a finger round the inside of his collar and stretched his neck.

"I—I don't quite understand, Mr. Cole," he said hoarsely. "Are you serious? Do you think you can scare me into selling at such a ridiculous figure? Well, you can't."

"All right," Cole said, and opened the door. "You can reach me at the Alamo Hotel when I'm in. See you later."

He left Norris in a cold perspiration. The promoter tried to tell himself that this was only the California way of doing business—that it was pure bluff. But deep down in his withered and pulsied old soul he knew better. Cole wasn't a bluffer. Cole had something up his sleeve. And Norris, conscious how many things there were in his past, distant and immediate, that might be held up the sleeve of a strong man like Oil King Cole, perspired more and more freely. But he was obstinate. He had worked hard to accumulate what he had and he did not want to let any of it go. The blazing well had eaten into his gains from the Sackett Gold Bond fraud in a sickening fashion. Now Norris was desperately determined to hold on to what remained.

In this frame of mind he shook off fear and flew into a feverish activity. His first move was to look up two big producers whom he knew and offer them the Delta at two hundred thousand. It was worth twice that as prospective oil land in the Cunningham lease alone. They promised to let him know. When he had left them they talked the offer over.

"The old man is panicky," Newton, the older of the two, decided. "O. K. Cole has an option on his gas and Cole owns a pipe line. Don't forget that. I think we'd better look twice before we buy into a merry little war with that California outfit."

So they called on Angus Lacey.

"Would you consider selling your pipe line, Mr. Lacey?" Newton asked.

"No," said Angus, eying them shrewdly.

"Leasing it?"

"No."

"Are you going to use it to move oil?"

Angus smiled.

"What you mean is, Norris has offered you his Cunningham lease, isn't it?"

"Well—yes."

"All right. Now I'll tell you something. I'll do business with you gentlemen on any proposition you have but one. I won't handle gas from the Delta Company's ground unless it is taken over by the Cole companies. Is that clear?"

"But you can't be in earnest! If we took over that lease and put out the fire you'd have to handle our gas. I understand that you are under contract to deliver to the City Gas and the Economic in ——"

"I am. But before I'll take natural gas from Norris or any outsider who buys from him I'll hire motor trucks and gangs and I'll drive every foot of that pipe to the Gulf and throw it in. Now that's plain talk and you can figure out your own answer. Is that all?"

They went away considerably mystified but certain of one thing, namely, that O. K. Cole, the oil king, was in a death grapple with Jennings Norris and that it behooved prudent independent operators to keep hands off. So they sent word to Norris early the following morning that the deal was dead.

The news came at a bad time for Norris. He had been wakened at eight o'clock, after having spent half the night watching Knott make a determined but losing fight against the burning gas, to be told by Knott that all the local supply and heavy hardware companies had closed down on credit and would not sell him a foot of pipe or a piece of machinery except for cash. Knott had wrecked one large pump in installing it; he had burst several lengths of fire hose and one of his boilers had exploded. In short, the fight against the fire was finished unless more materials were forthcoming.

At his office he found the news awaiting him that Newton and Birch wouldn't touch Delta Company. Another strong local man refused even to talk a possible proposition over. The Birkville bank sent word about ten that two overdue notes must be taken up at once. A messenger came in from the well saying that some long-legged giant from California had picked a quarrel with Rufus Knott, thrashed the man beyond hope of immediate repair and sent him to an expensive hospital in Fort Worth by train. Norris groaned. He had known it from the first. It was an old story—the organized conspiracy of a rich and powerful corporation to squeeze out a small and helpless competitor. Recited, this version of his troubles brought tears to the old sharper's eyes. But it did not bring succor for his dire need.

Instead there entered through the secret door into the Gulf Building a trembling, drawn and white-faced man in a long-tailed coat, feverishly searching a coat pocket and bringing from it a small pad of paper and a pencil. Norris, about to rise, sank back into his chair. His eyes were glued to the paper whereon Mortimer Glesinger was frantically scribbling. Word by word he snatched up the news. The completed message read:

"P. O. inspector named Fickeisen in there. Taken charge of everything. Sealed up safe and files and put on guard. Clerks all gone. I'm going."

For a long time Norris sat staring at this message. The cold feeling in his midriff spread over his body. The chill shook his spine. Curiously enough, perspiration started on his forehead. He tried to grasp a pencil to reply to Glesinger, but the pencil slipped from his fingers and rolled to the floor. He felt a sudden need for this dumb and faithful servant of his and turned to cling to Glesinger.

But Mortimer Glesinger was not there. He had outlined his own program on that slip of paper—and then carried it out while the going was good.

Norris rose and staggered to his door. Miss Doane glanced up, horrified at his face.

"Get O. K. Cole on the phone," he said weakly. "Tell him I'll listen to his proposition. And for God's sake hurry, woman—that man Cole lowers his price about five thousand dollars an hour and I'm going to need money!"

▼

ON THE eleventh day of the Cunningham lease gas fire the Birkville Record announced that a new corporation known as the Recovery Oil Company, incorporated under California laws, had taken over the entire properties of the Delta Oil Company; that Jennings Norris, the well-known local capitalist and promoter, had retired from the petroleum business; and that Angus Lacey, field manager for Oil King Cole of California, was making plans to fight the monster blaze in a new way. The information spread rapidly and was received with knowing nods and winks. Of course the Recovery was just another name for the O. K. Cole Oil Corporation. And of course Cole had squeezed Norris out. And of course and most positively and certainly and for any bet you care to name this young Lacey, whoever he was, couldn't put out that gas fire in a million years. Thus Birkville.

On the first two points Angus Lacey himself was considerably in the dark. His telegram to the oil king concerning the dire straits in which Jennings Norris and the Delta Company found themselves and concerning the potential value of the Cunningham lease and other properties held by the Delta had been answered with characteristic Cole brevity:

"Keep your head cool and your feet warm. I'm coming Birkville New Orleans Flyer, Arrive Tuesday. O. K. C."

Cole had arrived, Angus had put him into possession of what information he himself had concerning Norris and his affairs, and then the oil king had walked directly off the face of the earth and disappeared, leaving Angus with one message only—a scrawled note directing him to get ready to take over the Cunningham lease, fire and all, not later than Friday.

On Thursday night Aloysius Oulihan, looking peculiarly pert and pleased, had called on Angus and informed him that the Norris properties had changed hands, that Oulihan was temporarily business manager of the Recovery Company, successor to the Delta, and that Mr. Cole had been kind enough to loan the baby corporation the use and employment of Lacey himself.

Angus grunted.

"Oh, you say they have and you are and he did, eh?" he growled. "Well, Mr. Cole didn't say anything to me about it, but he will have his little joke. I suppose you want me to organize a fire department is that it?"

"That is it exactly," Oulihan said, blowing out his chest. "And, of course, we depend on you, Mr. Lacey, to use due care and diligence—oh, I forget the rest, but I had a nice little speech prepared for you. I'm your boss now, you understand."

"The dickens you are!" Angus replied. "Well then, boss, you take yourself off into a quiet corner and keep out of the way or you'll get stepped on. I'm going to be a busy guy for a day or so."

That was no exaggeration. Though it was already nine o'clock in the evening, he spent two hours with a number of machinery and oil-well supply men who had been yanked out of their peaceful homes or away from their fascinating poker games or in from prospective joy-ride parties and who were told in a few expressive words just exactly what was expected of them by a man who knew what he wanted and who could pay promptly and well for service. When they fully understood these points their alacrity in his behalf was amazing. By midnight motor trucks were moving through the deserted streets of Birkville and by dawn on Friday morning a crew of two hundred men was on the Cunningham lease and the fight was on.

The great fire had not abated one whit. For eleven days and nights it had flamed five hundred feet in air, burning with a roar that could be heard for miles and lighting up the entire Birkville territory so brightly that a facetious farmer declared his hens had all died trying to lay one egg by daylight and another one by the Norris gas lamp. Rufus Knott, who had left the field badly

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mutilated, had done what he could in his feeble way and had taken worlds of free advice from other feeble minds, but he had been going against a stiff game and it was generally believed that he had rather welcomed the licking that had ended his activities. At any rate he was gone and the fire seemed none the worse for his efforts against it, even though those efforts had cost Jennings Norris close to seventy thousand dollars of money extracted from victims of the Sackett Gold Bond gold-brick scheme. Behind him Mr. Knott left seven batteries of pumps and four good steam plants—these were Angus Lacey's heritage as a start toward his campaign.

Birkville began to turn out early Friday, curious and skeptical. With one voice they agreed that this man Lacey was beaten before he started the fight. And to a casual observer or even to an observer not so casual the odds did appear lopsided and distinctly unfavorable. Angus Lacey wasn't thinking about odds. He had been brought up in this game, where the odds are usually against the operator, where each problem is a new one and where each difficulty must be met by exercise of native shrewdness, a carrying voice and a strong and willing right arm. He began by knocking three derricks together in a wide isosceles triangle—two of them fifty feet high and in a line with the burning well and one seventy feet high at the top of the triangle. This work took all of Friday, and in the meantime more pumps were installed, new lines of hose were run, fifty barrels of a certain chemical had arrived from a distant point and been laid out as near the fire as possible and interminable lengths of steel cable had been stretched between those interesting if puzzling derricks.

On Friday morning also an oil-field blacksmith had arrived from Los Angeles, summoned by telegraph, and was locked up with a dozen assistants in a machine shop Lacey rented for his use and pleasure. No one knew what he was doing and those who persisted in asking were told somewhat rudely to go to perdition. And all that day and all that night, except for three hours in the dog watch, Angus Lacey sat on a pile of derrick timbers swinging his legs and keeping four nimble-footed boys busy carrying his orders about the scene of the fire. It was hot work, even sitting still anywhere within five hundred yards of that terrific blaze. But when men are being paid time and a half for hustling and then learn that their boss knows what he is doing they can perform quite a jag of work, as the saying is, in a short space of time and under working conditions.

Lacey's problem was twofold—to extinguish the blaze and then to control and cap the gas flow. Until the latter job was accomplished the gas was about as useful afire as any other way. Snuffing that big torch of flame was in itself a two-part task, for even Knott had succeeded two or three times in extinguishing the fire at the casing mouth. The difficulty was that it continued to burn above and until the upper flames were subjugated nothing was accomplished by smothering those below, because the fire would dart down when the water and steam were turned off and in a flash the great tower would be blazing again. In a manner of speaking, there were two fires to handle—the one at the casing mouth and the great torch above that no water streams could reach.

It was Saturday afternoon before the crowds saw Lacey mount the highest of his three derricks and seat himself on the top, contemplating his preparations. From this height he looked straight across into the center of that five-hundred-foot cone-shaped flame that was fifty feet in diameter at its greatest spread and that burned blue at the casing mouth and yellow above, almost without smoke. His three derricks were arranged only for the purpose of carrying communicating lines of cable into the heart of that flame and fifty feet above the ground. He waved a hand and an engineer began winding up cable on a big drum. Presently as the cable tightened the watching crowds could see his design, even though they could not comprehend its significance.

Presently the cables came taut, stretching from the tops of the three derricks in a great T, with Lacey on the derrick at the foot of the letter, with a heavy cable running between the two derricks placed at the extremities of the cross stroke of the letter and with a light cable as though forming the stem of the letter—running from Lacey's derrick to the main cable at a point exactly in the center of the fire, which must be represented by the point where the stem and the cross stroke of the T meet. Lacey's derrick being the highest of the three, the stem of the T sloped downward toward the fire. And this was the secret of his project—the stem of the T of cable.

For on it presently they saw him place a large pulley from which hung an amorphous bundle wrapped in asbestos and prevented from running down the light cable by two small wires. At a signal from Lacey the men at pumps and hose lines turned in steam, mud and water. The attack was made from all four sides, and presently the fire at the casing mouth waned and slackened. Immediately two small lines of hose were run in by workers from the barrels of chemicals that had been brought up and when this chemical began to play on the blaze a thick bluish cloud of smoke bellowed up and the lower flame went out in the smother.

"What's that stuff?" someone in the crowd shouted curiously.

A stranger answered.

"Tetrachloride. It's death to fire."

"Well, he'll need a lot of it," someone else cried. "I'd like to bet ten to one in any reasonable amount that the lad can't do any more."

The stranger turned.

"I'll take you on that for fifty dollars," he said.

"You're on."

Someone else pushed up.

"Have you got any more money to bet that way?" he asked.

The stranger nodded.

"Much as you want. Take you all on—and what's more, I'll give you better odds. I'll bet one to five that he puts out that fire in the next twenty minutes."

They swarmed about him and for a minute or two he was busy making bets. Then his confidence began to worry them. They asked each other who he was; discussed him hastily; began to draw back.

"He acts like a man betting on a sure thing," one broker said. "I think I'll keep my money."

"Keep it then!" a skeptic snorted. "Take another look at that fire! It's out—yes, for the first twenty or thirty feet. But the gas shoots right on up through the water and steam and unless this lad—hello, what's that?"

Lacey was beginning to play out the small wire line he held in his hands now and his awkward-looking bundle ran down the stem of the T of cable toward the heart of the upper fire column. Below, round the casing mouth, the barrage of muddy water, steam and tetrachloride kept the fire out. But it began again just above and waged as fiercely and cruelly as ever. The cartridge on its pulley and with its two fine wires trailing crept down toward the column. Presently it disappeared into the flames. "What's the idea?" the skeptics asked the confidant better anxiously. "What's he going to do now?"

"The idea is dynamite," the stranger answered, chuckling. "And unless I miss my guess ——"

He was interrupted. Lacey standing on that highest derrick top had pressed a button. Instantly the earth rocked under a crashing detonation. The gas flames leaped asunder like a million lightning bolts hurled from a common center.

Then as suddenly as a candle is snuffed the upper fire went out—without smoke, without sound, without flicker. In one breath it was there—a livid, cruel, uncontrolled actuality; in the next it was as though it had never been.

"Shot it out?" someone cried. "Well, don't that beat time!"

The man who was collecting bets shook his head, laughing shortly.

"Not Angus Lacey's time, it doesn't!" he said. "I happen to know, because he works for me. Anybody else want to bet that he won't cap the well now? You don't? Oh, come on! I'll give you three to two that it doesn't take him an hour!"

But the men round him stepped back and in a moment they were joining in the cheers that the crowds raised for the long-legged Scotch Californian who was nimbly clambering down that tall derrick of his, shouting orders as he came.

VI

THERE are technical and oil journals in which you can find a detailed account of the method Angus Lacey used in extinguishing the famous Cunningham lease gas-well fire at Birkville, with highly unintelligible descriptions of the clumsy device of pipes, valves, plates, collars and bolts which rolled up on a heavy motor truck as the fire went out in charge of the California field blacksmith and genius who had spent two days and nights locked up in the rented machine shop. This device would be difficult to describe and it would be even harder to explain how it operated. Its function was to cap the well and control the gas flow.

The gas was blowing from that eight-and-a-half-inch casing mouth under a pressure that probably ran to 500 pounds to the square inch. This is something like the pressure at which a shell leaves the mouth of a big gun. In short, it was sufficient to make impractical the plan of walking up with a large valve in your hands, setting the valve in place, and turning off the flow. What Lacey had first to do was to obtain a foundation to which to secure his shut-off valves so that they would stay put. He did this by running a trench in so that his men could work below the mouth of the casing, and then fastening his devices to the casing itself, round the top of which there was a collar. When this much was accomplished he signaled and the clumsy engine his blacksmith had worked out began to swing upon a hinge and cover the mouth of the well. The gas continued to flow through the casing and outlet pipes of the shut-off machine, but when the latter was in an upright position and all the gas was flowing through its numerous pipes, then and not before did Lacey begin cautiously to shut off one valve after another.

Thus gradually the gas flow was checked. The strain as the valves cut in was sufficient to test man-made steel bolts, nuts and valve seats to their limits, but they stood the test. The roar of the escaping gas grew appreciably less. It screamed and whistled stridently as though in protest, but it was choked down. When half the flow was under control Lacey left the well and began connecting up with two heavy pipes from the casing across the road to his pipe-line station. Hour by hour the work went forward; now and then Lacey went back to the well and cut off a little more of the gas flow. The watchers, never quite able to believe that that gigantic and seemingly irresistible force could be controlled and directed by human hands or by human agencies, began to be convinced against their reason that it had been. Some of them yawned and went away. Others stayed, half hoping—with the perversity of human beings—that some flaw in the scheme would develop and that Lacey would be dramatically and sensationally defeated at the last minute. But such as these were disappointed. At six o'clock Angus—considerably worn and tired but imperturbable and cool as ever—walked slowly along his pipe line from the intake at his station to the casing mouth, tapping joints, examining fittings, scrutinizing valves and gauges and at last stepping down toward the well mouth with a grin.

"All set, Sims?" he roared to his engineer.

"All set!"

"All right, open your valves!"

Sims spun two wheels and opened the by-line into the pipes bound cityward across the prairie.

"All open!" he shouted.

"Then here she comes!"

And, with a hiccup and a rumble as the air in the pipes was expelled through distant air valves, the gas that had made the Cunningham well a famous outlaw and that had been consumed in a quantity sufficient to light and heat a small city for a year by the fire of its own starting—that wild and terrible force began to purr tamely through the gauges and off into the pipe line, a broken, subdued and kindly thing fit for association with decent people and ready to begin earning something like two thousand dollars a day for its new owners—most of whom had never even heard that they were its owners and were as yet unprepared for the intelligence.

A few of them were present. One was a fat and extremely excited little Irishwoman, who danced up and down about the pipe-line intake, squinting at the gauges, tentatively twisting valve handles, gazing with an air of great intelligence at Lacey's incomprehensible shut-off machine and stopping now and then to ejaculate:

'Mothers of all the saints! And to think that two weeks agone I was scrubbin' floors and weepin' salt tears into the mop pail! 'Tis a quare world!"

Even more delighted—because he was officially, though temporarily, the chief official and highest factotum of a bona-fide oil company with tangible property even now hissing and grumbling in the big pipes at his feet—was the Irishwoman's son, christened Aloysius, who was extremely busy explaining to a very pretty, very pink-cheeked and very much subdued girl the few things he did know about the complex business he controlled and the great many that he did not know. Following them about, dazed, unbelieving and semihysterical, was a group of other new owners who happened to live near enough to Birkville so that they had come on, summoned by a mysterious telegram, at the expense of a man named Cole, of whom they had never heard before, to celebrate the death, demise and eternal extinction of a company that had once been known as the Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company, now unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Angus Lacey, shining from an energetic five minutes with a bucket of hot water and a can of mechanic's soap at a near-by pump unit, eased in to listen as Aloysius Oulihan wound up one of his expositions to the gaping-mouthed knot of childlike souls who followed him.

"It looks easy now," he was saying, "but believe me, Mr. Lacey and I had to do some figuring before we were ready to start the fight. Of course Lacey did most of the heavy work, but I had a few little ideas—oh, excuse me a minute."

They fell back respectfully and Aloysius, the braggart, caught the arm of Angus Lacey, inopportunely arrived.

"Look here, Mr. Lacey," the boy whispered, flaming red, "I guess you heard what I was saying. Honest—I don't care about those hicks from Texas and Arkansas—but notice that little girl in blue! She's Katy. My mother brought her down. We got married yesterday."

Lacey frowned portentously.

"What's that got to do with your standing up there and telling them that you——"

"Aw, have a heart, Mr. Lacey! You aren't married, but if you were—it's this way: That little girl of mine used to think I was a greater soldier than Pershing. Now she thinks I'm a greater oil man than anybody except O. K. Cole. And if I don't keep her believing ——"

Angus had tried to keep his face straight, but the strain told. He gave Oulihan a shove.

"Run on back to her—and I'll your head off," he exclaimed. "I'll play the game for you. And look who's here! This is going to be a party, I'd say!"

Two automobiles were drawing up in the road, having come roaring in from opposite directions. From one a thin stooping man and a fat little citizen with a lawyer's brief case tumbled expeditiously and started toward the group by the gas well. From the other a tall, benevolent-looking patriarch running largely to white hair and whiskers was being jerked rudely by a pursy and red-faced business man with a harsh voice and a short temper.

The lawyer and his client arrived first—and the client was no other than Jennings Norris, less favorably known as Enos Sackett.

"Who is in charge of this property?" he demanded as he charged up and came to a stop.

Lacey stepped out.

"Oh, hello, Gold-Brick Pete!" he said softly. "I thought you were in the penitentiary by now. What's on your mind?"

Norris clawed at the mole on his nose and stamped his feet with rage.

"I know you did!" he shrilled. "That's what your whole pernicious gang was thinking. But I'm not in the penitentiary and if anybody goes it will be some of you. Are you in charge here, Lacey?"

Lacey, looking over the angry man's shoulders, smiled happily.

"No," he said, "I'm only a sort of roustabout on this property. It has been taken over by a company of suckers who traded in their Sackett Gold Bond Oil Company stock for it. I suppose you've heard of the Sackett Gold Bond, Norris? Haven't, eh? A short memory is a great asset. Well, as I was saying, the Recovery Oil Company owns this lease now. The boss of the works is Mr. Aloysius Oulihan."

"Oulihan?"

Norris paled, looked round him, caught sight of the snub-nosed young Irishman. Oulihan, somewhat impeded in his efforts

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THE graceful slanting lines of the Harrison Radiator on the new Mitchell Six harmonize perfectly with the advanced body design of this impressive 1920 model

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by a lively and energetic young woman, was trying to take off his coat. Norris stepped back toward his lawyer.

"I warn you all now!" he cried, desperate with rage and fear. "I warn you that you have gone far enough! My attorney, Mr. Sparrow, is here to serve you with papers in a suit for the recovery of this property. It was taken from me by deceit, fraud, threats and intimidation. The trumped-up case against me in connection with some man named Sackett has fallen down. You didn't have any witnesses ——"

"Nay, brother," a thin old voice interrupted at his ear. "Nay, Comrade Sackett, say not so! Behold your old friend, Martin E. Martin!"

Mrs. Oulihan squealed, two or three other Sackett victims in the crowd uttered sharp exclamations of recognition, and Jennings Norris fell back perfectly livid. Oil King Cole, who had escorted Martin E. Martin to the spot, elbowed his way forward and confronted Norris.

"I don't like your face, my Christian friend," he said amiably but in a tone that seemed to imply some less gentle feeling behind. "I took a dislike to you the first time I saw you and I've gone to considerable trouble and expense to put you where I won't have to see anything of you or hear anything from you for a long time." He turned abruptly to the bewhiskered old fraud who had been outside man for the Sackett enterprise. "Is this man Enos Sackett, Martin?" he demanded.

Martin E. Martin bowed with great dignity, folded his arms and spat inelegantly but with great precision.

"That is Enos Sackett, alias a whole lot of other names," he said. "And I am ready to go on the stand and ——"

Jennings Norris, or whatever his true name was, interrupted with a scream.

"You perjured old scoundrel!" he cried. "You won't go on the stand until I've told who you are! And then we'll see ——"

A girl's shrill protest broke in on the sentence and the crowd turned. Aloysius Oulihan, gently seating his lady wife of a few hours on a pile of timbers, had finally removed his coat. He folded it neatly and laid it aside. Then he ripped off his vest, folded that, laid that on the coat. Then he reached for his collar, loosed it, took it off, folded it, put it with the other garments. As he reached for his cuff links, snapped them free and began slowly rolling up his cuffs he said in a clear voice:

"If you people will be good enough to stand back a little and give me room to move in I would be much obliged. Because there is a man there I started to work on in his office the other day and this seems like a good time to finish. Hi! Don't let him go! Stop him there, somebody!"

But Jennings Norris was gone—his long legs reaching out in amazing strides, his coat tails spread-eagling, his hat falling anywhere.

He was gone and they heard later that he kept going until at the nearest railway depot he ran slap into the arms of Post Office Inspector Fickeisen, whose retentive memory had at last come to his aid and who remembered finally where he had heard before of the benevolent but modest promoter who laid such stress always on doing investors good—with the emphasis on the participle.

But to get the cream of this story—moral aside—you ought to hear Angus Lacey describe Oil King Cole's face when Mrs. Mary Oulihan, the simple-hearted soul, was thanking him for his kindness in rescuing the victims of the Sackett Gold Bond Oil scheme—thanking him with enthusiasm.

And, Lacey asserts, on the lips!

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 38)

industry: "To do the right thing at the right time in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to avoid waste; to know my men personally; to anticipate requirements; to develop my own resourcefulness; to work for the love of work; to master circumstances; to act courteously; to act from reason rather than from rule; and to be satisfied only when I have accomplished all."

A good friend of mine points out a requisite quality of leadership in the following story:

He was passing the winter on Arctic shores as the guest of an Eskimo chief. Between necessary sleeps the chief went forth into the darkness and bitter cold, and building a windbreak of ice blocks cut a hole through the eight feet of ocean ice and steadily, hour after hour, fished, thus accumulating great stores of frozen food.

"Why do you catch so far beyond your needs?" he was asked.

The savage replied: "When the sun comes back starving tribes from the interior will come to me for help. Because I am chief I must give them help. Because I always prepare for them and guard them I am chief."

Here was a case of leadership acquired through undertaking responsibility. Of all the tribe this Eskimo chief alone had ideals. How many people to-day fish through the long watches of the night for the benefit of others?

The three great mental qualities essential to good leadership are vision, initiative and conviction. The average workman thinks only on the matter in hand and rarely on the task to come. Too many people rely exclusively on common sense to carry them through. Common sense is like salt at a meal—it is flavor rather than food. Skill, study, knowledge and ability to see ahead are as necessary as common sense. Efficiency isn't organization, for organization alone may do nothing. Industrial management does not mean everything new against everything old. There are plenty of new things which ought to be instantly discarded and plenty of old things which ought to be kept.

The world pays a man for putting things over—not for thinking things over. We respect a man who acts, because he displays control over crisis. The great leader notes what should be done and then does it on the instant, caring nothing for precedent or preachment. He possesses the power to mass his forces on a set point at a time for a set purpose. Books are merely echoes of what men have learned by doing things. The crime in popular education lies in regarding the mind as a memory box instead of a motor. The child walks by trusting his muscles despite his falls. The man wins by trusting his aspirations, desires and hopes despite his failures. No man has mounted the first step to achievement who has not learned to make mistakes nobly and retrieve them gracefully. Fear is but chronic inability to act. What we fear we invite.

The average man uses only a small fraction—a third to a tenth—of his inherent brain power. The rest lies dormant. Why? Because original thought is lacking, and that is the only kind that really builds the cells of the brain. No man can really challenge the world's attention unless he has a new idea. Money may be the measure of what people want, but they have to be shown before they know what they want. They did not know they wanted the telephone, telegraph, sewing machine or automobile until certain wise leaders foresaw the demand and prepared to meet it.

A requisite of leadership is the ability to concentrate on vital factors and to subordinate detail. Napoleon said, "Get your principles right and the rest is a matter of detail." At a little railroad station in a Western state a traveler stopped long enough between trains to observe a solitary worker. Opening up a conversation he casually inquired of the man what were the important factors of his job. The lone railroad hand, who was engaged in oiling the bearings of the passing freight and repewing the grease in the axle boxes, looked up in utter astonishment.

"The important thing in my job?" exclaimed he. "What can be important in greasing wheels?"

"Think it over," was the quiet response of the traveler—"you'll find it."

Years later a well-dressed man stopped the traveler in a New York office building.

"You don't remember me," he said quietly. "I'm the greaser you talked to out West several years ago. You told me to look for the important thing in my job and left me guessing. Well, I did, and I discovered that the length of time I held those trains was an important item, so I started out to cut down the time we held

(Concluded on Page 149)

Six Months' Wear Without Mending Guaranteed

MOTHERS: Don't make your boy afraid-of-his-clothes by constantly telling him "Be careful!" Don't worry him out of his boyish spirits, which demand healthy, rough-and-tumble fun.

Put him into Dubbelbilt Clothes. For they're built *purposely* to stand the ceaseless wear and tear that live youngsters give their clothes.

Fashioned *extra* strong where the wear comes—double thickness at elbows, seat, and knees. And backed by our written guarantee: "*Six months' wear, without rip, hole, tear—or we will repair the garment free.*"

Visit the store where Dubbelbilt suits are displayed. Note the nice lines of these garments—the attractive styles—the long-wear fabrics—our famous Walcloth materials, in browns, grays, greens, blues, olives, and smart mixtures. You will approve of their *looks* and your boy will; and your common sense will show you the thrift of buying these clothes of *guaranteed* dependability. Teach the boy thrift *by example*.

Boys' DUBBELBILT Clothes

"Varonette" Finished

$14.75—$16.75—$18.75—$20.75—and upwards to $36.75. Prices same everywhere in the United States. Sizes 6 to 18 years.

If unable to find Dubbelbilt Clothes near you, send us your boy's size, the color you prefer, and a money-order, and we will send you direct the very suit your boy wants.

DUBBELBILT
Broadway at 11th St.

BOYS'-CLOTHES, Inc.
New York City

MALLORY

Every man should have three hats

For style: How can you expect one lone hat to behave like a chameleon and harmonize with every suit and shirt and tie you wear?

And for economy: You have more than one suit, three or four pairs of shoes. They last longer and look better because you change them.

Apply this principle to your hats. Have a smart soft hat in brown or green, a trim black derby, and a lightweight gray or tan soft felt.

FINE HATS

Again we say— "pay enough to get a Good Hat"

WE'VE been making men's hats ever since 1823—nearly one hundred years.

We have made hats that sold for $3—when a good hat *could* be made for that.

We've seen war prices come and go, but we have never let them—or anything else—make us lower the *quality* of Mallory Hats. If good fur was high, we bought it just the same—and found our customers willing to pay more, when we explained why it was necessary. When fur was scarce, we made fewer hats—and, as a result, some of our customers went without.

We've watched more and more men come to wearing Mallory Hats, and stick to them regardless of price—because they *know* that in a Mallory they will *always* be sure of uniform, dependable, high quality. And today, over a million men are wearing Mallory Hats.

Doesn't that mean something to you? Doesn't it mean, also, that our word is good in this matter of hats?

So that when we tell you that good hatter's fur today costs as much per ounce as pure silver, that no hatter can produce a good hat for the price you used to pay, that Mallory Hats are priced as low as it is possible to make hats of the quality desired by a million American men, and that it is a dangerous business for you to buy a cheap hat this Spring—we think our advice can be taken as seriously as it is given.

Again we say—"Pay enough to get a good hat!"

The new Mallory Spring Styles are now being shown at good stores everywhere. They're the smartest hats you've ever tried on—and priced at figures that represent *real hat value*. Look for the newspaper announcements of the Mallory Dealer in your town.

In 1600 they made your hat from a Russian's cast-off coat!

(Reprinted by permission of Marshall Field & Company, who sell Mallory Hats)

Amusing to us—if it were not so shockingly insanitary—was the old method of "felting" hats from beaver fur Adriaen van der Donck, who traded at Fort Orange from 1641 to 1648 with the Indians, gives, with a description of beaver fur, the following illuminating (and unattractive) process.

> *"When hats are made of the fur, the rough hairs are pulled out, for they are useless. The skins are usually first sent to Russia, where they are highly valued for their outside shining hair, and on this their greatest recommendation depends with the Russians. After the hairs have fallen out, or are worn, and the peltries become old and apparently useless, we get the article back, and convert the fur into hats, before which it cannot well be used for this purpose, for unless the beaver has been worn, it will not felt properly, hence these old peltries are the most valuable."*

How different is hat-making today! Great reserve stocks of new peltries are thoroughly "cured" and sanitarily stored. The hair is then felted by a painstaking process and blocked into the light, modish shapes of the new season.

When a man rented his hat by the year

And yet in those old days, "a good hat was very expensive and important enough to be left among bequests in a will. They were borrowed and hired for many years, and, even down to the time of Queen Anne, we find the rent of a *subscription hat* to be £2 6s per annum." Considering the marked shrinkage of the supply of fur-bearing animals in this country, and the buying-power of money between the "sixteen hundreds" and now, fine hats of the present season are remarkable for their low cost.

Even the ribbon band on your hat is of ancient lineage!

As far back as 3500 B. C. there are indications that a band with streamers fastened the head-dress of Egyptian women. This style was retained with many peoples, through many centuries. Pictures of head-dresses in the fourteenth century show its use, without streamers, when it was known as a "fillet," holding the cloth head-dress in place.

A streamered head-dress of the Fourteenth Century

is somewhat reminiscent of the Scottish Highlander's cap today. To quote Alice Morse Earle: "Hatbands were just as important for men's hats as women's—especially during the years of the reign of James I. Endymion Porter had his wife's diamond necklace to wear on his hat in Spain. It probably looked like paste beside the gorgeousness of the Duke of Buckingham, who had the 'Mirror of France,' a great diamond, the finest in England, to wear alone in your hat with a little black feather,' so the king wrote him."

A hat is a cap with a brim

"Flat caps as proper are to city gowns
As armour, helmets, or to kings their crowns."

This was written in 1630, proving again the centuries-old interest men have demonstrated in the details of dress. The cap of the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Britons had acquired a small fold (first semblance of a brim) by the time of Henry VIII and was sometimes ornamented with a small jewel or a feather. Later, with the activities of the pioneer fur traders and the great supply of beaver skins, beaver hats became the choice article of dress and went through many amusing forms—"bell" and "steeple" crowned, cocked and straight of brim.

The small bow inside your hat

even hails from the days when hunting-hats were greatly worn, and in a time when hats could not easily be got to fit their wearers. Then, the leather inside band, laced with a narrow ribbon terminating in a bow, served as a "buffet" for fallen horsemen, some writers even claiming that the small device saved many a life. As for its adapting the ill fitting hat to its prospective wearer—so far removed from London shops as across the seas, maybe—there can be little doubt of its efficacy. It is a proof of the curious manner in which fashions persist—even after the need which caused their creation has gone—that men will still find in their hats of today a small bow on the inside band!

Only on Mallory Hats will you find the famous "Cravenette" Finish that resists weather

The MALLORY HAT COMPANY, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York; Factory at Danbury, Conn.

(Wholesale Only)

DISSTON
SAWS AND TOOLS

Every home needs the Saw Most Carpenters Use

Many a man, after buying and using a Disston Saw, has learned that he possessed considerable handiness in the use of tools.

The perfect balance, and the right "hang," the proper tension, the correct set, the sharp teeth—all the Disston qualities that enable the carpenter to do his finest work—will also enable you to handle your occasional jobs quickly, easily, and well.

A Disston Saw holds its sharp, true-cutting edge because of the strength and toughness of the Disston Crucible Steel used in the blade.

Disston Hand Saws are made in various styles—a saw to meet each specific requirement.

Your dealer will show you the exact saw for your needs.

Disston Saws are sold by the better dealers everywhere.

Write for the booklet on Disston Saws—it tells how to select, use, and care for Disston Saws and Tools.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"America's Largest and Longest-Established Makers of Hand Saws, Cross-Cut Saws, Band Saws, Circular Saws, and Tools"

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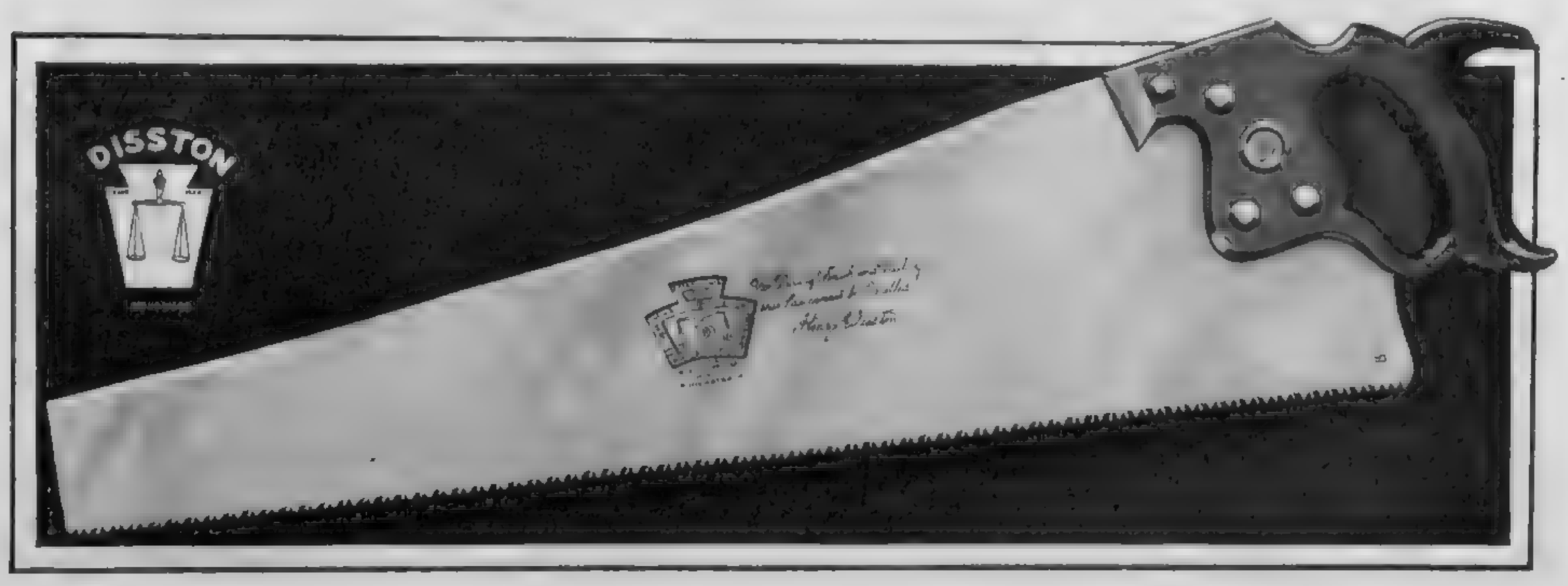


(Concluded from Page 145)

them over by about two-thirds. One day some months later the superintendent paid me a visit to find out what I was doing to get the trains away so quickly. The result was that I got a chance at a better job. Now I'm a division superintendent and I'm still looking for the important things in my new work and I'm telling the boys to do the same thing."

The old way in industry was to buy a man's time irrespective of his efficiency. Neglect on the part of the employer to recognize individual ability and to reward it properly forced the worker to fix his attention on the wages he received and made him indifferent to the amount of work he accomplished. This put a premium on inefficiency and the result was unionism. Yet instinctively labor does not like unions. They stifle initiative, penalize individuality and repress talent, but there was little left to do. As the unions grew in power they classified men by grades and introduced a situation that approaches slavery in the enforcement of its class creeds. To belong to a union now is to guarantee that you will not work too hard to suit the slower workers. This holds down the highly trained worker to the level of the dull, inefficient artisan. Some day labor will wake up, but no one need expect that it will throw away what it has until something better is offered.

Not so long ago manufacturers attempted to remedy the situation by establishing a system of piecework. This shifted the responsibility from employer to employee, but the latter refused to accept the results. In hundreds of plants piecework rates were cut on a single job from two to seven times in one year. It was further discovered that piece rates do not reward or take into account such things as fidelity, length of service and reliability. They reward physical output, but exalt the young and strong over the old and wise who have aged in the service.

We have discovered of late that the only way to solve our present stupendous industrial problem is to go back again to first principles. The secret of efficiency is interest in your work. We need not go farther than this to deal with the oldest problem in the world. The way to stimulate interest is to set a definite task for a worker to do in a given amount of time. School-teachers do this in schools. General Foch applied the same principle in setting objectives for the various fighting units of his army. The next step is to offer attractive reward for successful accomplishment. When definite tasks and times are set it makes all the difference between working with an object and without one. The ideal of setting a task with a reward for its accomplishment is in accord with human nature and natural law. The hunter, soldier and business man can set their own tasks in advance and work for a suitable reward. The worker, however, cannot set his own tasks, and for this reason he needs leadership.

Increasing output by paying more money as rewards is efficiency and is much cheaper than putting up new plants, buying more equipment and hiring more managers. None of us believes that all men are created equal, but all of us must believe that all men are entitled to equal opportunity. In running an industry it is imperative to bear in mind that the men produced are far more important to the life and prosperity of the industry than the amount of money that they produce for the owners of the industry. The plant that has the best men will assert its superiority as surely as a cork will rise in water.

Work of any kind is accomplished with least fatigue when three conditions obtain: The attainment of form, the sustained interest of the worker, a definite task. If the worker attains form he can accomplish remarkable results with minimum fatigue. If he is interested he can endure tremendous strain without harm. A man can play golf with its definite task and experience far less fatigue in the effort than will result when he accompanies his wife on a shopping tour with no limit as to time or distance. The reason why baseball players, football players and other athletes can work so much harder than ordinary laborers is because all three of the necessary conditions are realized.

The bonus plan of employment sets for a given time a definite result The time must be so ample that a man can easily beat it can therefore develop form –and his interest is thus roused in a double manner—first by beating the game and second by pulling down a reward. His interest is continuously stimulated, for as he beats the game more and more through the attainment of better form he pulls down an ever-increasing reward.

It has been found by exhaustive experiments that the worker can keep up indefinitely half the speed he can obtain by extreme effort. This half speed we will call standard. A very easy speed is one-third of extreme speed. A man is out of his place if he cannot show even at the start one-third of maximum speed. If any greater speed than one-third of maximum is attained a bonus is paid. Let me illustrate: If extreme speed for an hour by a professional bicycle rider on a track is thirty miles we would call half of this, or fifteen miles, a high standard, and ten miles the lower limit. On the open road these figures would drop to twenty-four miles for extreme, twelve miles for standard and eight miles for minimum. Some time has to be allowed for rest, say ten per cent. This would put the standard for a full day at 10.8 miles an hour and the minimum at 7.2 miles an hour. We could pay a man no bonus for doing an average of seventy-two miles a day of ten hours. We would call him to account if he showed less than seventy-two miles. We would give him twenty per cent bonus for 108 miles. Above 108 miles we would give him bonus for all the time he saved at his day rate and twenty per cent for the time he worked.

If a workman beats the reasonable standard he is entitled to all of his savings at his day rate, for the plant makes a gain through the lessening of overhead charges.

The case of calculation is a most important feature. The men know as a rule exactly what is coming to them. They know the actual hours worked and the standard hours delivered. If we divide the standard hours by the actual hours the efficiency expressed as a percentage is determined and the amount of bonus depends on this percentage. For example:

Wages per hour	$0.30
Actual hours worked in a month	262.5
Standard hours delivered	286.7
Efficiency—286.7 divided by 262.5	109.2%
Bonus	29.2%
Wages	$78.75
Bonus	$23.00
Total	$101.75

Men working on this plan have no difficulty whatever in making these calculations and some of them, in fact, figure their status from day to day. The difficult task in this kind of a scheme is to establish thoroughly scientific standards such as a physician, a physiologist, a psychologist, a moralist and an athletic trainer would sanction and approve. Because this job is so difficult we approach it by degrees. We put in temporary schedules at first by groups and gangs and allow the plant to feel its way to ultimate operating schedules. It is extremely important to reach the standard and any bonus system that does not accomplish this is defective. The aim should be to pay neither more nor less than that amount of bonus which will maintain the worker's interest in his job.

Offer an average man too little bonus and he loses interest, he flags. Offer him too much bonus and you spoil him and rob the plant. It must not be forgotten that some tasks are more disagreeable than others. The way to overcome this is to vary the schedules rather than change the bonus rate. Schedules should be easier for blacksmiths than for boiler makers and easier for the latter than for machinists. The main object of the whole plan should be to fill the shop with selected thoroughbreds. If a company has to offer larger bonuses to do this it should not hesitate.

The amount of progress American industry has made—the position it is in today—is not nearly so important as the direction in which it is headed. The most necessary thing in the United States at present is the right kind of leadership. The masses of our people will follow honest, intelligent, just men, who have high ideals and a deep respect for the proper application of that chief of all first principles—the Golden Rule. The nation is faced with a production hold-up This spells opportunity for the men who have the nerve and ability to stand forth and adhere to a set course irrespective of criticism and undaunted by the clamorings of the multitude.

Don't step on pebbles Relieve your *callouses*

Walking on callouses is often as painful as stepping on pebbles.

A callous on the sole of the foot is caused by a lowered head of one of the metatarsal bones which form the ball of the foot. Being lower than those on either side, it receives unnatural pressure when the weight is on the foot.

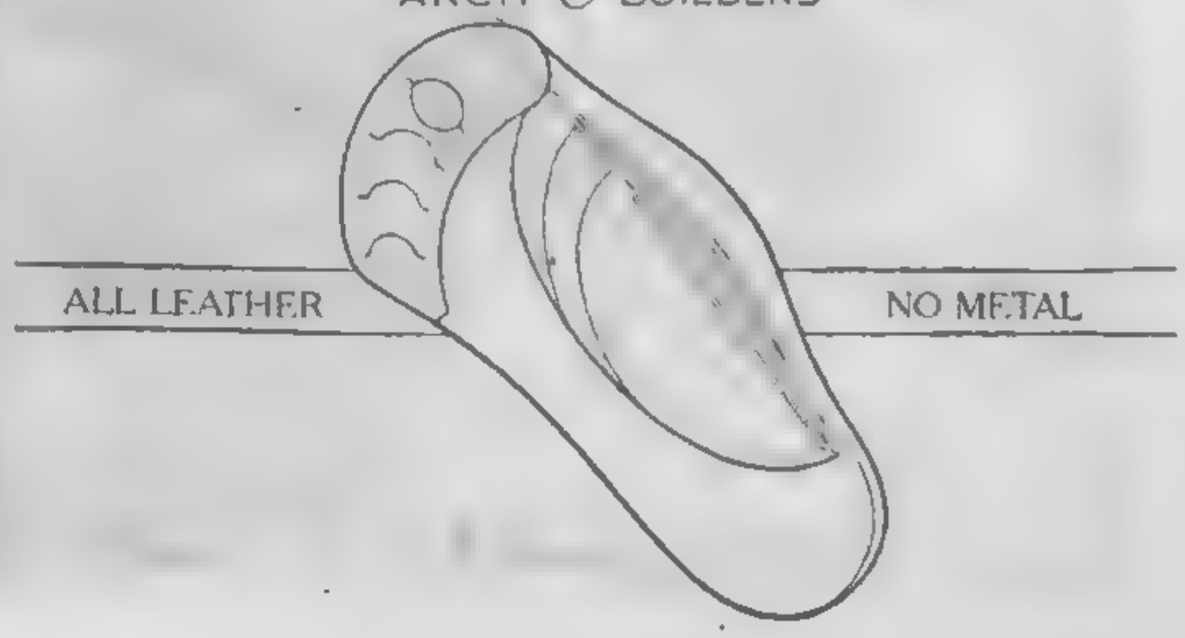
Painful callouses result — pain often extending to the toes, ankle, calf, thigh, hip, back, and even to the back of the neck. Complete relief comes when the dislocated bone is restored to its normal position. This is instantly accomplished by the Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builder 93.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders are over-lapping pockets so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted directly back of the callous. This support takes the pressure off the callous, and the pain instantly stops. Adjustments are easily made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Builders are light, flexible and are worn without one's being conscious of them.

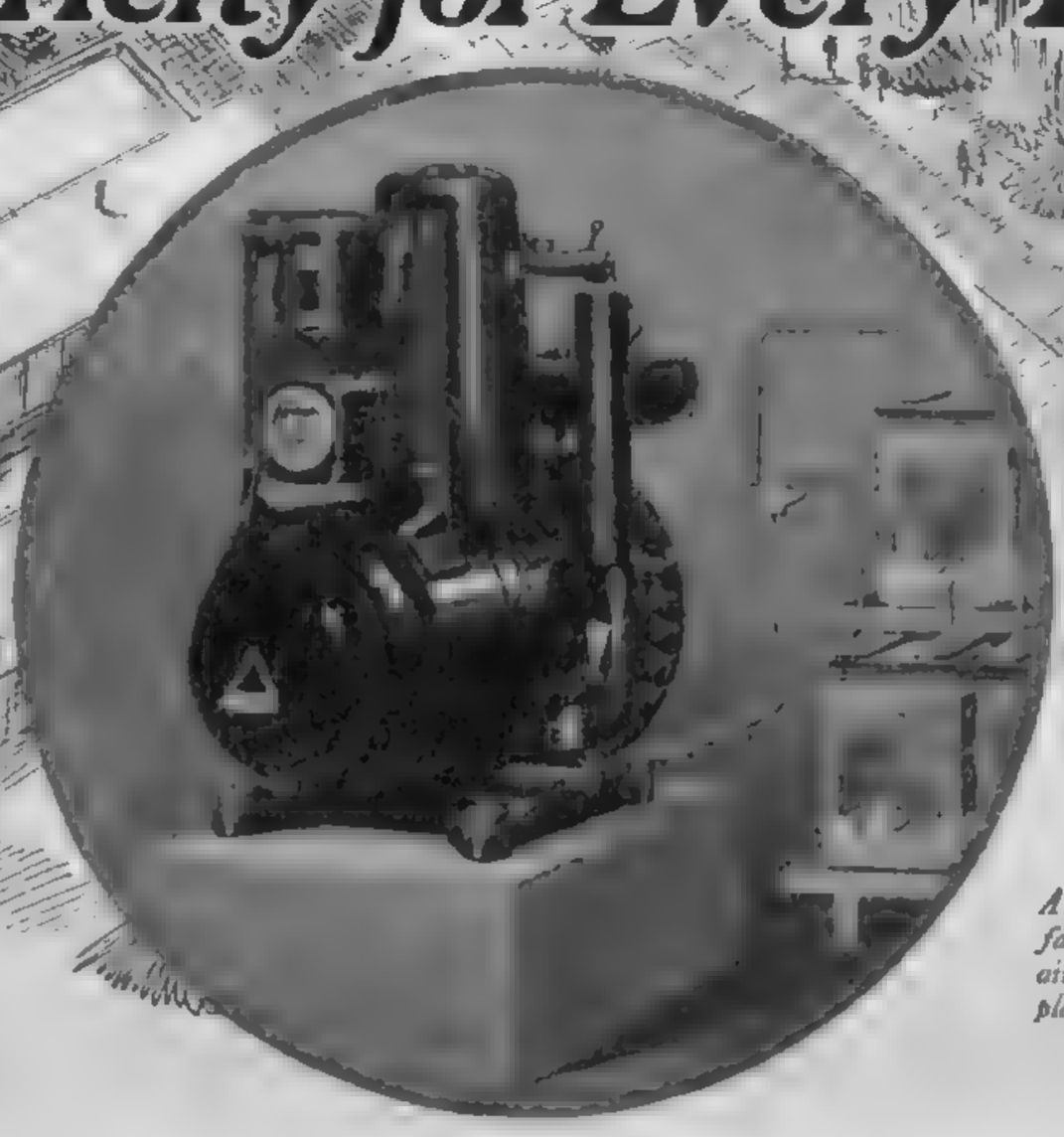
Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Foot Appliance Company, 1706 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., or 937 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No Charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



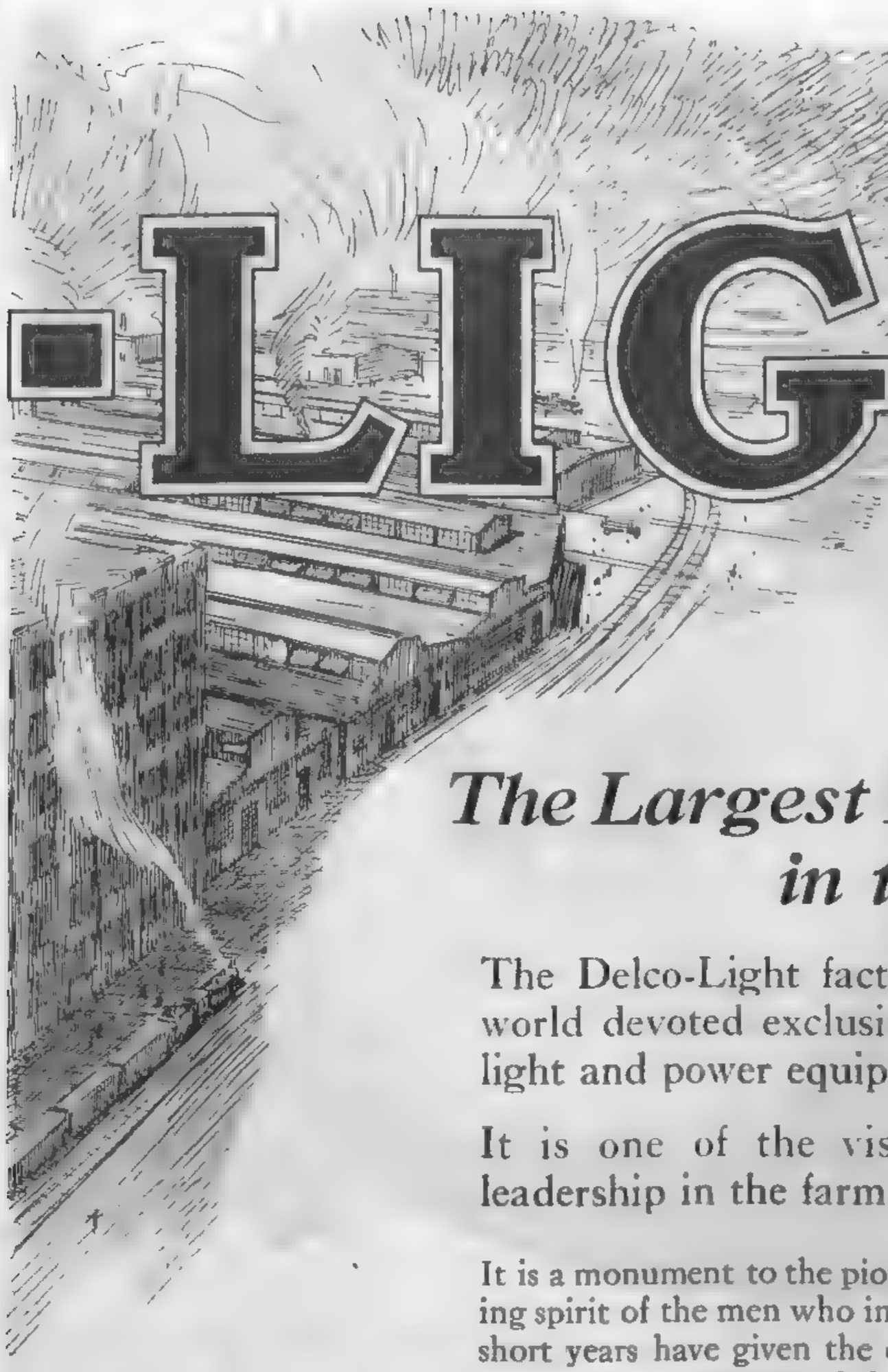
DELCO

Electricity for Every Farm



A complete electric light and power plant for farms and country homes, self-cranking—air-cooled—ball bearings—no belts—only one place to oil—thick plates—long-lived battery.

Valve-in-Head Motor Runs on Kerosene



DELCO-LIGHT

The Largest Factory of its Kind in the World

The Delco-Light factory is the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to the production of electric light and power equipment for farm use.

It is one of the visible evidences of Delco-Light leadership in the farm light and power field.

It is a monument to the pioneering spirit of the men who in four short years have given the comforts and conveniences of electric light and power to over one hundred thousand farm homes—

And to the simplicity, the reliability and the wonderful efficiency of Delco-Light itself.

Delco-Light not only is taking the conveniences of the city to over one hundred thousand farm and country homes. It is furnishing also an abundance of electric light and power to rural stores and garages, churches and schools, moving picture houses, construction camps and railroad stations.

And in each of these various fields of usefulness Delco-Light is not simply bettering living and working conditions, but is actually paying for itself in time and labor saved.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

There's a Satisfied User near you

The first Shave

FIRST thing you know your little shaver grows up and becomes a big shaver. The day arrives when he looks in the mirror at the down on his lip, fingers a razor, and says to himself—"Have I the face to do it?" His temptation is to steal out to the barn with his father's equipment and do the deed in secret—and bungle it. Don't let him start wrong. Give him a good brush and a keen blade and most important of all—introduce him to Williams', the rich and creamy friend of your own boyhood. Tell him it never dried on your face and won't dry on his. The lather for father, the lather for son.

Your choice of four forms

Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Cream
Shaving Liquid
Shaving Powder

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many still do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM ETC.

SPUDS—DEHYDRATED

(Continued from Page 7)

mysterious whisper filling the air. Homer dragged himself from his blankets and went to the door.

"Snow!" he exulted. "What luck!"

He did not build a fire, for it was part of his plan never to make a daylight fire. He would sleep in the daytime and build his fires at night. He looked about for a moment, but there was nothing to see—nothing but a wall of snow, for the high brush was weighted down with it. The fir trees hiding his cabin drooped with the piled snow that bent them nearly double. He was alone—shut inside a wilderness of whiteness. Outside that little fir thicket there were no tracks to advertise that a man had entered.

"Six months of it!" said Homer, looking about him. "Six months—and not once will I set foot outside this screen of fir trees! By that time I'll have a professional beard covering my face. My beard grows rapidly. Things will have blown over too. Then I'll slip out. I know how to exchange my bank notes. Then South America!"

He shut the door and went back to bed, for his teeth were chattering. Before falling asleep again he opened the bag and his eyes caressed its contents. He smiled, but it was not the smile that the Garland City Savings and Commercial knew so well. It was the smile of the real Homer Shelmick.

"Not a flaw!" he sighed in great content. "Nobody saw me leave, nobody saw me come! They talk of the difficulty of hiding your trail, of making a getaway and leaving no clew! Somebody has said it is impossible to break the law and not overlook some fatal contingency which if happened upon by an able man will surely run the criminal down. It's easy—when you have brains!"

And the snow whispered upon the roof. It piled softly upon the graceful young firs and they bowed meekly to the gentle visitation. All about the cabin was solitude and the ghostly whispering of falling snow.

The weeks crept by and the snow lay four feet deep across the Chanowah Country. The Donald Creek brush patch was a white wilderness, the high buck brush and chinquapin trees wallowed halfway to the ground and the little fir thicket in the middle of the brush patch was waiting patiently for the spring sun to come and take the burden from its yielding boughs.

Homer Shelmick did not find time hanging heavy upon his hands, for he was studying the Spanish language. Eagerly he labored. It was necessary to learn this tongue. Always before his mental vision was a picture of his new life that was to be; of himself seated upon a wide veranda, clad in spotless white, smoking and dreaming, while out in the plantation dusky people worked for him under the blazing sun. They spoke Spanish in those lands.

He studied a little later than usual the day before Christmas. It was broad day when he beat the coals flat and began getting breakfast, preparatory to turning in for the day's sleep. Once he reached in and turned the pot about. The handle burned his fingers.

"That's six times I've done that!" he growled. "I think that'll be about all!"

For it had occurred to him that a long stick would be a great convenience; a green stick with a branch lopped at one end to make a hook. It would thus combine the excellences of a pothook and a poker. He took his hatchet and went out along the snow path to the creek, where he was in the habit of going for water. It was in the midst of another snowstorm, but five minutes ago the clouds had broken apart and the sun was shining through. However, the west was growing dark and doubtless the storm would shut in the mountain slope again in a few minutes. Homer selected an alder about an inch and a half in diameter that grew close to the water's edge. This he hacked off with his hatchet. The bright chips fell into the little stream and danced away.

As he returned to the cabin the man was alarmed to see black, pitchy smoke rising from the low chimney. This would never do. He rushed inside and found that a neglected pine knot had caught and was burning merrily. He dashed water upon the ambitious blaze and a cloud of ashes and white steam puffed up the chimney.

"That must not happen again!" said Homer. "No particular danger, of course—for who would be watching this wilderness in the middle of a December snowstorm? Nevertheless, it is one of my rules to show no smoke by day and I must adhere closely to the rules that I have thought up for my guidance." He drank his coffee and turned in for the day. In the fireplace the half-drowned embers clicked and popped listlessly. Above Homer's head hung the traveling bag. He regarded it drowsily and smiled.

"Good old South America!" he muttered. "Only a few more months of this—then good old South America! Six months!" he chuckled. "Why, a man could stay here six years and never a human eye would see him!"

The clouds had slid across the Chanowah again. The man fell asleep to the hushed whisper of the snowflakes falling upon the roof.

IV

"SAY, Tally," said young Cliff Willett, "I reckon you better lay off goin' down to Watts Station to-day."

"Sure, Uncle Tally," Jennie Willett called from the warm little kitchen, where she was getting breakfast. "You stay over till to-morrow. I don't like to see you going away in the middle of a snowstorm—and the day before Christmas too."

"Folks," said old Tally, "I'd shorely love to do that—I shorely would! But I promised Len Williams I'd be down to-night to help him fix up his chimney. A rock busted out and fell inside it and it smokes worse'n the bad place. That's why I come up last night—so's I could eat a Christmas meal with you and still make good with Len Williams."

The old sheriff went to the door, opened it and stood looking across the cañon at the side of Chanowah Mountain, an inconceivably beautiful picture of dull green and dazzling white; great trees, their tapering tops canopied with snow, all their branches bowing to the superior whiteness, with here and there scattered green showing, resembling dark blobs of paint worked into an all-white canvas. Across the summit of the mountain a heavy snow cloud was moving rapidly, the curtain of falling flakes draping beneath it.

"See that?" said Cliff Willett from his seat before the fire. "She's comin' fast. In half an hour she'll be snowin' again. You better telephone down and tell Len Williams you can't come. Tell him you broke a laig or somethin'."

"I'm sorry, Cliff," said old Tally, "but a promise is a promise. A sheriff ought to keep all his promises."

"Breakfast's ready," called Jennie from the kitchen.

Cliff rose from his seat before the fire, shot another quick look out through the door and started for the kitchen.

"Come on, Tally," he said cordially. "You'll need a good breakfast if you buck the snow all the way down to Watts."

But Tally lingered in the door. His faded old eyes, keen in spite of their apparent dimness, were fixed upon the Donald Creek brush patch two miles away and far down the opposite slope. The oncoming snowstorm was shutting it in rapidly. Old Tally turned eagerly.

"Say, Cliff," he called, "I thought I saw smoke rising from the middle of the Donald Creek brush patch. Black first, then the black went out and a puff of white followed it. Come and see."

Cliff joined him at the door and looked across the cañon, but could see nothing. And then the snowstorm swept suddenly across the entire slope, shutting the brush patch from view. The two hungry men went out to the table.

He Was Haggard, Soaked and Chilled to the Bone, but He Still Clung to the Precious Bag

"It must have been smoke from your pipe, Tally," grinned the young cattleman. Old Tally grinned, too, but he still clung stoutly to his belief.

"I shorely thought she was smoke!" he said. "I know it sounds plumb redic'lous, seein' smoke in the middle of the Donald Creek brush. Why, Cliff, I crossed that brush patch once—just once! And that was plenty to last me all the rest of my life. Afore I was halfway across it I promised the good Lord that if I got out of it alive I'd stay out."

"I been in there too," said Cliff. "Worst brush I ever tried to break. All mixed with second-growth firs and chinquapin and scrub oak. Briers and windfalls and rocks. And now there's snow too—four feet of it. It's piled ten feet in that brush, I bet you."

"Well," sighed old Tally reluctantly, "I reckon I got to give in. Still I got to say my eyes never acted thataway before—and I've used 'em a lot. When I was a policeman down in San Francisco—no, I don't suppose anybody'd be over in the Donald Creek brush patch in this weather. Jennie, these biscuits certainly do taste like glory hallelujah! They're as good as any Christmas dinner I'm goin' to miss."

"Have some more coffee, Uncle Tally," begged the flattered young wife. The storm struck and a vicious wind spattered the snow against the window panes.

"Listen to it!" said Cliff. "Heaven pity the poor feller down in the Donald Creek brush patch!"

Old Tally grinned feebly.

"That ain't no way to talk to the sheriff of this county," he said as he rose.

"You're sure you can't stay, Uncle Tally?" asked Jennie.

"Much obliged, Jennie, but I promised Len Williams. Besides, if my eyes is actin' queer why maybe it's a sign that I better get out of these high hills afore I get to seein' something worse."

The old sheriff bundled into his storm coat, stepped out upon the porch and took down his ski. As he slipped his toes into the straps he looked down across the cañon again, but the storm had blotted out the world. Cliff caught the involuntary look and laughed heartily.

"Can't get over it, can you?" he said. Old Tally grinned sheepishly.

"Aw, say!" he protested.

"Well, good-by, Uncle Tally."

"Good-by, folks."

Old Tally Potter pointed his ski down the slope, trailing his stout staff. Another moment and he had slid into the snow smother and was gone.

V

HALF a dozen mountain men sat about the red-hot stove in the Watts Station store. The runner had just come over the mountain with the mail and he now stood steaming before the stove, combing the moisture from his mustache and scattering fragments of news through the eager conversation. Life was dull along the snowbound Chanowah and any scrap of gossip from the outside world was valuable. Behind the little post-office mail case Len Williams was busily sorting letters, one interested ear cocked toward the group about the stove. Somewhere in the storm a dog barked. Old Daddy Pimble hobbled to the window and peered out.

"Somebody's crossin' the bridge," he announced. "It's Tally Potter," he added almost immediately.

"Tally phoned me he'd be down this morning," called Len Williams from behind the case. "He stayed all night with Cliff Willett."

The door opened and Tally Potter came in, leaving his ski leaning against the house outside.

"'Lo, Tally!" greeted big John MacPherson, the guide. "How's the sheriff business these days?"

"Slow!" grinned old Tally. "That's why I left the county seat and rambled over into this mess of snow that you call the Chanowah. What's the matter with you fellers, anyway?

"Ain't you patriotic none at all? Why don't you get into a fight or steal a jackass or somepin' so's the sheriff of your county can get a little credit?"

"He, he, he!" cackled old Daddy Pimble. "Ain't any fun bein' sheriff of this county, is there, Tally? Too peaceable! Yes, sir, there's more hell a-poppin' at a baby show than there is in the Chanowah Country these days! You better resign, Tally, and go to trappin' again."

"Never mind!" said the sheriff darkly. "One of these days I'll get a telephone message from Watts tellin' me that old Daddy Pimble has run amuck and chased all the Chanowah folks into the brush. Then I'll come over here and get the thrill of my life."

There was a general laugh. Len Williams stuck his head round the corner of his mail case.

"Here's something in your line, Tally," he said.

Tally Potter took the sheet of paper. It was an advertisement begging remote officers of the law to look out for one Homer Shelmick, who on November eighth disappeared with all the available funds

(Continued on Page 156)

Sustained Quality

At the very beginning of the House of Masury, its founder put a new kind of pure white paint on the market. He called it Masury's Railroad Paint. It was ground for use on railroad buildings. It was so much better than ordinary paint that it remained fresh and bright and white long after other kinds of paint had been changed by time and weather to dingy grey or drab.

The wood-burning locomotive is known only in history. The march of progress has replaced it with the powerful mogul. The crude buildings and stations of early days which were covered with Masury Railroad Paint have disappeared. But the same railroads, though changed in name, are still buying Masury Railroad Paint because they have never been able to find any paint to take its place.

There has never been a change of any kind in the formula of Masury Railroad Paint. It was made right in the beginning. It has always expressed the idea of Quality First, exemplifying the purpose that has become a tradition in the house of Masury —"Make it the best that can be made, or not at all." And this idea fathers the production of every Masury item.

The house of Masury makes paints and varnishes for every possible purpose. Each is marked by the will to excel. Masury paints are not mixed. They are *ground;* pigment, color and vehicle, in unerring machines which deliver their product strained and ready for the brush. The label on every Masury can tells the ingredients of its contents. There is no secret about it. The leading members of our quality family are known as the

Masury BIG

and they enjoy renown because they are good. If you know nothing about paints, you can buy Masury paints in complete confidence. If you are well versed in paint technology, we are sure we will both benefit if you will give our kind of paints a trial. For domestic or commercial uses no paints made anywhere can give better results and proof of worth than Masury Quality Products. They are used regularly by thousands who will have no other kind of paints.

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Cosmolac

for complete varnish satisfaction and long, long wear. Use it for the sheer merit in it on wood, metal or any other surface that you want to last. Cosmolac doesn't chip, peel, craze nor crack. It isn't affected by heat or cold. It expands and contracts with the material that carries it. It is easily used, for it works smoothly. The other five members of the Masury Big Six are listed at the right. All are sold by good paint and varnish merchants.

Masury Perfection Flat White and Colors for walls and broad surfaces, dry without gloss or brush marks. Soft and restful to the eye and endure in a way peculiar to all Masury products. Easily cleaned with soap and water. Many pastel tones—but only one grade—the finest. The House of Masury does not make "seconds."

Masury China Gloss White Enamel is really white. It covers woodwork with a smooth, hard coat that shimmers like moonlit water. It is easily kept clean and is not dulled by soap and water. And it is as good for use on metals as it is for woodwork.

Masury Liquid House Paints cannot be surpassed for outdoor use. They stay fresh and bright through severe weather punishment because they are pure lead and zinc paints—and so guaranteed. Many colors and tones.

Masury Pure Colors in Oil enjoy renown because they are true to name and nicety of requirement. They are standard colors, used by first-class painters in tinting white lead and zinc in mixing paints for first-grade work. Specify their use by your painter for satisfactory results from every point of view.

Masury Superfine Colors are for use on motor cars, coaches and carriages. Insist upon them for your vehicle and you will get a first-class result. Only a first-class mechanic should use them. Masury Superfine Colors are used by builders of the very finest motor cars.

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RUST PROOFS IRON AND STEEL

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belonging to the Garland City Savings and Commercial Bank.

"Tack her up on the door, Tally," said the postmaster, and went back to his sorting.

Old Tally Potter studied the picture which appeared upon the sheet. Homer Shelmick smiled back at him, the million-dollar smile that all Garland City knew so well. Beneath the picture was the legend: "$1000 Reward."

"Consider'ble talk about it outside," volunteered the mail runner. "Seems that Garland City's all het up over it. This here Homer feller took every loose dollar the bank owned. Seems that he borrowed too. He had hundreds of friends and he borrowed from all of 'em just before he up and skint out o' there. Pretty near ruin Garland City, I guess. Not a very big place, I hear. Most of the depositors are poor people—ranchers and truckmen and dairymen. They earn every dollar they make. Seems they trusted this Homer feller to the limit. And now they're busted. Pretty tough any way you look at it."

"All wrong!" said Tally Potter. "Me, I was a policeman when I was young and I learned a heap about human nature. It ain't safe to trust the honestest man alive with too much money. He may think he's honest; yes, sir, he may actually be honest; but temptation is just like a disease and you don't want to expose yourself to it nor allow any good feller to be exposed to it. You can maybe stand a certain amount of it, but when it gets too strong why your system naturally caves in and you go gallopin' off with some other feller's money."

"But there's a lot of fellers you can trust, Tally," called Len Williams from behind the case.

"Not with too much money," said the sheriff positively. "Not with too much money, Len. Trust a man with your life, but not with too much money."

"Well, you better not come over onto the Chanowah when you get that there thousand dollars reward, Tally," snickered old Daddy Pimble. "Us bad Chanowah citizens is liable to take it away from you. He, he, he!"

Tally grinned at the old man's sally and sat down by the fire. He lighted his pipe and was silent. For suddenly his mind had been invaded by the recollection of the mysterious vapor he had seen for a moment when he looked across at the brush patch that morning.

Somehow or another it would not be dismissed. There was no fog, no cloud on that part of the slope—all bright sunshine on the snow until the storm struck again. Surely he had seen smoke!

Insensibly his mind began to associate the smoke with the picture of Homer Shelmick, which he now carried in his pocket. Just why he linked the two he could not have told. Vaguely at first, before his mind Homer Shelmick smiled at him, and always beneath that smiling face he saw the black-faced legend: "$1000 Reward!"

From the little log hotel sounded the dinner gong and the group about the stove rose with alacrity.

"Dinner's ready!" called Len Williams and popped out from behind the mail case, reaching for his hat.

All through the meal Tally's absorption grew. He remembered suddenly the can of dehydrated potatoes and his lean jaws ceased laboring and remained motionless while his mind worked this new phase into the fabric of his obsession. The slashed hazel, the can on the log and the charred snag beyond, lined up with them exactly—a charred snag with three naked blackened limbs pointing heavenward like a devil's trident.

"Tally's restin' his jaws!" laughed Ortie Hixon from across the table. "Say, George," he called to the cook, "you better work on the next venison steak with a stone hammer or you'll kill poor Tally."

"Tally, he's thinkin' how he'll spend that thousand dollars reward," squeaked old Daddy Pimble from the foot of the table. "He, he, he!"

Sitting about the hotel fire that evening the men got to discussing hunches. Big John MacPherson, the guide, ventured the observation that a hunch was a good thing to play as long as it was supported by a reasonable amount of reason.

"But I've seen men," he said, "that'd play a hunch when everything was against them. I claim that such a feller deserves to lose out."

"Well," said Tally Potter, "I don't know, Mac. When I was a policeman down in San Francisco I played hunches lots of times. If you're a policeman you'll find that it's hard to follow plain open trails all the time. There'll come cases when you got nothin' on earth to work with but a hunch."

"Did she ever land anything for you, Tally?"

"Sure! Lots of times. Now there was the night that me and Jack Conlon ——"

"What does she feel like?" asked Len Williams.

"A hunch? Oh—I don't know. It's just a feelin'—say, I got a theory that when a man's hidin' from an officer and the officer is after him why the criminal is thinkin' so hard and the officer is thinkin' so hard that their thoughts sort of weld together. You know—telepathy, they called it down there."

"He, he!" giggled old Daddy Pimble. "Me, I'm goin' to remember that! And when you come over to arrest me for shootin' up Watts Station, Tally, why I ain't goin' to think none at all! He, he!"

"You couldn't!" snorted Tally Potter. "You ain't got anything to think with!"

Nettled and tired, the old trapper-sheriff toddled off to bed.

VI

IT WAS still snowing heavily, the wide flakes falling straight down, for there was no wind. The shivering cook had just lifted the coffee pot from the stove and set it back on the warmer when Tally Potter came into the kitchen. No one else was yet out of bed.

"Give me a cup of that, George," said Tally. "I won't wait for breakfast—just a cup of coffee and a chunk of cold bread to carry with me."

"You leavin' us this mornin', Tally?" asked the cook.

"Just goin' for a little stroll," said the old sheriff noncommittally. "I'm plumb tired of stayin' indoors."

He swallowed the coffee and went out munching a piece of bread. Presently George saw him shoving his ski up the deeply drifted highway toward Lyman's Pass.

"Nobody ever accused old Tally Potter of bein' crazy," said the puzzled cook to himself. "But I shorely can't figure out why he's climbin' the Chanowah in this snowstorm." Next moment the old trapper sheriff had disappeared in the swirl.

Halfway up the mountain Tally came to a little bench grown over with hazel and manzanita and chinquapin, with here and there an occasional clump of young firs. The abandoned spur road was filled with drifted snow now and old Tally crossed it and climbed the bank into the forest. He did not hesitate, but set off due south following the contour of the slope. The old man hunter had trapped all over Chanowah Mountain and he knew every foot of the slope that was not impassable. Moreover, he knew that by keeping the same level from the little bench he would strike the Donald Creek brush patch near the place where he had found the can of dehydrated potatoes several months ago. He was following Homer Shelmick's footsteps almost exactly, but of course he did not know this. All that he did know was that he was following a hunch; obeying that peculiar sixth sense which is the gift of a very few who are born with the instinct to hunt men. All night he had worried and even in his dreams he had somehow connected up the smoke and the can of dehydrated potatoes. Why he could not have told. But the urge was on him and he pushed on stubbornly.

It was nearly noon when old Tally found the log upon which he had sat down to rest that evening of last August. It was buried deeply now, but a swell of snow showed him where it lay. It took an hour to unearth the can, for he had nothing but his hands with which to burrow down through the drift. But he found it at last. The moist red label dripped in the warmth of his hands.

"Looks like blood," said old Tally.

The sheriff looked about him, but nowhere was there a track of any kind. He peered ahead through the tree lacing, but could not discern the snag with the three charred branches pointing heavenward like a devil's trident, for the air was full of snow. He dropped the can of dehydrated potatoes into his pocket and started trudging uphill along the edge of the brush patch. A quarter of a mile he struggled up the slope, then he turned and followed the

(Continued on Page 159)

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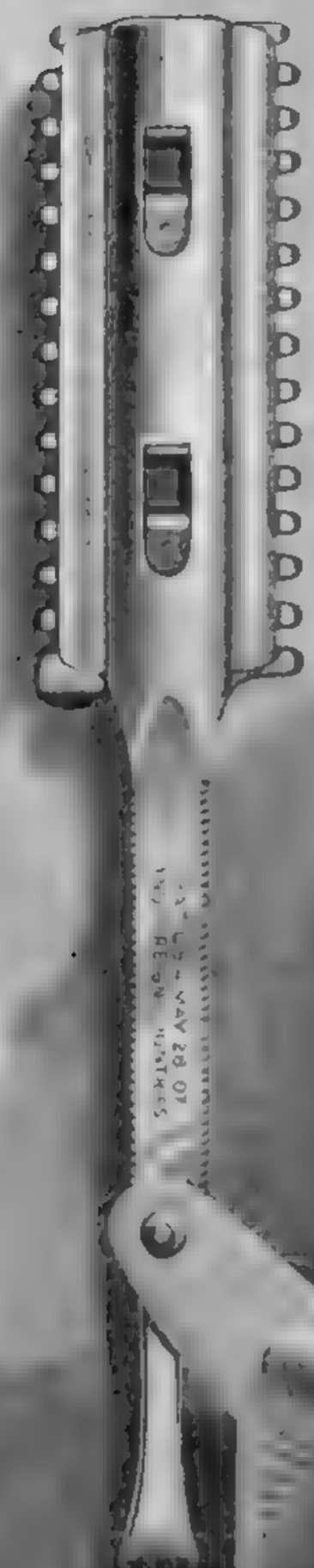

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top of the brush to the farther side, when he dropped down the mountain to the bottom of the tangled wilderness. It was growing late. Still no tracks. Tally turned again and skirted the edge of the brush along the bottom, plowing wearily over the freshly fallen snow until he came to a little stream that gurgled and chuckled to itself down in a deep trough of the drift. It seemed to old Tally to be gurgling and chuckling over some secret that it possessed but would never tell.

Tally halted again. He was very tired indeed. He had had nothing to eat since morning, when he had swallowed the coffee—nothing but the cold bread. There was a chill, discouraged feeling in the pit of his stomach and his head felt heavy. His skinny old neck ached with the weight of it. The sun was hidden, but the sheriff knew it was near the end of the short winter day.

"I'll bet I'll have to camp in the snow," he sighed. "I couldn't get back to the station before night now—not if I had plain level goin'."

He sighed again and looked about him hopelessly. Not a track! Not even a squirrel track, for squirrels love to lie abed during the heavy-snow period in the Coast Range. Already the half dusk was beginning to darken the forest.

"No, sir!" said old Tally. "Nobody's gone into that brush patch since the first snow fell. That's over six weeks ago. If they had, why, I'd see their tracks. There'd be a line of indentations in the surface, and no matter how much snow fell afterward, why, that line of depressions would show. No, sir, nobody's come in—and I'm an old fool! Chasin' cobwebs in the sky is plumb wisdom compared to what I'm doin'!"

Far up on the Camasilla ridges across the cañon a lone coyote howled to his mate. He was uttering the hunting cry.

"They'll chase a poor old doe down into the deep snow to-night," grumbled the dispirited sheriff. "And to-morrow there'll be a little pile of clean red bones at the foot of one of the old fir trees down by the edge of the river."

His tired, discouraged old eyes fell and contemplated the little creek which still gurgled and chuckled over its secret, which it could hardly keep to itself, down in the snow trough.

"Tally," said the old man, his gaze still on the water, "I—I reckon you're growin' old! Next thing you know you'll be talkin' to yourself. And after a man gets to that it's bam!—the Old Men's Home! Yes, sir, Tally, you're growin' old!"

Something caught his eye. Something yellow white that the creek had flung up against the edge of the snow at the bottom of the trough. He scrambled down and picked it up. It was a bright new chip of alder.

The old man's faded eyes brightened.

"Well, Tally," he said, "maybe you ain't so damn' old after all!"

He put the chip carefully away in his pocket and started up the creek into the brush patch. Choosing his going but keeping near the stream always, he was able to avoid much of the highest brush, his ski passing over the lower growth, which lay bent down beneath the heavy drifts. However, he proceeded with such painstaking caution that a whole hour had gone by before he came to a place from which he could faintly discern the outlines of a lofty snag looming into the snow smother of the dusk—a bare charred snag with three naked branches pointing heavenward like a devil's trident. A short distance above the snag a thicket of young firs lifted slightly above the surrounding brush, but the pliant little trees were all wallowed and tangled by the weight of the snow that covered them. Tally Potter stood for several minutes observing.

"Now if I was a buck," he mused—"a wise old buck, crafty in the head, and if I came to this brush patch to hide, why, I'd choose that patch of firs yonder—sure! Yes, sir, always look for the oldest and fattest bucks in a fir clump in the very middle of a brush patch."

He regarded the trident tree and through his mind flitted a picture of that evening in August when he had stood and looked ahead through the tree lacing past the can of dehydrated potatoes—straight at this trident tree.

"Right in line!" exulted old Tally. "And now I've got a crossline!"

He slipped the shiny old revolver round to a more convenient position and crept forward. His progress now was like that of a cat inching toward its prey. Who knew what might be watching him from that fir thicket just ahead? At any moment a streak of flame might spit out of the gloomy place.

The old sheriff paused and listened. He sniffed. It seemed to him that he caught the faint, almost imperceptible tang of smoldering coals. But there was no sound. Instead was that indescribable hush, a silence which in that buried wilderness was but intensified by the ghostly whisper of the falling snow. Tally crept forward.

At the very edge of the fir grove he lifted aside a branch and looked in. The snow powdered over his wrists and hands, but he did not heed it. For underneath the firs the ground seemed trodden flat by the passing of feet. He slipped out of his ski and stepped down into the mystery of the dark thicket. He was a stout-hearted old Tally. The ground was firm beneath his feet. He stooped and felt of the snow. Yes, the place had been trodden solid. His fingers encountered human heel tracks. He stole ahead and came to a tiny cabin whose low roof was covered by the slender trees which the snow had bowed across it. For a moment only he hesitated. Then he grinned.

"When I have a sure hunch," he thought, "I always play her to the limit."

He shoved at the door and it swung open noiselessly. Tally looked inside. A night lamp was burning on the rude table and its light showed him the form of a sleeping man with long, stiff stubble upon the face. Beneath the face old Tally seemed to see in great black letters: "$1000 Reward!"

Tally sat down, for he was very tired. He lighted a match, one of the sulphurous noiseless matches of California make, and applied it to his pipe. He began smoking contentedly, watching the face upon the pillow with grim satisfaction.

Homer Shelmick was having a disturbing dream. He dreamed that he was back in the Garland City Savings and Commercial Bank and that the building was on fire. Perhaps the nightmare was suggested by the candle which Tally had moved nearer Homer's face and by the rank smoke that shot from old Tally's shriveled lips. Homer twitched, moaned—and opened his eyes.

"Merry Christmas, Homer!" said old Tally.

For a full minute Homer lay paralyzed, regarding the impossible figure that sat at the foot of his bed grinning at him. Was he still dreaming? But, no, the evil smell of that atrocious tobacco was no dream. Homer was fastidious and the reek of Tally's pipe offended him.

"Who are you?" he asked, his voice sounding like a voice out of a nightmare. Tally grinned more broadly, but did not reply.

"Trouble with you tenderfeet is this," he said instead: "You got an idea you can come into the hills and hide. You ain't got sense enough to realize that out here we see everything that happens and hear every noise that's made. We take note of things. It's part of our life training. It's the way we live. Now you might have hid in a big city, Homer, and got away with it—maybe—especially if you'd laid under cover long enough for them whiskers of yours to sprout a little longer. But here—why, Homer, even a deer finds it hard to hide out here!"

"I—I don't know what you're talking about."

Homer started to rise, but Tally motioned him back. And in the same moment Homer noticed the shiny old revolver.

"Maybe not—maybe not!" Tally conceded good-humoredly. "Tenderfeet are mighty thick-headed thataway I've noticed. But you'll get it before you're through with me—and you'll get it good!"

His wise old eyes flitted about the place and came to the traveling bag which hung above Homer's head.

"Is it all there?" he asked casually.

"What do you mean?"

"I said is it all there?"

Into the old man's voice had crept a metallic ring. Homer recognized it as something dangerous, and it terrified him.

"It's all there!" he whispered.

Old Tally relaxed again and grinned.

"How nice!" he simpered. "How perfectly lovely!"

For several minutes there was silence. These two, the hunted and the hunter, were alone in the remote solitudes. All about them lay the awful hush of the snow-bound wilderness. Tally rested. Homer's nerve came back to him as he grew more

(Concluded on Page 162)

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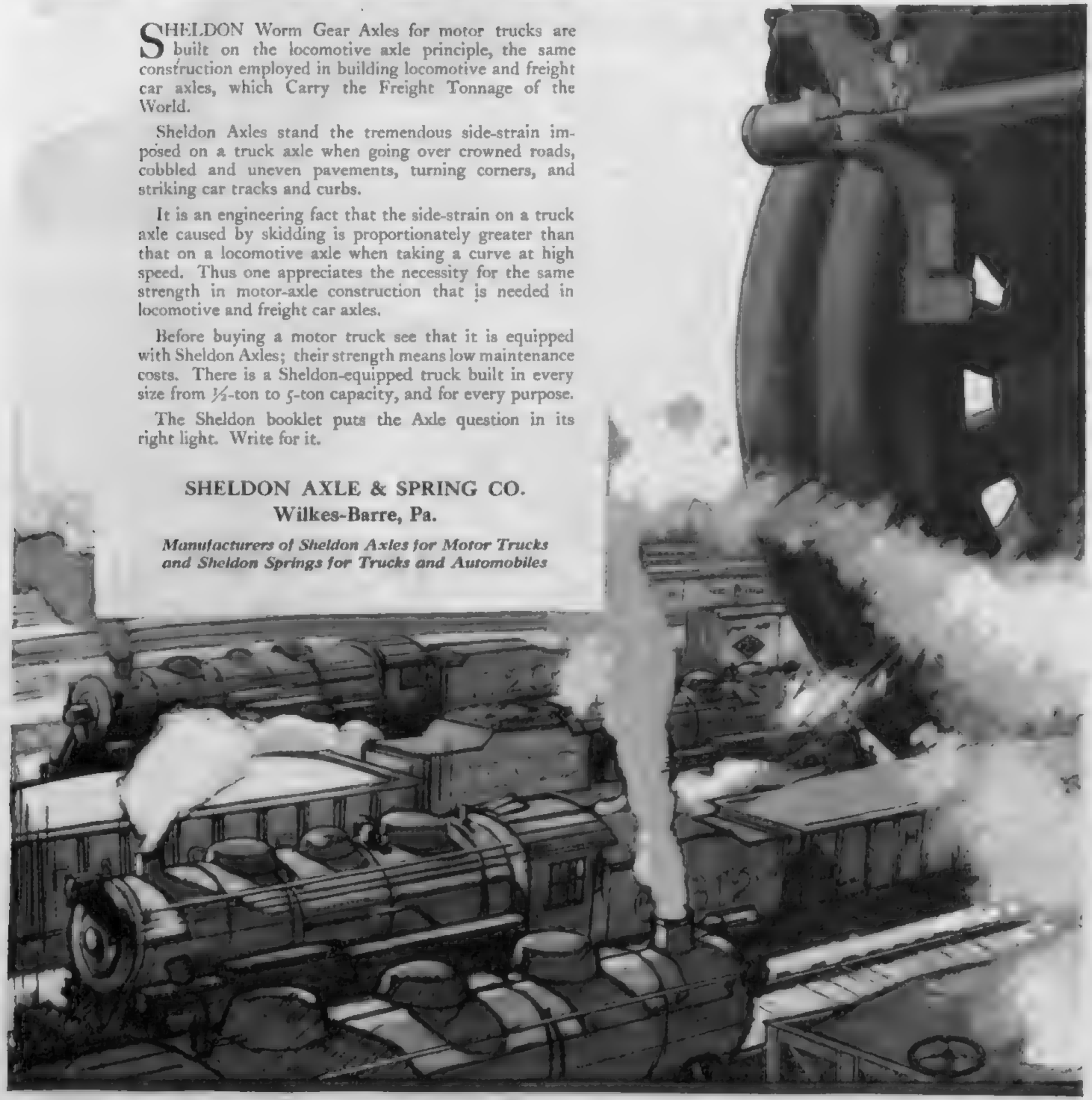

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(Concluded from Page 159)

thoroughly awake. He watched Tally. The old man did not look formidable slumped down in the clumsy chair. If he would lay aside that gun for a moment. Wait! Perhaps ——

"Suppose we split it?" Homer's voice was mellow and upon his stubbly face appeared the million-dollar smile, the smile that had made the Garland City Bank famous; the smile that had led it to its undoing. "You and I. There's plenty in that bag to make us both rich—for life. Nobody knows—nobody but you and "

For several minutes Tally was silent again, studying that smile with the dispassionate gaze of one analyzing a noxious insect. And again when he spoke it was with apparent irrelevance.

"Trouble with this poor old world of ours," he said sadly, "is that the smarter people become, the more confidence they'll put in an honest man. And the more they learn to judge a man's honesty by his smile. Yes, sir; folks just can't help trusting a man they like! Some men are born with a smile that gets people. You're that kind, Homer. Out in the city they're too busy to analyze a man's ways and find out if they're genuine or bogus. But when a man sees a lot of criminals he learns that a big proportion of 'em are easy smilers.

"I was a policeman once—a good one too. I could have spotted you, Homer. I could have seen at a glance that there was too much white at the upper edge of your eye. What's the use? Maybe I could, maybe I couldn't. For no man can be more than human."

Tally was getting rested and he was very hungry.

"Well, Homer," he said, rising briskly, "I got to be your guest to-night. No other way out of it. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." His grotesque humor came to the surface again, as it always did when he was pleased with himself. He took two bits of jingling steel from his pocket and advanced toward the bed. "Now if it'll hold out its li'l' paddies," he said, "Uncle Tally'll put its li'l' bracelets on."

For a brief moment Homer lay still, watching Tally. Then a cunning look shot for an instant through the pale blue eyes and was gone. But Tally had seen it. Homer started to swing his feet to the floor.

"Why of course," he said heartily.

But again Tally motioned him to lie down.

"Naughty, naughty!" chuckled the old man. "Li'l' rascal! Would he fool his Uncle Tally? Why, Homer, you got the most expressive eyes I ever saw! You thought it all out in a flash, though. You says to yourself, 'I'll hold out my hands, then when this poor weak old man starts to snap the cuffs on me—zam! I'll hit him and knock him plumb into the fireplace!' Why, Homer, how could you? Where is your sense of hospitality?"

The robber's face was white and his blue eyes shone like two polished pieces of pale jade. He sank back once more.

"Turn over on your stummick!"

Again Homer caught that metallic quality in the old man's voice. Again his eyes wandered to the shiny revolver, toward which one twitching old trigger finger was yearning wistfully. He turned on his face.

"Behind your back!" said Tally cheerfully. "Put 'em behind your back!"

Slowly the hands came back. There was a click of steel and Homer's dreams of South America were over.

It was daylight. Old Tally Potter had not slept a wink, but he had eaten and he had conversed with Homer Shelmick and now he was as full of the happy joy of life as a red-hot hornet in the middle of August. He had knocked a couple of boards from the bunk and with them manufactured a rude pair of ski.

"Course I might have made a sled and hauled you out over the snow myself," he said. "But as this is probably your last outing for a long time why I guess I'll just let you go down to Watts under your own steam. Say, Homer, you missed all the fun of livin' when you chose the wrong end of this game! You sure did! There's more fun in a man hunt than you could get out of all the stolen money in the world! If you could have seen your face now when you opened your eyes and saw me sittin' there"—the old sheriff cackled like a delighted hyena. "It was worth missin' a meal and walkin' into this dern brush patch just to see it!"

"How did you find me?"

Homer's curiosity had been burning all night. He asked the question in a dull, spiritless manner.

"I got a clew," said Tally.

"What was it?"

Old Tally took the can of dehydrated potatoes from his pocket and set it on the table.

"And then I found this." He put the little alder chip beside the can of potatoes. "When I saw that fresh chip why of course I knew that somebody up here in the brush had been choppin'—either to-day or yesterday. It was easy."

"But—but—I can't see how the can of dehydrated potatoes—how could it have betrayed me? I can't see ——"

"Of course you can't! Criminals never see. If they did they wouldn't! A criminal is a poor fool!"

Old Tally went to the door and looked out. The air was still full of snow. He came spryly back and strapped the traveling bag upon his own back.

"You ought to carry it," he complained, "you bein' a young man. Besides, my rheumatism is goin' to give me hell after this li'l' party of ours. But you'll have troubles enough without havin' to bother with a pack. Homer, I'm sorry for you. But you can't wade this soft snow. So you'll have to ride these here homemade ski I've fixed for you. And believe me, Homer, before we get to Watts Station you're goin' to fall down and run your fool head into the snow a million times!"

"Let me go!" The young man's voice was desperate, agonizing, the voice of a damned soul looking over the edge of hell. "I'm young. I didn't realize—you let me go and take it all!"

"Sorry?" asked Tally curiously. "Beginnin' to be sorry?"

"Yes, it's an awful thing! Let me go! What good will it do you? You have the money now!"

"When I was a policeman," said old Tally thoughtfully, "I noticed that it was always that way. I noticed that a criminal always got sorry—after he was caught. Trouble was he didn't start early enough. The time to get sorry, Homer, is just before you commit the crime. But none of 'em think about that. Always sorry after they're caught. Sometimes seemed to me they wasn't near so sorry for what they'd done as they were that they'd been caught. Funny, ain't it?"

They were ready to start. Old Tally looked about the place.

"Ought to eat a little bite before we go," he said. "Nothin' cooked, Homer? Say, you were a shiftless housekeeper!" His eyes fell upon the can of dehydrated potatoes sitting on the table.

"These'll do!" he chuckled. "But gosh a'mighty, Homer, what a funny Christmas dinner! Let's have some coffee to wash down them dehydrated spuds." He built up the fire.

Twenty minutes later old Tally looked back toward the little fir thicket. Above the snow-burdened trees a tiny wisp of smoke was curling, vanishing in the falling snow.

"Who'd have looked there for a hiding criminal?" thought the old sheriff. "I guess the boys will admit that a bunch is hokum now! But I wonder what old Daddy Pimble's goin' to say when he sees Homer?"

The prisoner made one more despairing effort.

"Think!" he said hoarsely—"think, man! This is Christmas Day! Would you deliver me over to a hell on earth, a whole life in prison—on Christmas Day?"

"Sure!" said old Tally happily. "You bet! You do a little thinkin' yourself, Homer! Think how happy all them poor farmers down at Garland City's goin' to be when they get my telephone message this evenin', relayed over the telegraph wire! And all them friends that trusted you—the friends you stung just before you left! You bet I'll think! And"—here the old sheriff relapsed once more into his absurd humor—"and whenever Uncle Tally thinks of li'l' Homer's face he'll think of that thousand dollars reward he's goin' to get! Come on now! Let's see it shake its li'l' footsies! We got to get down to Watts Station afore dark or we'll be sleepin' in the snow."

It was nearly night when Tally Potter reached Watts Station with an exhausted prisoner. Tally himself was barely able to walk. But his grotesque humor persisted, even in the wording of the telegram which he sent over the telephone wire to be relayed on to Garland City and the world. This was old Tally's telegram:

"Garland City Savings and Commercial Bank,
"Garland City, California:

"Homer says it was all a mistake. He thought he was taking home a mess of lettuce in his market bag. Homer says Merry Christmas and he'll bring all that lettuce back as soon as he's able to ride the ski without standing on his head every fifteen or twenty feet.

"TALLY POTTER, Sheriff."

"It'll cost a lot to send that," said old Tally, "but it's worth it. I'll take it out of that thousand dollars reward."

The traveling bag was opened in the presence of several Watts Station men, who acted as admiring witnesses to make it all perfectly legal. Len Williams and Tally Potter counted the money. It was all there. Old Daddy Pimble's eyes stuck out like affrighted door knobs.

"Lord a'mighty, Tally!" he piped tremulously. "You—you could have got away with the whole smear, couldn't you? And nobody'd ever been the wiser!"

Old Tally Potter turned upon Daddy Pimble a cold menacing eye. Daddy Pimble quailed, for this was not the eye with which his friend Tally usually regarded him.

"That sounds to me like you was contemplatin' somepin'!" said Tally—"somepin' felonious! Speakin' as sheriff of this county, I'm wonderin' if I hadn't better arrest you too! I'm gettin' suspicious of these Chanowah men—when I can go out in the brush anywheres and find a bank robber."

Daddy Pimble cackled uneasily and affected to treat it as a joke. But Tally Potter's eye continued to view him with manifest suspicion and the cold chills began to creep up the old man's backbone. Presently Daddy Pimble slid unostentatiously out of the door and went loping away through the deep snow, going home. Old Tally Potter peered through the window and chuckled.

"That evens it up with old Daddy Pimble!" he said. "And now this is the end of a perfect day!"

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How many times have those words been spoken over the desk at the Public Library!

Exciting stories! How much in demand they are with the readers of the popular magazines! The love for them is universal; it begins and ends with no one class or creed.

Pathé Motion Picture Serials are always exciting; they are written, produced and acted for the great public that wishes to be lifted for a little while from the humdrum facts of everyday life. They are thrilling, entertaining and always clean. There is a motion picture theatre in your vicinity that shows Pathé serials; it will be easy to find it!

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Coming; "Trailed by Three" with Frances Mann and Stuart Holmes; George B. Seitz in "Pirate Gold," (with Marguerite Courtot) and others.

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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

TIMKEN-DETROIT FRONT & REAR AXLES

BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 5)

in a single man. Experience has not justified this. When the responsibility is upon the individual he cannot shirk it. When it is placed in a body of men the individual can find shelter behind that body when called to account for the manner in which he has exercised his power.

For the same reason there is a deadly inertia in a board or commission which is not so likely to be found in the individual. It is a true saying that "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." It is equally true that when several members of a board or commission share a given responsibility no one of them feels that responsibility so keenly as though he bore it alone. Good and efficient public service makes it mandatory that responsibility be fixed definitely. Then only can a public official be held to a strict accountability. Responsibility can be definitely placed only if it be reposed in an individual. For these reasons we placed at the head of each of the nine departments an individual, whom we called a director, and not a board or commission.

In his recent autobiography Henry Watterson illuminates this point:

"Patriotism cries: 'God give us men,' but the parties say: 'Give us votes and offices,' and Congress proceeds to create a commission. Thus responsibilities are shirked and places are multiplied."

It may happen, however, that the head of a department, upon some important question of policy, would like the advice of able and experienced men. We therefore provided advisory committees. The members serve without pay. We have found that many of the ablest men in the state are perfectly willing to serve upon an advisory committee without pay, though they could not be induced to take a salaried position.

In this way we avail ourselves of the best talent within the state upon the various subjects of state administration.

Our Civil Administrative Code provides for the various subordinate officers within the several departments. It does not, however, attempt to define their precise duties. These duties are prescribed in rules and regulations formulated by the head of the department, and not by statute law. Much debate arose over this proposition. It was objected that this conferred too much power upon the individual head of a department. Many thought that the code should define precisely the duties of the heads of divisions in the several departments.

No Red Tape—No Sinecures

In my judgment to have adopted that theory would have greatly impaired the efficiency of the code. Red tape would have inevitably crept in. Much of the delay, the inconvenience, even the inaction which results from what we call red tape is not so much the fault of the official as it is of the law. This is true alike of laws of the state legislatures and of Congress. Where Congress in launching government into some new activity has created a bureau or division the lawmakers have customarily gone into infinite detail; they have prescribed with exactitude the duties of each official; they have so limited and delimited the powers to be exercised that the bureau or division is in no sense under the control or direction of the head of the department to which it belongs. The result is inevitable. Instead of actually molding and directing a single department in all its parts he becomes the presiding officer over a large number of bureaus, each of which is practically independent of all the others.

It is said that there are ten departments of government at Washington. That is so only in name. In fact, there are many times ten independent and practically unrelated agencies of government there. No department under these circumstances can avoid becoming rigid and law bound, and red tape necessarily becomes the rule. If, instead, the department head were authorized to prescribe the duties of subordinates the red tape would largely disappear. The responsible head would have power commensurate with his responsibility. Instead of an inert mass you would have a living organism with an actual head.

Democracy has been afraid of itself, and of its own chosen officials, and has hedged them about with so many restrictions that genuine efficiency has been well-nigh impossible. We have framed our laws as though they were to execute themselves, providing in detail for every contingency, leaving no means by which the head could meet unforeseen contingencies. We have gone on the theory that we could tie men's hands for evil, but at the same time leave them free for good.

All the officials created by the Illinois Administrative Code are required to devote all their time to the public service. One unexpected but considerable advantage of this is that it greatly relieves the pressure upon the governor for public appointments. In innumerable instances men who believe that their party services entitle them to a public appointment have withdrawn their applications when they learned that they must give all their time to the public service if they received appointment. There are no sinecures under the code. This being fully understood, makes the question of public employment very much like that of employment in private industry. In other words, our main difficulty has been in finding the men we want for the various places to be filled.

How the Code Has Worked

One of the best results of the new system is that respect for government has been enhanced greatly in the minds of the people. They see that the men on the public pay roll are devoting themselves to their work just as men in private employment. They approve of the business methods that are everywhere employed and that are possible only under some such organization as ours. When people respect their government they support it more loyally and are not likely to respond to the appeal of the enemies of our institutions. This in itself is a great gain.

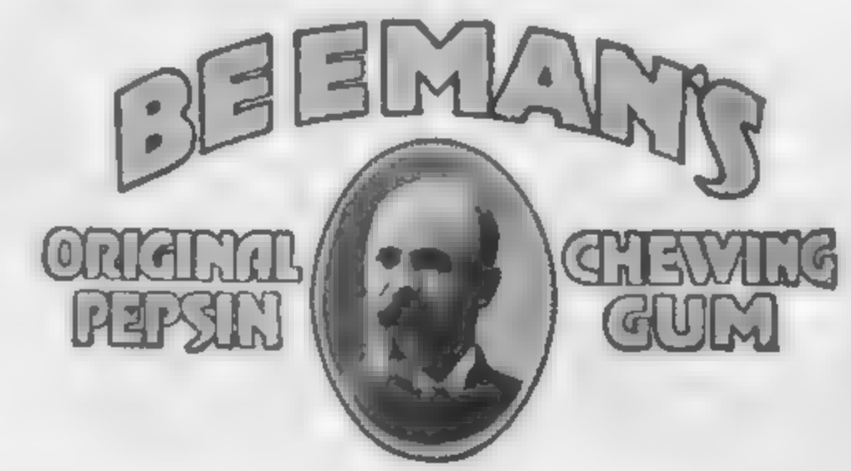
The chief officials under the code, such as directors of departments, have their offices in the capitol at Springfield. The directors of departments and the adjutant general, who is the head of the military department of the state, constitute the governor's cabinet. The governor thus is in daily touch with every activity of the state government. If a weakness develops in the remotest part of the state he has the means at hand to correct it promptly through the head of the proper department. The head of the department in turn, through his chiefs of division, over whom he has complete control, can at once reach the weak spot.

The Administrative Code was so complete a revolution in state government that it was confidently predicted that it would encounter trouble in the next succeeding legislature. When that General Assembly met, however, in January, 1919, so completely had the Administrative Code succeeded that not a single bill was introduced to repeal it or to modify it in any substantial way. Indeed, all bills introduced were so drawn as to fit into the code.

In Illinois our legislature meets once in two years, and we therefore appropriate for two years in advance. In the winter of 1917 appropriations were made for the period commencing July 1, 1917, and ending June 30, 1919. Though these appropriations were based upon prewar prices and conditions, which, of course, were very much more favorable than those which prevailed during the war, yet at the end of the two years' period there was an unexpended balance in every department of the government save one.

That the government created under the Civil Administrative Code functioned well is best shown by the fact that we went through the entire period of the war without any extraordinary session of the General Assembly.

Among the departments created, as has been seen, was the Department of Finance. Its director exercises general supervision over the finances of the state. He provides a uniform system of bookkeeping; he approves or disapproves of all vouchers; he is in constant touch with the financial affairs of the state. In addition it is his duty to prepare a budget of estimated expenditures and receipts, to be submitted to each regular session of the General Assembly. In the exercise of his general supervision over expenditures he in effect begins the preparation of the budget a biennium in advance. That is, on July 1, 1917, in



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The routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal will go a long way toward correcting the faulty mastication at a meal.

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An untold war story — from Oshkosh

"Force—force to the uttermost," we told Germany.

In August, 1918, the great Navy and War Office Building in Washington was nearing completion. The Government was waiting! The doors were being made in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, at the Paine Lumber Company plant, the biggest veneered-door factory in the world. Abruptly came a telegram stating "absolute necessity, complete shipment, 1,200 doors tomorrow night." Tomorrow night—and it was then 5 P. M. with not a single door ready.

They put it up to Jim Dowling, who runs the giant 6-drum-sander. Jim knew the Government specification called for a high class finish on these veneered doors. He knew that previous orders had been sandpapered with coarse, medium and fine garnet paper—*twice* through the machines. A *two* days' job, not *one*. Unless . . .

"If only garnet paper would stand the gaff of a 'once through' finish," Jim thought, on his way home. "Once through; chances are ten to one that the heat and increased pressure would crumple the garnet paper or fill it up, and covering the drums with fresh garnet paper would set me back two hours. Nothing doing!"

But an hour later as Jim opened his evening paper his eyes fell on the words "Force, force to the uttermost—U. S. reply to Germany." That settled it—he would take the chance.

All the next day under the increased pressure, the sanding rolls, covered with fast-cutting Speed-grits, whirred against the hardwood doors—all day long this team of drum-sanders cheerfully labored under the strain of their double task. Machine and Speed-grits held out—by quitting time the job was done.

"*Some* day's work, Jim," said the superintendent as he started on the jump for the manager's office with the production sheets. "But man, what a test for sandpaper," retorted Jim. "Take it any way you like—when it comes to sandpaper, you can't beat Speed-grits."

Good workmen know the difference.

Send today for "The Difference Book." Address the Manning Abrasive Company, Factory and Laboratory, Troy, New York. Sales Offices in all principal cities. Look for Manning Abrasive Co. in your telephone book.

Jim Dowling says that Speed-grits can't be beat. He looks on the back of each sheet for this trade mark.

Don't say Sandpaper
Say Speed-grits

Manning Speed-grits
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approving or disapproving vouchers and investigating into financial conditions, he was gathering information all the while to enable him intelligently to judge what the appropriations should be for the next biennium. Our last General Assembly met in January of last year. The director of finance had a budget ready. That budget was submitted to me, and by me, in turn, transmitted to the General Assembly.

The old way was for each official who expended public money to make an estimate of what he desired and to submit that direct to the General Assembly, without revision by anyone. He always asked for what he needed, and usually for more, and therefore the legislature, no matter how earnestly it tried to meet its duty, had to guess at the amount of appropriations. All this is changed in the budget submitted by the director of finance. He had, in the first place, the information he had acquired as to the needs of the various activities of the state in the exercise of his power of general supervision over the finances, and in addition he had been able to investigate, himself, when a request was made by any official charged with the expenditure of money, as to the exact needs of the case. The budget thus submitted went before the appropriations committees of the House and the Senate, and with very few changes was enacted into law.

The last appropriations made before the war were made in the first half of 1915 for the biennium beginning July 1, 1915. The percentage of increase in total appropriations for the current biennium, which began July 1, 1919, as compared with that biennium, is but a little more than half as great as it was for the preceding four-year period. This was accomplished despite the fact that the purchasing power of the dollar had constantly grown less.

The revenues of the state are derived from indirect sources, such as fees for various services rendered by the state, a tax upon gross premiums of insurance companies, a tax upon the gross revenues of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, a franchise tax upon corporations, inheritance taxes, and so on, and a general property tax. The last-named tax is levied at such a rate as to raise revenue sufficient, together with the indirect revenue, to defray the expenses of the state government.

The Book of Estimates, Unlimited

The general property tax for state purposes in 1917 was ninety cents on the hundred dollars. In 1918 we were able to reduce this from ninety to seventy-five cents on the hundred dollars. In 1919 the basis of taxation was changed from one-third to one-half of the actual cash value. The rate for that year was fixed at forty cents on the hundred dollars, which would be equivalent to sixty cents upon the old basis—a reduction of twenty per cent as compared with the tax rate of the preceding year, or a one-third reduction in two years. These reductions were due partly to the normal increase in indirect revenues, but largely to increased economy under the Civil Administrative Code with the budgetary system.

Requests for appropriations from the various departments of the Federal Government are made up in what is called the Book of Estimates. That interesting volume for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, totals something like $1,100,000,000. The same departments of Government in the Book of Estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, recently submitted to Congress, ask for a sum in excess of $4,800,000,000, or more than four times the amount requested before the war. It also appears that by some oversight appropriations already made for which payment must be made during the next fiscal year had been omitted and that, in fact, the real estimates as submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury in the Book of Estimates and in his annual report totaled for the next fiscal year, in round numbers, $5,250,000,000. This in spite of the fact that the war has been practically over for almost fifteen months.

Surely no further argument for a national budget is needed than this. Remember that these estimates are made up by chiefs of divisions or heads of bureaus. They are transmitted through the head of the department to the Secretary of the Treasury. He has no authority to reduce or to alter them in any way. They are simply compiled by him and become the Book of Estimates, and are thus transmitted to the Congress of the United States. It is needless to say that the chief of a division or a bureau in getting up his estimates is not likely to be modest in his requests. It is human nature for him to exaggerate the importance of his own division, particularly if he be an efficient official. His division is his little world and he likes to see it expand. He has no responsibility for raising the moneys with which the expenses are to be met and he sees only how many more things he could do if he had more money. He does not realize that there is an amount of total expenditure beyond which the Government cannot safely go.

I have had some experience in business. In several instances I have been connected with the management of corporations having scattered manufacturing plants. Time and again I have seen the managers of those plants come to the board with requests for additions and betterments which would have bankrupted the company if they had been granted. And yet usually the managers believed, and had figures to justify their faith, that these additions and betterments would be enormously profitable to the company. Of course many, if not most, of these requests had to be denied. For there is not in this world such a thing as unlimited wealth, and this applies to government just as it applies to private business. Every individual, just as every institution, private or public, is limited in income and must adjust his expenditures to his income if he would avert disaster. This is equally true of government.

Wanted: An Official Money Saver

If the government be a very rich one, like ours, greater care is required to avoid exceeding our income than with a smaller or poorer government. The division chief unconsciously says to himself, "What difference would a few hundred thousand dollars make to a government such as ours?" Each cabinet officer is interested in the work of his department as a whole. He desires accomplishment. That is natural and commendable. Accomplishment for him means the expansion of his department, and this means increased expenditures. There is now no one in the Government who is primarily charged with the duty of cutting down expenditures.

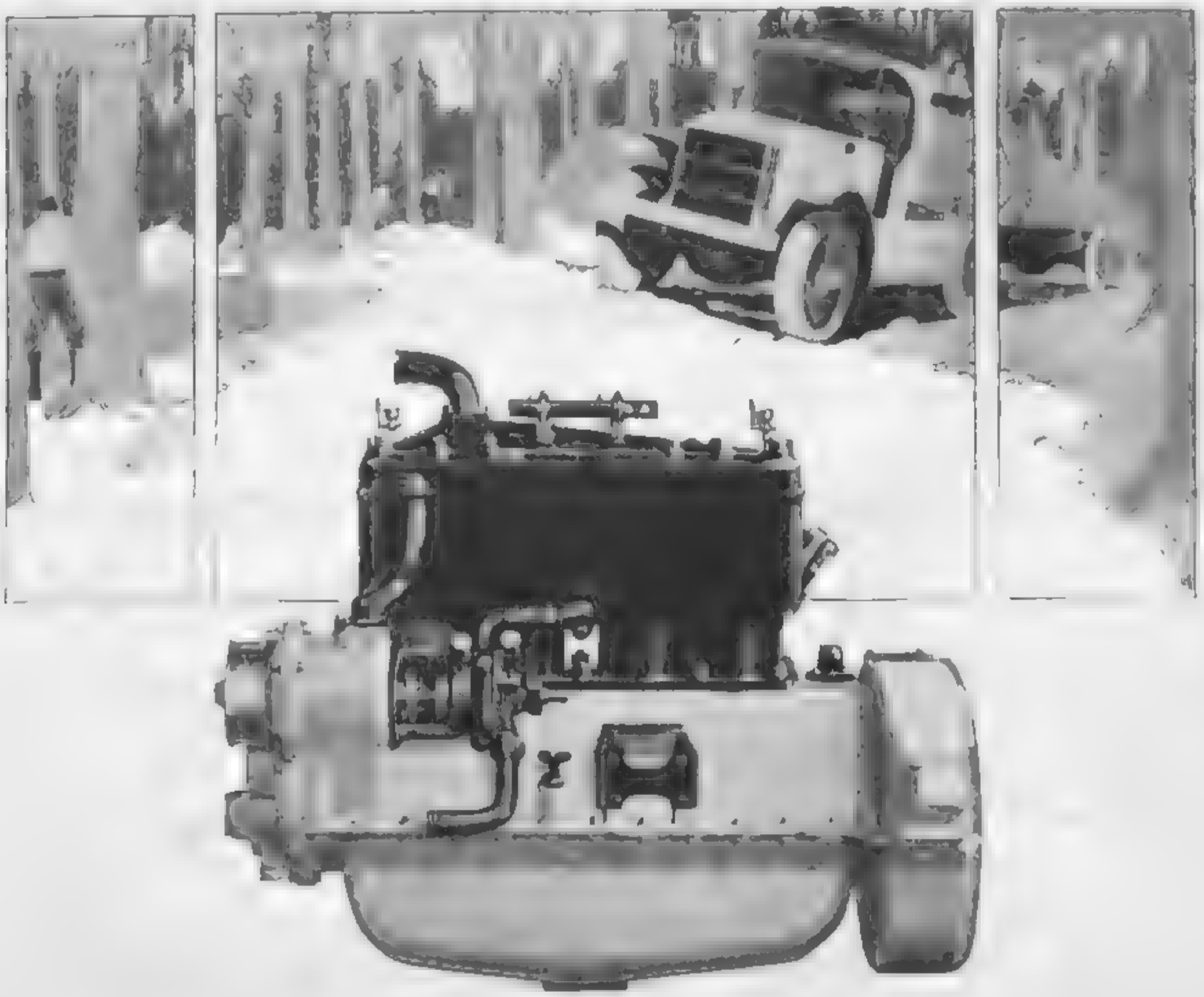
There ought to be someone whose special duty it is to look at the other side of the national ledger. The Treasury Department was originally designed to do this very thing. However, many other duties that in no way pertain to a department of finance have been laid upon it, until it, too, has become in a measure a spending department. The public-health service, public buildings, the coast guard are all activities that have no proper place in the Treasury Department. If it were restored to its original form and given real supervision over all the finances of the Government and required to prepare an annual budget we should have someone on the executive side who would check the constant tendency of the other departments to enlarge their activities, to employ additional men and to increase expenses.

To make the Treasury Department effective for this purpose Congress would have to provide it with adequate budget-making machinery. It would have to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to reduce, or eliminate altogether, items from the various estimates submitted to him. It would be interesting to know just how many activities taken on in the various departments to meet the exigencies of the war have been continued, and are included in the Book of Estimates recently submitted to Congress. These would have been discovered and eliminated by the Treasury Department if it had budgetary powers. It is safe to say that the Book of Estimates for the next fiscal year would not now total $5,250,000,000.

The chairman of the Civil Service Commission recently stated before the Appropriations Committee of the House that on April 1, 1917, the total number of employees in the executive civil service in the District of Columbia alone was 37,908; that on October 31, 1919, almost a year after the Armistice was signed, that number was 102,950. Who can doubt that appropriate budgetary machinery would have revealed some way by which that number could have been greatly reduced?

There is no one in the Government now whose reputation or fame depends upon his saving the money of the people of the

(Concluded on Page 169)



THE main concern of the Buda Company today is not with immediate sales. Every engine which it can produce this year already is contracted for by 85 representative makers of American automotive products.

No more forceful endorsement of Buda performance in the service of owners, no more impressive evidence of this engine's reputation among experienced manufacturers, could be expressed than is revealed in this demand, which presses on the limits of our present facilities.

With this the situation, you may or may not be fortunate enough to secure Buda power, reliability and economy in the truck or tractor you buy this year.

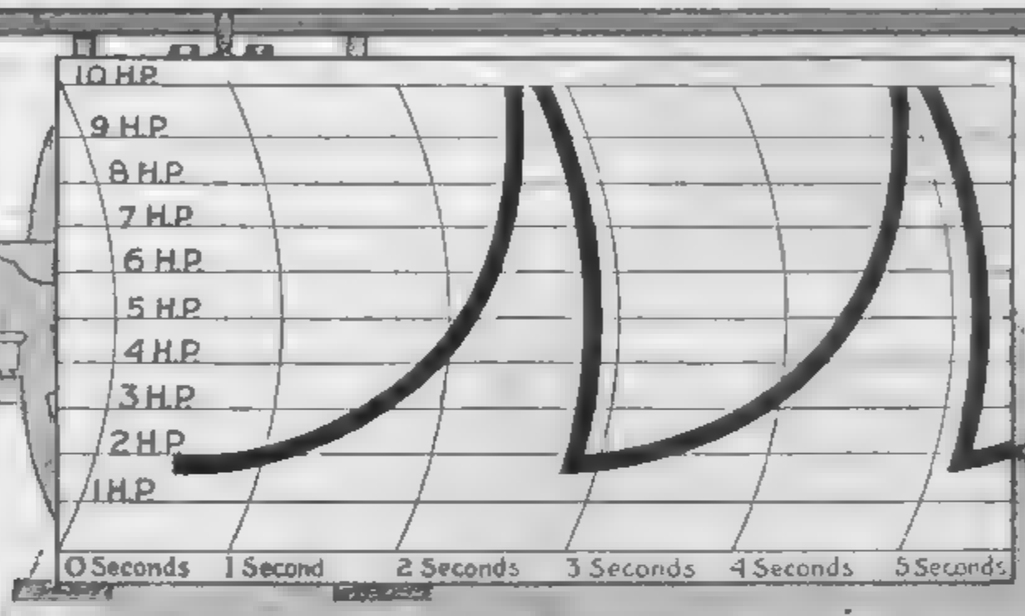
Whenever you do have the opportunity to acquire a Buda-equipped product, you can be confident that it is powered with a finely made, well-designed, competent engine—the quality result of 39 years of engineering and manufacturing experience.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*
ESTABLISHED 1881

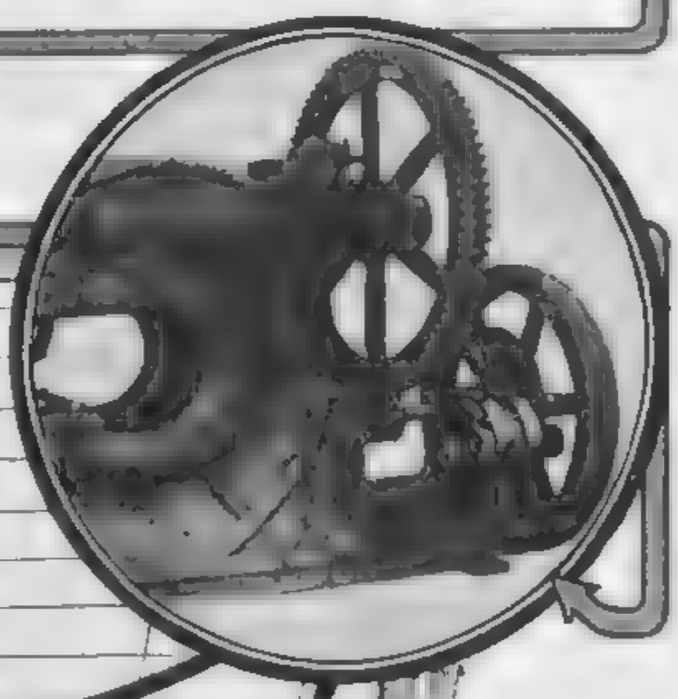
BUDA
The
ENGINE

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

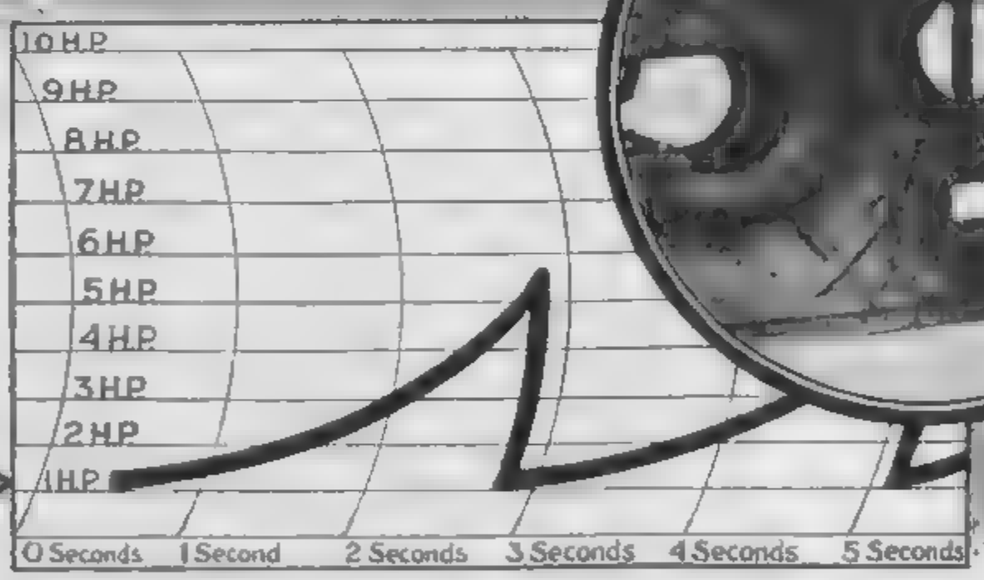
Here is an actual instance of the saving made by the Lincoln idea of "fitting the motor to the machine."



Ordinary Motor
First Cost of Motor $210.00
Daily Cost of Current $1.64



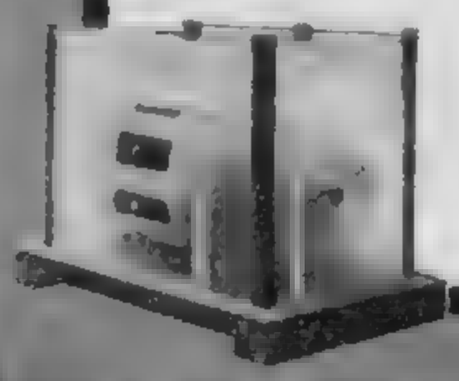
LINCOLN Motor
First Cost of Motor $97.00
Daily Cost of Current $0.92



Not only is the first cost of this punch press less when the Lincoln Motor is used, but the daily cost of operation is cut in two and better production is secured.

Lincoln Engineers do not depend on arbitrary "horse-power" ratings to determine which motor is suited to a given machine. They go to the plant where the machine is made and by actually applying motors and testing the results, they arrive at one of right type and size to do the work most economically.

When you buy machinery of any kind ask the manufacturer to have it tested and fitted with Lincoln Motors.



The Lincoln Motor operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for over 3 years without damage to windings.

"Link Up With Lincoln"

Lincoln District Offices

New York City
Buffalo
Syracuse
Baltimore
Cincinnati
Chicago
Detroit
Columbus
Pittsburgh
Philadelphia
Boston
Charlotte, N. C.
Minneapolis

Also Sold By The Fairbanks Co.

Lincoln Motors are the only motors sold by the 22 branches of The Fairbanks Co. under their famous Fairbanks "OK."

Lincoln Motors have been fitted to many machines in the following classes:

Bakers' Machinery
Brick & Clay Machinery
Cranes
Crushers & Pulverizers
Conveyors
Elevators & Hoists
Fans & Blowers
Foundry Machinery
Ice Machinery
Machine Tools
Paper Machinery
Presses
Pumps & Compressors
Punches & Shears
Textile Machinery
Woodworking Machinery

The Lincoln Electric Company

General Offices and Factory, Cleveland, O.

The Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto-Montreal

(Concluded from Page 166)

United States. Everyone points with pride to the greater activities of his department. These all cost money. Now there ought to be someone somewhere in the Government whose claim to distinction will be that he has saved the expenditure of the public moneys. This would give some sort of balance.

The completed budget should be submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to the President, and by him transmitted to Congress. The President would thereby become responsible for the appropriations asked, and if these appropriations were exceeded by Congress, Congress would have to take the responsibility for such excess, and the people would know whom to hold responsible.

It is objected that to give the Treasury Department the powers I have urged above would introduce friction into the cabinet. I do not see this. The estimates are not as a matter of fact made up by cabinet officers, but by their division and bureau chiefs, and are adopted as a matter of course by the heads of the departments. Usually the contact with the Treasury Department would be through the bureau or division chiefs of the other departments discussing their needs with the officials of the Treasury Department. As a rule, after general questions of policy had been decided upon, differences would be agreed upon in conference between these officials. If, however, the matter were important and there was a real difference between the Secretary of the Interior, say, and the Secretary of the Treasury, as to whether or not there was a real need for the appropriation asked for, that could be referred to the President or the cabinet for adjustment.

The system I am advising for the Federal Government is in substance the system we have in force in Illinois. We have not found here that the budget-making powers of the department of finance have created any serious trouble between its director and the directors of the spending departments. Though, of course, our total appropriations are small as compared with those of the Federal Government, I cannot see why the same results might not be expected.

The Maker of the Budget

Also, it is proposed by some of the advocates of the budget that it be prepared by a bureau lodged directly in the President's office. This, I think, would be a mistake. Unless the official responsible for the budget be given high cabinet rank such as the Secretary of the Treasury now enjoys, the bureau chiefs would soon cease to pay any attention to such officer. This plan presupposes that the President himself would prepare the budget through the executive bureau. Whatever his disposition might be I do not believe he would find the time, and the work of the bureau would become more and more perfunctory. A budget cannot properly be made without the coöperation of all the departments. This coöperation would be more effective between cabinet officials of equal rank than between such officials and an independent bureau responsible directly to the President. Then, too, that official who makes up the budget should also have general supervision over expenditures after the budget is made. In this way only can he acquire that familiarity with the needs of the Government which will enable him to revise intelligently estimates submitted to him. Such power of supervision, of course, the bureau proposed could not effectively exercise.

The study and investigation made by the Treasury Department in the supervision of finances and the making of a budget would reveal the defects in the illogical and unwieldy organization of departments, and thereby make possible the correction of such defects. There are innumerable activities of government which are divided between different departments. This means increased overhead expense, overlapping of duties, duplication of effort and added expense. Public works, education, the health service to name but a few—are all so distributed among various divisions and bureaus of various departments that they find it difficult to function.

Confusion Worse Confounded

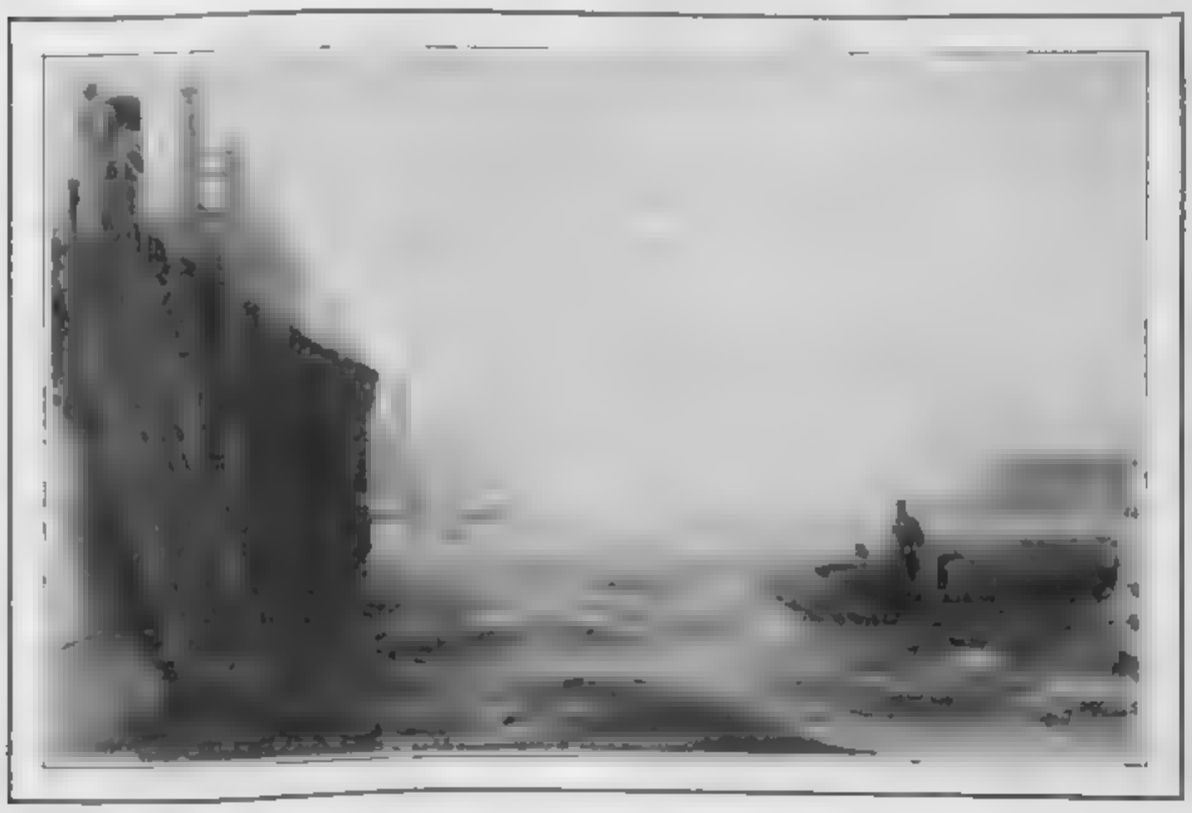
The chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, the Hon. James W. Good, has recently made the following statement:

"To-day duplication in the government service abounds on every hand. For example, eight different departments of the Government, with large overhead organizations, are engaged in engineering work in navigation, irrigation and drainage; eleven different bureaus are engaged in engineering research; twelve different organizations are engaged in road construction; while twelve, with large overhead organizations, are engaged in hydraulic construction, and sixteen are engaged in surveying and mapping. Sixteen different bureaus exercise jurisdiction over water-power development. Nine different organizations are collecting information on the consumption of coal. Forty-two different organizations, with overhead expenses, are dealing with the question of public health. The Treasury Department, the War Department, the Interior Department and the Department of Labor each has a bureau dealing with the question of general education. These departments operate independently; instances of coöperation between them are exceptional. Each of these departments is manned at all times with an organization prepared to carry the peak of the load, and maintains an expensive ready-to-serve personnel. A lack of coöperation in the executive departments necessarily leads to gross extravagance."

In the preparation of a genuine budget all these weaknesses and extravagances would be revealed. It would mean the beginning of a reorganization of the departments, so as to modernize the organization of Government and bring it down to date. This is the first work needed for the reconstruction of which we have talked so much since the Armistice was signed.

We have got to get down on a business basis, and should begin with the Government first of all.

If at the same time provision were made to give the cabinet officers seats in Congress, without a vote of course, and requiring their attendance at certain times, we should have a coöperation between Congress and the executive branch of Government which is needed if Government is properly to function. This contact between the two branches would tend toward an orderly evolution of the machinery of Government to meet changing needs.



TEMCO

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Portable Electric Tools

Attaches to Any Electric Light Socket

Quick Drilling in Metal or Wood

THESE tools can be easily carried direct to the work in any part of the shop or plant and used to great advantage on all forms of repair jobs, as well as production work. This means a positive saving of time and labor, and lower costs.

Temco Tools start work instantly and can be operated in hard-to-get-at places. They will help you keep up with production schedules. Let us tell you how they can be used to advantage in *your* business.

Drills, Grinders, Buffers and Garage Outfits. Write for Catalogue.

The Temco Electric Motor Co., *Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.*

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PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE

EFFICIENT SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
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THE DOT LINE
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The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener
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The Common Sense Fastener

The "Lift-the-Dot" Fastener made a reputation holding the curtains of automobiles smooth and snug.

Now this sturdy, compact fastener is used on luggage, sporting goods, instrument cases, heavy clothing and other articles of leather, canvas or heavy rubber fabric.

Manufacturers of goods requiring fasteners should know the complete line of which "LIFT-the-DOT" is one type.

Complete catalog of "The Dot Line" of Fasteners will be mailed on request.

THE CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

LIFT the DOT
TRADE MARK
Fasteners

MEMPHIS BOUND

(Continued from Page 17)

"Pay-roll nigger," he thought to himself. "Can't sell anybody in uniform nothing," he said.

"Gimme a ovehcoat," the Wildcat countered. "Ise out of de Army. Ise got mah red stripe. Gimme two bottles of 'spensive champagne." He produced a roll of bills as big as his wrist.

Bam! The first cork hit the ceiling.

"Gimme de bottle. Ah drinks out of de bottle."

A stranger drifted casually to the bar.

"Did you get across, buddy?" he asked the Wildcat.

The Wildcat set the champagne bottle down.

"Across what, podneh?"

"Was you in France?"

The Wildcat snorted.

"I'll say us wuz! Ah wuz in de first battle, de las' battle and ev'ything in between. Fust gallop outen de box Ah rounds me up fo'ty Germans. Dey gimme dis fo' dat." He pointed to the Croix de Guerre.

"You say you're out of the Army now?"

"Sho' is! Got mah red stripe. Special discha'ge."

Another stranger drifted into the conversation.

"Always go loaded for bear, I suppose?"

"Sho' do! I aims to pack a li'l equalizer all de time."

"Got one with you now?"

"Restin' heavy on mah laig. She talks free an' easy when de time comes."

"Them new automatics sure is nice guns. Lemme see it," the second stranger addressed the Wildcat.

The Wildcat produced a .45 service automatic which he had salvaged in France. The second stranger threw back the lapel of his coat.

"You are under arrest for carrying concealed weapons, boy. Come with me." He displayed a large nickel-plated star. "It's against the law of this state. Probably cost you a thousand-dollar fine or a year in jail."

The Wildcat's eyes rolled violently. The first stranger spoke quickly.

"Wait a minute, Al," he said. "Come here a minute, boy." He led the Wildcat a little apart. "I can fix it with that man for one hundred dollars."

A moment later the Wildcat had transferred one hundred dollars of his roll to the stranger.

"All Ah says is get him out of heah. Ah aims to stay. Sho' is much 'bliged to you, podneh. Git dat man 'way fr'm heah." A moment later the Wildcat again breathed the air of freedom. "Gimme some gin," he said to the bartender.

He absorbed three or four slugs of gin. He walked over to the crap table.

"Ah craves action wid de bones. Shoots ten dollahs."

A pair of swarthy card players at one of the tables accommodated the Wildcat.

"You lik-a to take da bones on a promenade?"

"Ten dollahs says so," the Wildcat replied. He fished the dice out of his sock. "Shower down yo' money, boy."

The younger Italian covered the bet.

"Roll 'em," he said.

The Wildcat warmed the dice against his leg for an instant and then threw them across the green cloth. They battered sharply against the barrier at the edge of the table.

"Ah reads seven. Shoots twenty dollars."

"An' a five side bet," the other stranger proposed. "You're faded."

"Wham! Ah reads eleven. Ah lets it lay. Shoots fifty dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars is beeg enough. Twenty-five dollars limit."

The Wildcat picked up the rest of his winnings and left twenty-five dollars on the table. The Italian laid down a new-looking fifty-dollar bill and picked up the Wildcat's crumpled currency.

"Let 'em roll," he said.

"Lady Luck, at yo' feet. Five an' a dooce. Money, come home. Shoots twenty-five dollars."

Again the stranger picked up the twenty-five dollars which the Wildcat threw down and replaced it with a fifty-dollar bill.

"Roll 'em," he said.

In the course of the next thirty minutes the Wildcat had accumulated nearly a thousand dollars in new crisp bills from the Italian victims of hard luck. Time after time he had thrown down the limit bet of twenty-five dollars peeled from the roll of bills which he had carried from Bordeaux. When the Wildcat's original roll had dwindled to twenty or thirty dollars the Italians displayed strenuous emotions.

"I quit-a da game. Da nigger for luck."

The Wildcat shifted his roll of new fifty-dollar bills deep into his pocket.

"Dat's all, white boy. Nex' lesson Ah learns you som'thin' new."

He turned to Lily, who was still at rest on her hind legs over behind the lunch counter.

"Lily, tenshun!" he said. The goat stood upright. "Us travels."

A moment later—having forgot his blankets—the Wildcat and his mascot left the saloon.

Ah don' botheh work,
Work don' botheh me,
You loses money on de two an' th'ee.
Warmin' up yo' carcass wid a slug o' gin,
Ramble 'em fo' Lady Luck,
You's boun' to win.

Twenty minutes after the Wildcat left the saloon the gambling tables therein were raided. Among the fish in the jail-bound dragnet were the two crap-shootin' Italians who had contributed so many crisp new fifty-dollar bills to the Wildcat's luck.

In the wake of the strolling Wildcat was a flashily dressed boy of the Wildcat's color. Farther down the Bowery this individual addressed the Wildcat.

"Boy, ain't I seed you some place?"

The Wildcat stopped and looked at the stranger.

"Ah spects so. Me an' Lily's been roun' consid'able."

"Seems like I met up with you in France."

"Mebbe so," the Wildcat conceded.

"Them wuz de good ol' days," the stranger said. "Wisht I could get me back in a ol' unifohm an' be an army man again. Nuthin' to do but shoot Germans an' sleep."

"Wisht Ah could git me into some fancy clo's wid flappin' laigs to de pants," the Wildcat said. "Does Ah get hot Ah itch myse'f sick in dese leggin's. Dat's why the Cap'ns weah spurs so dey can scratch th'oo de leggin's."

"You-all feel agreeable to hibernate a dram inside yo' constitution—dram of gin or liquor?"

"Keer if Ah does," the Wildcat accepted. "Whah at does us go?"

In a near-by saloon the Wildcat absorbed three heavy drinks of gin.

"Wham!" he said as he set his third empty glass down. "Boy, I sho' 'steems them clothes of yours high."

"Podneh, bein's as it's you I don't mind tradin'. Us is about de same build."

"You trade dat raiment fo' dese heah common army clo's?"

"Bein' as it's you," the stranger conceded.

Twenty minutes later the exchange had been effected. The Wildcat began to prance.

"Head roun' heah, Lily," he said. "Ah'll learn you! Us is quality."

The stranger looked at him.

"I got a good automobeel I'll sell cheap. You ought to have a cah for seein' N'Yawk."

The Wildcat thought of his winnings.

"How much?" he said.

"I got a high-grade speedster up de street here you can have fo' five hund'ed dollahs."

"Lemme have a look."

They walked up the street. The stranger looked intently at each automobile they passed. He finally pointed to a low blue roadster.

"Dat's de car."

The Wildcat reached for his roll of bills.

"Here's de money." He counted out ten of the fifty-dollar bills and gave them to the stranger. "Sho' is much 'bliged. Ah sho' did some rough drivin' in France. Git up in de seat, Lily. Roads here sho' is noble, podneh. So long!"

With Lily beside him he edged into the traffic. The stranger on the curb counted the ten fifty-dollar bills and put them in his pocket.

"I'll say I had a hell of a time findin' a car that wasn't locked up," he said.

At four o'clock that morning three miles uptown the Wildcat hauled in beside the

(Continued on Page 173)

IT is a fact that a preponderance of the wire wheels you see, are Hayes Wire Wheels.

This preference for the Hayes, so unmistakably indicated, has now reached a remarkable growth.

It is not limited to any class; nor to any section.

It embraces owners of *all* types of cars. It extends from the cities to the towns, and on to the hamlets and the farms.

It is equally pronounced among motor car manufacturers.

By far the most of those who equip with wire wheels, have standing specifications for the Hayes.

The beauty and the smartness which the Hayes imparts to any car, partially account for its dominance in public favor.

But there are other reasons. For example, structural superiorities which make the Hayes stronger and safer; its easier riding; its greater economy; the greater ease with which a tire is changed.

More and more people are learning how much these Hayes factors contribute to the comfort and satisfaction they derive from their cars, and the volume of Hayes preference increases accordingly.

Your own motor car dealer, or the Hayes representative, can equip your car with Hayes Wire Wheels, in any color you desire.

HAYES *wire wheels*

Wire Wheel Division **Hayes Wheel Company** *Jackson, Michigan*

Branches at Albion, Mich. and Anderson, Ind. Hayes Motor Truck Wheel Co., St. Johns, Mich. Hayes Wheel Co. Ltd., of Canada, Chatham, Ont. and Windsor, Ont.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

This Wonderful Device

Cooks while you enjoy yourself

FORMERLY women had little time for afternoon recreation and pleasures. The old time way of cooking made it necessary for them constantly to be in the kitchen.

Now that is all changed—your afternoons can be your own. You can go and come and do just as you please. And your meals are always ready on time, and more delicious than ever.

The wonderful invention that makes this possible is the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. It has brought kitchen freedom and new cooking delight to thousands of women who use gas ranges.

Ready to serve when you get home

The "LORAIN" is a simple device that regulates your gas oven heat. You simply set the wheel at the temperature that you know brings the most perfect results. The heat never varies. It never fails.

With this wonderful device on your gas stove foods formerly cooked on the top burners are now cooked with one heat in the oven. You put your entire meal in the gas oven at one time—meat, vegetables, dessert, whatever you have planned.

Then you are off for the afternoon's pleasure. You never even *think* about your cooking. And when you arrive home at dinner time, your meal is ready to serve—more delicious than if you spent your entire afternoon watching it.

Every dish uniformly delicious

That is but one "LORAIN" accomplishment. Equally as important to housewives is the fact that it eliminates cooking guesswork.

With the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator there is no guesswork. You know the exact temperature for the most delicious result. You set the wheel exactly at that temperature.

Thus your cooking is always uniform. Your foods are never overdone, or underdone, or burned. There are no "unlucky days" with the "LORAIN." *Every* day's cooking is delicious.

You must see the "LORAIN" demonstrated

The six famous stoves listed in this advertisement are the only gas ranges equipped with the "LORAIN" Oven Heat Regulator. The dealer in your city for any one of these stoves will be delighted to demonstrate this wonderful device for you.

Go today and see this device in actual operation. Then you will know why housewives have hailed the "LORAIN" as the greatest advancement in cookery since the invention of the gas range itself.

"LORAIN"

the oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command

Only These Famous Gas Stoves are Equipped with the "LORAIN"

CLARK JEWEL—*George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.*
DANGLER—*Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
DIRECT ACTION—*National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio*
NEW PROCESS—*New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*
QUICK MEAL—*Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.*
RELIABLE—*Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio*

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

Every woman should have our interesting booklet, "AN EASIER DAY'S WORK." You will be delighted with this book. It will be sent you absolutely free. So write for it now.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 13 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

(Continued from Page 170)

curb and settled himself comfortably for a sleep. He threw his arm about the mascot. Lily gave a plaintive bleat and presently the pair were sleeping. At five o'clock a policeman accompanied by a man in plain clothes walked over to the car. The policeman glanced at a slip of paper in his hand and at the license number on the car.

"It's all right, Jerry," he said to his companion. "I'll herd him in."

"Better limber up the gat when you wake him up. He might be a bad one," his companion advised.

The policeman reached round and produced his revolver. He stepped over to the slumbering Wildcat and tapped him on the shoulder. Thereafter for five minutes the Wildcat batted his eyes and faced a gray world.

"Cap'n, how come?"

"Drive to the station. You birds is getting thick and sassy. Turn to the left here. Don't let me hear no more out of youse. Tell it to the sergeant."

The officer escorted the Wildcat through the portals of an ugly looking building.

"Lady Luck, where at is you?" the Wildcat said.

Lily trailed along behind him. Presently the party stood before the bar of approximate justice.

"I found this bird in the automobile he stole from Mr. Burke. Luggin' a gat too."

"Slough him, Danny, for the afternoon session," the desk sergeant ordered.

The Wildcat knew a jail when he saw it.

"Cap'n, suh, lemme take de mascot wid me?" he asked.

"Get him to hell out of here," the desk sergeant said.

After turning over his money to the custodian the Wildcat presently found himself and Lily in the bull pen.

"Lady Luck, dog-gone you, here us is!" Lily bleated faintly. "Shut up, you debbil, befo' Ah knocks yo' whiskehs off! Wisht I wuz in Memphis. Wisht ol' cap'n wuz here. Wisht Ah knowed where at cap'n said he wuz."

He looked about him, searching for a friendly face. He found none, but three cages to the left of him he saw the two Italians from whom he had won the wealth which had bought his downfall. He spent a long morning in jail. At two o'clock he was haled into court for a preliminary hearing.

"Name's Vitus Marsden. Dey calls me de mil'tary Wildcat 'count Ah wuz sergeant in de Fust Service Battalion, A. E. F., in France. Me, Ah comes fr'm Memphis, Ten-o-see. Ah's Cap'n Jack Marshall's boy by rights."

"How long were you overseas?" the judge asked.

"Who, me? Judge, Ah wuz oveh dah a long time—'bout two yeahs too long. Ah went oveh when de wah wuz knee high to a toad. Me an' Lily come back afteh de Piece Conflooence stahted to figgeh out who'd git de bigges' piece."

"Who was Lily?" the judge asked.

"Gin'ral, suh, Lily's de mascot Ah carries roun' fo' luck."

"How'd you steal that automobile?"

"Didn't steal no automobeel. Boy asked me did Ah want some gin, an' Ah cumulated me 'bout fo' drinks an' afteh dat Ah traded clo'a wid de boy. Got dis heah suit foh mah soldier clo's. Afteh while he 'lowed Ah ought to have a automobeel to go wid all de fancy clo's. He sold me his'n."

"What did you pay him for it?"

"Gin'ral, suh, Ah give de boy five hund'ed dollahs. Sho' looked like a good cah."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Ol' gin'ral in France paid me de money fo' savin' de Navy—part of it. De res' Ah cumulates wid de bones las' night 'fore de ruckus stahted."

"Where did you get those two medals that were in your pocket?"

"Ol' gin'ral give me one fo' ketchin' fo'ty Germans in de fust battle us boys fought. French gin'ral give me de otheh one fo' de same thing."

In the judge's mind there grew a strong inclination toward leniency, but there were too many newspaper reporters present for him to reflect the unstrained quality of mercy.

"Three months or five hundred dollars," he pronounced.

The Wildcat scratched his head.

"Don't know is us got dat much, gin'ral."

The judge called the clerk of the court.

"How much money was on this prisoner when he was arrested?"

The clerk summoned the property custodian, and the Wildcat's possessions were presently brought into court. The Croix de Guerre, the Distinguished Service Cross, the .45-caliber automatic, a roll of bills and two overworked dice were laid in front of the judge. He handed the roll of bills to the Wildcat.

"How much money have you here?"

The Wildcat began the laborious process of counting his money.

"Near as Ah kin figger, gin'ral, it looks like six hund'ed dollahs."

"Three months or five hundred dollars," the judge repeated.

"You mean Ah gits loose fo' five hund'ed dollahs?"

"That's it."

The Wildcat counted out ten fifty-dollar bills and handed them to the judge.

"Gin'ral, Ah craves to git loose," he said. "Heah's de money."

"Prisoner discharged," the judge said.

The clerk handed the Wildcat his dice, the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service Cross.

"We keep this gat," he said, pointing to the automatic.

The judge handed the clerk the ten fifty-dollar bills.

"Gin'ral, suh, is dat all?" the Wildcat asked.

"That's all," a uniformed officer told him. "Beat it!"

The Wildcat turned to leave the courtroom. As he did so the clerk got up hastily and walked over to the judge. He whispered something in the judge's ear and laid the ten bills in front of that dignitary.

"Hold that man!" the judge called. The policeman at the door grabbed the Wildcat. "Bring him back here." The judge's face was suddenly sinister with its repressed emotion.

"Where did you get that money? It's phony—counterfeit. Throw him back into the pen!" he ordered.

The Wildcat talked fast.

"Gin'ral, Ah don' know nuthin' 'bout de money 'ceptin' I won it offen de two boys whut you got in de bull pen dis mawnin'—two dark-colored white boys. Ah wuz shootin' craps wid dem boys in a saloon las' night an' dey changed mah money foh me fast as Ah won it."

"Take him back to the pen," the judge repeated. He turned to the captain of detectives. "Hunt up that pair this negro speaks about. This is that phony Federal Reserve stuff that's been kicking round for the last three months."

Ten minutes later the Wildcat was again languishing back of the bars. During the course of the afternoon hope gasped a few times and breathed its last.

"Lady Luck," he said, "dog-gone you, whah at is you hid?"

Lady Luck, however, was not so far away. Early in the evening the Wildcat was again summoned from his place of confinement. He was called upon to identify the two Italians from whom he had obtained the fifty-dollar bills. After this brief process was accomplished he was released.

"Your fine is remanded," the desk sergeant told him. "We needed those two vag wops you identified and needed 'em bad for launching the queer fifty paper."

"Cap'n, yessuh."

Thirty seconds later the Wildcat and Lily, closely followed by the invisible Lady Luck, were again on the streets of New York.

"Dog-gone!" the Wildcat repeated. "Wisht Ah wuz in Memphis. Wisht ol' cap'n wuz here. Ah dunno whah at is he."

The Wildcat's captain was at the moment boarding a train in the Pennsylvania Station which would take him to San Francisco en route to Siberia, to which military fate he had been ordered that afternoon by the relentless telegraphic hand of superior military authority. With him he carried his heavy heart, a tearful bride and the futile promises of a senatorial father-in-law to get him out of the Army or else bust Washington wide open. Fate's third alternative, that of failure, was not in the senator's lexicon. The senator had a lot to learn about the favors of royalty in spite of his wide political experience.

At the Wildcat's heels Lily bleated faintly.

"Shut up!" the Wildcat said. "You ain't no hungrier dan whut Ah is. Wuz us in Memphis Ah'd fill you so full of hot catfish you couldn't walk."

Somewhere in the association of food and travel the Wildcat's infantile mentality developed a kitchen on wheels.

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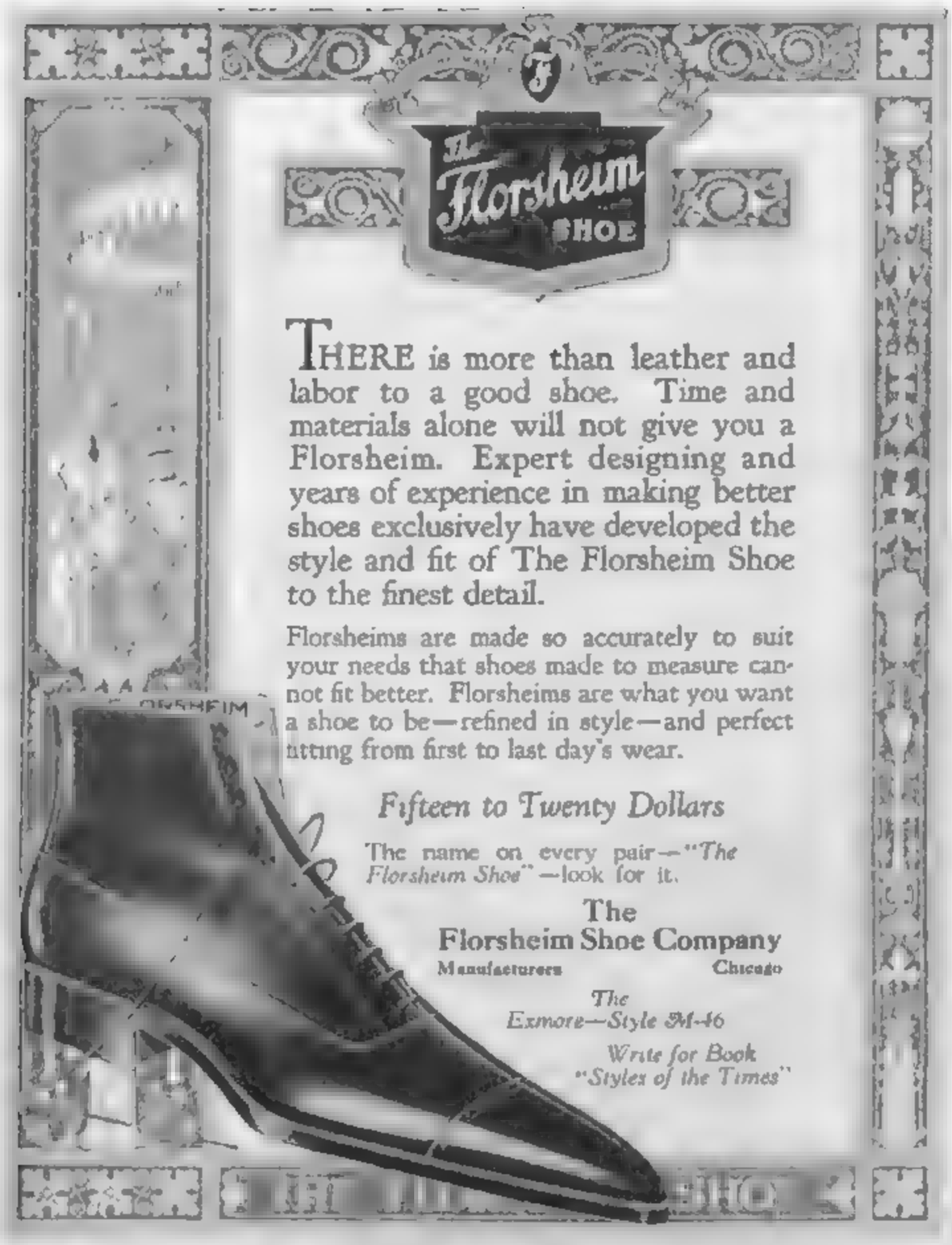

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"Hot dam!" he said. "Ah gits me a job on de train waitin' on de table an' when de white gentleman is th'oo us eats an' travels at de same time." He stopped the first pedestrian he encountered. "Cap'n, suh," he said, "kin you-all tell me where at de man is whut hires eatin' car han's?"

"What hires what?"

"What hires de boys dat waits on table on trains."

The man looked at him.

"Look it up in the telephone book," he said.

"Cap'n, suh, Ah ain't learned to read yit. Dey tried to teach us boys in de Army, but we wuz too busy killin' Germans to read much." The man looked at him.

"Were you in the Army?"

"Yessuh, two years in France—right fr'm de staht."

"Come on with me."

He led the Wildcat to a drug store where he consulted a telephone directory and presently told him explicitly how to get to the office of the superintendent of dining-car service.

"Is that clear?" he asked.

"Cap'n, no suh. Ah gits all mixed up wid dese streets. Ah spect Ah's de best forgetter whut is."

"Hell!" the stranger said. "Come with me."

The stranger, who had been a Red Cross man in France and who was therefore trained in the gentle business of doing unrewarded favors and kind things for other people, gave the Wildcat thirty minutes of his time. Presently the pair stood before a door whose legend indicated that the superintendent of dinng-car service had his office just beyond its panels. The Wildcat's guide tried the door. It was locked. He called to a janitor, who was busy with a vacuum-cleaning snake down a long corridor.

"Anybody on duty here at night?"

"Nine o'clock to-morrow morning," the janitor called back.

"This is the place. The man won't be here until nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Gin'ral, thank you. Me an' Lily'll wait fo' him."

The stranger smiled.

"Good-by. Good luck, boy."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Us sho' is much 'bliged to you."

Five minutes later the janitor put the Wildcat and his mascot out of the building. They spent the night on the steps of it. The next morning at nine o'clock the Wildcat and Lily faced the gentleman in whose hands were the gustatory destinies of the people who travel westward over the line which carries the dining cars under his supervision.

"Any experience as a waiter?"

"Cap'n, yessuh. Ah took care of white gentlemen off an' on ten yeahs since Ah wuz a boy."

"Number Fifty-four westbound—ten-twenty." The superintendent of dining-car service called a boy. "Take this man down the yard. He goes out on Fifty-four with Stevens. Bus boy. Tell Stevens if he is a live one to give him a tray."

The boy turned to the Wildcat.

"Come on with me."

Out in the hall the Wildcat accumulated Lily, who had been giving the ozone in the building a run for its money.

"Is that your goat?" the boy said.

"Dat's mah mascot. Whah at I goes he follows. Come 'long heah, Lily."

"He'll have a hell of a time following you now."

"At goat kin make sixty miles a hour back of any steam engine whateveh pulled a train."

"Sure has got the strength if smell counts," the boy said.

They made their way to the yards, where on a sidetrack lay an eighty-foot diner. The boy boarded the car and knocked on the door of the kitchen. The negro chef opened the door.

"Tell Stevens when he comes down the boss says this man goes out on the westbound run." He turned to the Wildcat. "This is the chef. He will wise you up," he said.

The Wildcat faced a hard-boiled member of his own race.

"Get in here," the chef said. "I don't want no scenery cooks on this run. Is you got a bottle with you? Staht in shinin' up that silver."

"Boy, take care o' dis goat ontil Ah goes uptown a minute an' Ah'll have a bottle."

"Don't allow no goats on heah," the chef said.

The Wildcat looked at him.

"Two full quarts—ol' square-face?"

"Hurry up," the chef conceded. "I'll take care of de goat."

At ten-twenty the Wildcat pulled out of the terminal. From then until the first call for lunch he was busy learning things. The Wildcat learned a good deal every mile the train traveled and there are more than three thousand miles between New York and San Francisco.

In the Chicago yards the dining-car conductor handed a service wire to the chef, who read it and passed it on to his assistants. "No res' fo' de weary," he complained. "Us makes another emergency run to Frisco wid dis cah. We leaves on de Overland at 7:10 to-night. Couple o' you boys help wid de ice an' p'visions when de time comes."

In the afternoon before the first dinner call two days west of Chicago the chef rounded up his waiters. "Go strong on the entrées," he said. "Play up the pork tenderloins. If you don't we got to throw 'em overboard. When they calls for club steaks advise again' 'em. I ain't got none left. Play de oysters strong. Dey's weakenin'."

The Wildcat drew four army officers at his table. Two of these gentlemen carried stars on their shoulders. The other two were festooned with eagles.

"Boy, what you got that's good?" one of the colonels asked.

"Gin'ral, suh, Ah'se got some oysters out theh whut claims to be prize winners. De head chef just tol' me confidential 'at he had some lovely entrails on de fiah."

"Entrails!" A heavy-set general opposite the colonel looked serious and covered his lips with three fingers of his hand. "Air is close in here," he said.

The colonel to whom the Wildcat had made recommendations smiled a crooked smile.

"Lug in some entrails and any other chow you've got. It's all a gamble anyhow."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Would you crave dem filly mignons aveck champions?"

"What's that?"

"Ah don' jus' know. They stews up some vegetables wid' okra an' some swell steaks off a champion racin' filly mebbe. Since de wah us eats horse meat an' ——"

"What's that horrible smell?" the heavy-set general interrupted. "Close in here."

"Gin'ral, Ah don' know. Might be some of dem mountain varmints we run oveh. They smell strong eve'y time de wheels goes roun', an de way we's travelin' now de wheels sho' is goin' roun'. Dey sort of trails out afteh de train hits 'em."

"That's all. Go out in the kitchen and bring us something to eat. Bring us some coffee first."

"Gin'ral, yessuh."

The Wildcat headed for the kitchen.

"Smells to me like plain goat," the general said.

"Page the indoor English mutton chop," one of the colonels recommended. He called the dining-car conductor. "Open a ventilator or two. Don't you think it would be a good idea? This car's been smelling like a circus train ever since we got on board."

The dining-car conductor reflected that it looked like a circus ever since the heavy-set generals and their skinny aids boarded the train. He did not voice his reflections.

"It is close in here," he said.

"Damned close," the heavy-set general echoed. "Smells like goat to me."

"Prob'ly we run oveh one of dese Rocky Mountain goats or somethin', gin'ral."

The Wildcat returned presently lugging several thousand pounds of rations. He shuffled the deck and dealt the rations promiscuously. The heavy-set general regarded the food before him with a fishy eye.

"Take it away and bring me some coffee," he said. Several feet of his chest heaved slightly. "Bring me some soup."

"Gin'ral, suh, on de curves we don' serve no soup. We won't hit de soup track for quite a while yit. Dis railroad's got a soup track in it every so often an' on dese curves us boys would drown ourse'fs convoyin' soup out. 'Spect we'd hahdly git out of de kitchen wid it afore somethin' would wreck us."

The Wildcat turned to the other general.

"Gin'ral, Ah thought mebbe you'd like some chicken. It ain't on de bill, but we run oveh it down de yards de las' stop. De chef got it fo' himse'f. Ah made th'ee passes though wid de gallopers an' won it offen him."

(Continued on Page 177)

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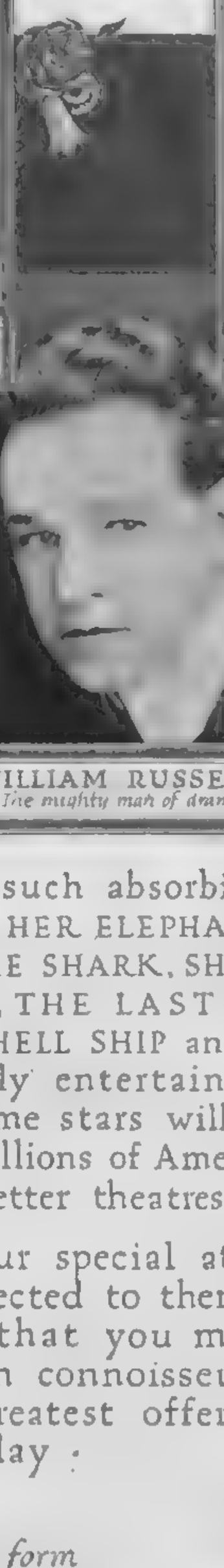

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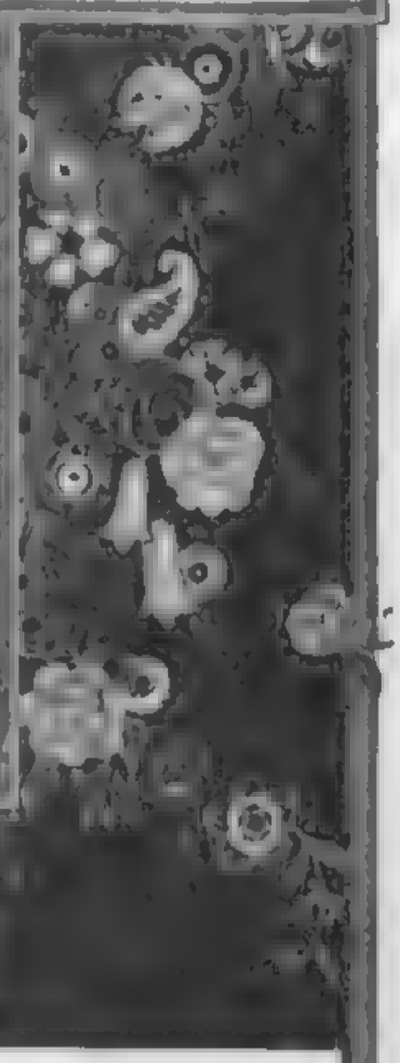

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(Continued from Page 174)

One of the colonels addressed his three companions.

"Gentlemen, if it is all the same to you I think I will go back in the car. Boy," he said grandly to the Wildcat, "have some ham sandwiches sent back."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Dere ain't no ham—us boys et it."

"Worst road I ever saw," the heavy-set general complained.

"Ain't it do truf'?" the Wildcat agreed. "Wunst I gits home, gin'ral, Ah's done. You an' me bofe."

Two minutes later four disgruntled army officers left the dining car after having dined on overworked coffee and a quadrant of sick-looking casaba melon.

"Worst service in the world," the ranking officer exclaimed.

"That's what that government supervision does," one of his companions suggested. "What can you expect?"

An hour later after the dining car had cleared and everything was quiet except for a crap game among the cooks and waiters at the forward end the Wildcat set one table and did a few things with the fire in the kitchen. He stuck his head out of the kitchen and called to the chef:

"Come here a minute. A drink of gin says it wants to see you."

The chef got up at his subordinate's invitation and joined the Wildcat in the kitchen.

"Boy," the Wildcat said, "Ah's been thinkin' 'bout them fo' soldier men whut didn't git no suppeh much. S'pose you an' me heads in an' sees what kin we do. You owes me fo' dollahs credit Ah lent you. Ah'll let it go until to-morrow if you pitch in an' he'p me. Longside of dat you gits two drinks of gin out of my private bottle."

"Le's go!" the chef agreed.

The kitchen for a little while became the scene of whirlwind activity. Presently the Wildcat made his way back through the train until he came upon the four officers.

"Gentlemen, suh," he said, "yo' private dinneh is served."

The heavy-set general looked at him.

"What?"

"Ah seed you didn't eat much dinneh, gin'ral, so afteh de common folks lef', me an' de boy fixed up a snack fo' you-all."

"Great gad!" The general got to his feet. "Come here, you fellows."

With his three companions, led by the Wildcat, he went forward to the diner. The battle opened with cocktails that had the authority all the way from the bottoms of the crystal glasses to the tops of their frozen edges. It waged for an hour with an intensity that left the four officers gorged with the best food they had tasted for many days, cooked as only a chef of the South could cook it.

After the smoke of the conflict had been replaced by that of four perfect cigars the heavy-set general leaned back and went to sleep for thirty seconds. He awoke with a little start.

"Great Scott, I thought I was in heaven!" He called to the Wildcat. "Boy," he said, "this is what I'd call an emergency miracle." He held out two bank notes toward the Wildcat. "Give one of these to the chef and keep the other for yourself."

"Gin'ral, suh, Ah'll give de chef his, but Ah wuz a soldier wunst myse'f. Dat's all right. Ahse glad to serve you, suh."

"Where were you a soldier?"

"Gin'ral, all oveh France. Ah wuz oveh dere first an' came neah bein' de las' man back." He reached in his pocket. "One of de gin'rals give me dis heah cross fo' ketchin' fo'ty Germans an' de French gin'rals give me de otheh cross. Ah spect if dey let me keep at it Ah'd ketched all de Germans whut wuz."

For five minutes the Wildcat entertained the four officers with a sketch of his activities in the A. E. F. The heavy-set general quit laughing long enough to wipe the tears out of his eyes.

"Boy," he said, "if you are ever in San Francisco and want anything hunt me up."

"Gin'ral, yessuh. Ah needs some easy shoes," the Wildcat said.

He came to attention and saluted the best he knew how, which was one hundred per cent of perfection. The four officers left the car.

"What I want to know was how did they get rid of the smell so quick," one of the generals said as he walked through the vestibule.

The Wildcat handing the bank note to the chef unconsciously answered the general's query:

"You smells niggers an' you smells goats, single, but mix 'em up an' you don' smell neither one—much."

The Wildcat, having fed Lily, was on his hands and knees on the floor of the car teaching the rest of the waiters a few of the details of the business of making sevens and elevens bring home the bacon. "Fade me, field han's! Fade me! To-morr's de las' day fo' revenge. Us needs action to-night."

By midnight he was custodian of all the personal cash on the car. At Oakland the surplus of skilled dining-car waiters divorced the Wildcat from his latest job. Cast upon the flinty bosom of an ungrateful world he stood casually regarding the bright lights of the city.

"Which way's de main part of town?" he asked a man.

"Catch that boat," the man said. "She leaves in two minutes."

Leading Lily the Wildcat boarded one of the bay ferries, which was presently headed for San Francisco. Midway across the bay, off Goat Island, the Wildcat turned to a fellow passenger.

"Whah at's dis boat headed fo'?"

The passenger looked at him.

"That's France right across the bay. We just now passed Goat Island."

The Wildcat thought the stranger was misinformed on the France deal, but according to the Wildcat's experiences in all probability the white man spoke the truth. He was considerably worried until he landed a few minutes later in San Francisco and asked five or six people successively where at was he.

"Lily, come on heah!" he commanded. The Wildcat and his mascot headed up Market Street. It took him half a day to get to the end of this street. He faced Twin Peaks. "Way mah feet feels Ah don' crave to climb no mountains."

He turned round and headed toward the bay. In the course of his promenade going and coming on Market Street he and Lily consumed between five and ten tons of assorted peanuts and bananas. Again in the heart of town his fancy leaned strong toward the business of dolling himself up externally. Financially speaking he was as strong as the aroma that radiated from the mascot he was leading.

Presently he emerged from a clothing store which had sold him a hat, a pair of shoes and everything in between. He and Lily continued marchin' round an' round. Thirty minutes later his feet began to hurt him. He sat down on the curb and took off his shoes and continued to march barefooted.

"Wisht Ah knew whah at de ol' sto' wuz whuh Ah got dese shoes. Wisht Ah had me a pair of army shoes."

He resolved to hunt up his heavy-set military general friend and get a pair of old army shoes from him. He confronted a gentleman indulging in a siesta in Union Square.

"Whah at does de soldiers live in dis town?"

The man pointed to a Geary Street car.

"Catch that D car. It will take you out to the Presidio, where the soldiers are."

Half an hour later the Wildcat and Lily were wandering round the Presidio hunting for the heavy-set general. In the many hundreds of acres comprising the Presidio there is plenty of room in which to hunt a heavy-set general. At early evening the Wildcat was still going round and round without having picked up the scent. He and Lily took retreat where it caught them. With the boom of the gun the Wildcat decided to get back downtown. He started for the car. Waiting on the platform in the center of a group of army officers was a gentleman whose presence struck at the roots of the Wildcat's being. Barefooted, dragging Lily as fast as the reluctant mascot would travel, the Wildcat raced toward this man.

"Cap'n Jack!" he called. "Heah us is!"

The Wildcat's captain faced his old associates.

"How in hell did you get here? Come on here with that goat."

Captain Jack, the Wildcat and Lily boarded the car.

"If I catch you leavin' me again I'll kill you," the captain said.

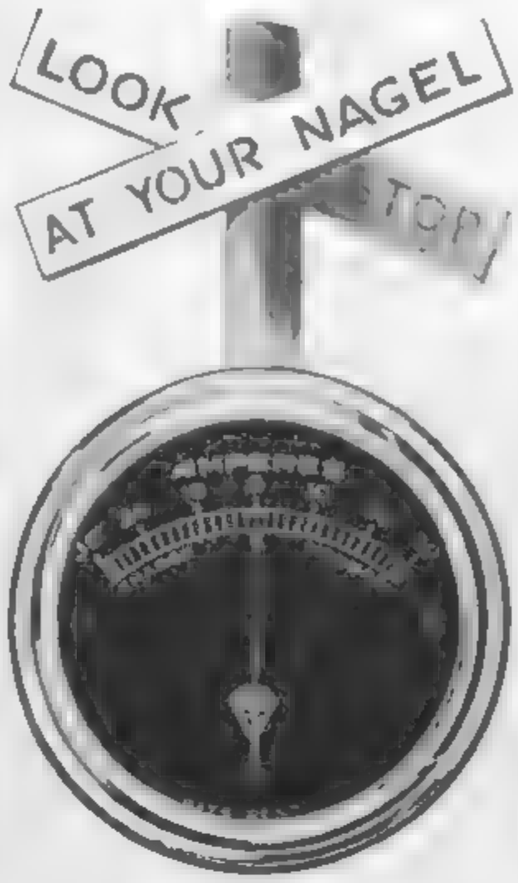
"Cap'n Jack, yessuh. Whah at is us gwine now?"

Captain Jack's face was suddenly overcast with a mask of heavy melancholy.

"Siberia," he said slowly.

"When does us staht?"

"Shut up!"



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To know whether your battery is growing stronger or weaker—watch its truthful dial. It shows with dependable accuracy whether you are charging or discharging current. It gives timely warning of generator trouble or defects in wiring.

The Nagel keeps more than 1,250,000 car owners posted on the condition of their batteries.

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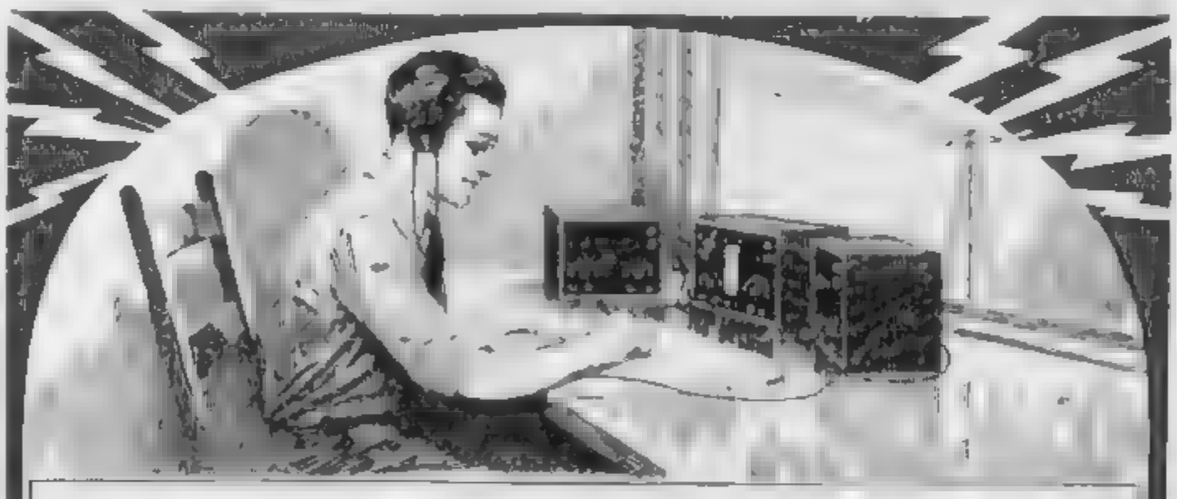

Complete Radio Outfits

LEARN wireless telegraphy with real radio outfits that receive messages up to 1,000 miles and send them from three to five miles. Complete sending sets contain spark coils, condensers, spark gap and oscillation transformer. Radio receiving sets composed of loose coupler, Radio or Audion detector, telephone receivers, insulator and ground wires.

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I made Touraine Bars to *eat*—

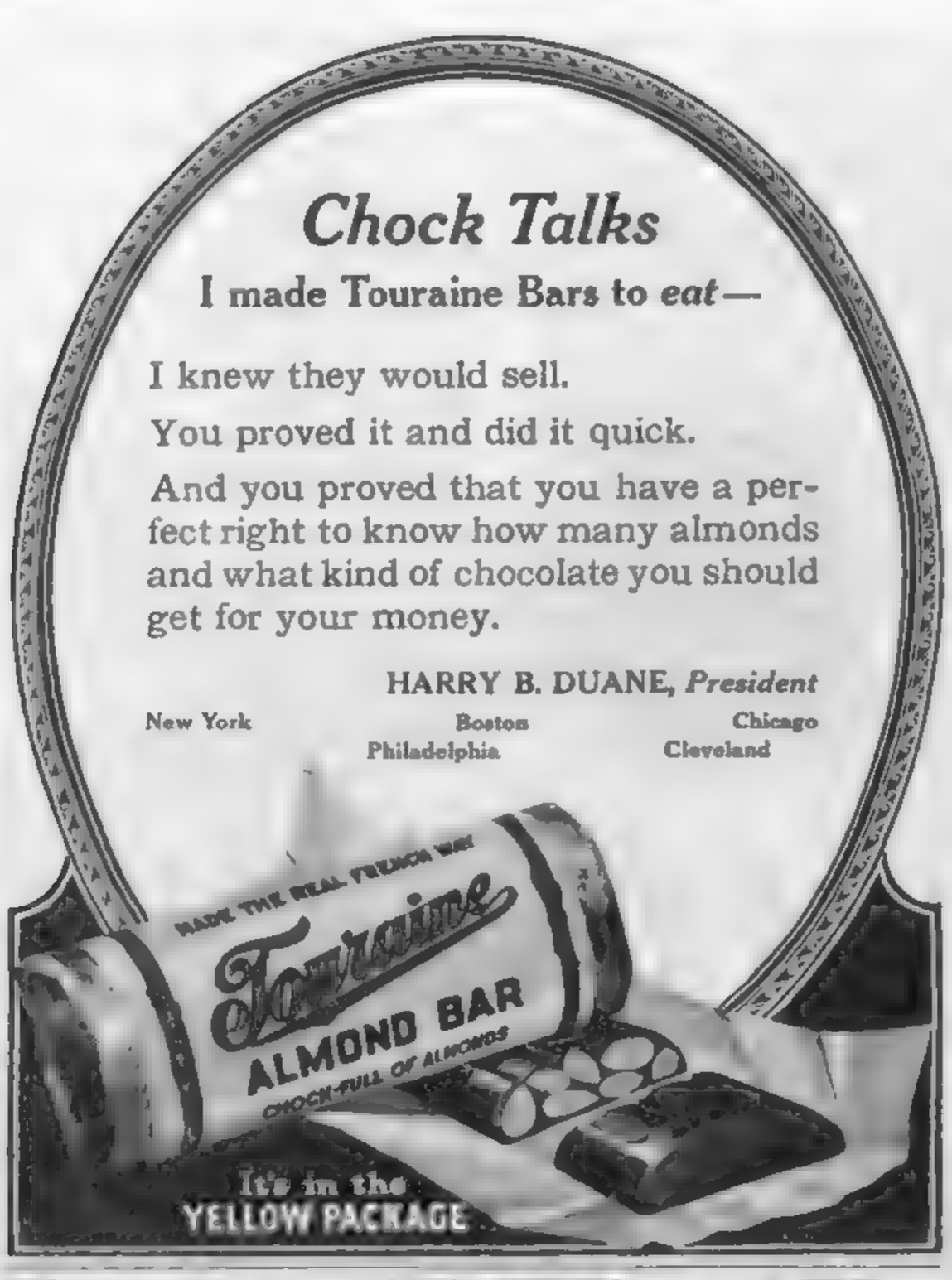
I knew they would sell.

You proved it and did it quick.

And you proved that you have a perfect right to know how many almonds and what kind of chocolate you should get for your money.

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*

New York Boston Chicago
Philadelphia Cleveland



Spring Tuning-Up

"YES," says Mr. Motorist, "I've just finished tuning her up. Valves needed grinding; two cylinders were score marked; and my piston rings leaked badly. Did the job with Clover Leaf Valve Grinding Compound—the Clover Bulletins showed me how."

Bulletins No. 75 on Valve Grinding and No. 80 on Lapping Scored Cylinders, Grinding Piston Rings, Fitting Rings to Pistons, point out step-by-step how to cure the ills that rob a motor of its power.

For twelve years the handy green Duplex can of Clover Leaf Valve Grinding Compound—the largest selling valve grinding compound in the world—has been putting "Pep" in old motors, and keeping "Pep" in new motors. You can get Clover at most automotive equipment or hardware jobbers and dealers—if not, money order for 50 cents will bring the 4-oz. can postpaid to you.

GARAGES: Our grade D cuts fast and accurately. Buy the pound cans for economy.

Clover is also the largest-used lapping and grinding compound for machine shops and tool rooms.

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Valve Grinding Compound

Puts "Pep" in Old Motors
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Send free samples and Bulletins. (Check proper square below.)

☐ Car Owner ☐ Garage ☐ Manufacturer ☐ Distributor

Name

Address

"Cap'n, yessuh."

On the way downtown to the hotel where Captain Jack's tearful bride awaited him he told the Wildcat of the sudden turn of affairs that had condemned him to this new and awful fate.

Without his captain enlarging upon the question the Wildcat sensed the dismal business that was flooding his captain's heart.

"Cap'n, suh, mebbe it ain't so bad. Me an' Lily'll be there an' ——"

"Shut up!"

"Cap'n, yessuh."

At six o'clock the next morning the Wildcat faced a day which included considerable ramblin' round in tight shoes. He resolved to play the Presidio bet once more in an effort to accumulate some army shoes for himself.

"Cap'n Jack ain't gwine to get up until ten o'clock. Me, Ah gets back long befo' dat."

He headed again for the Presidio. The first officer he encountered was the heavy-set general. The Wildcat explained the necessity for easy shoes.

"Me an' Cap'n Jack goes oveh to Siberia wid de Army dis aftehnoon. Cap'n Jack's wife whut he brung wid him prob'ly have me ramblin' all day. Neveh seed a lady cry so much. Sho' wish Ah could git ol' Cap'n Jack to Memphis. Seems like he had 'nuff Army to las' him f'm now on."

In the course of the next five minutes the general put the Wildcat through a cross-examination and then for a little while the officer stood silent, looking up at the colors which flew from the flagstaff near where they were standing. He turned to the Wildcat.

"Boy, come with me," he finally said.

The Wildcat followed the general into the post adjutant's office. The moment the general entered the adjutant's room half a dozen officers jumped to their feet and stood stiffly at attention. The general spoke a few words softly to a colonel standing at a big desk. The colonel in turn spoke loudly to three or four of his aides. A stenographer near the colonel's desk began clicking a lot of words into a typewriter. Presently five or six sheets of paper were laid before the general. He picked up a pen and signed his name three times. He folded two of these sheets of paper and put them into an envelope.

"Take these down to Captain Jack right away," he said to the Wildcat.

The Wildcat snapped a salute at the general.

"Gin'ral, yessuh," he said. He walked to the door where, civilian clothes and all, he perpetrated another bunch of military courtesy. He executed a perfect about-face and walked from the room. "Gin'ral's message to Captain Jack sho' is important."

At the hotel he sought Captain Jack in that officer's rooms. The captain was walking strenuously up and down the length of his room. In the adjoining room the captain's lady was giggling cheerfully through a bunch of moist hysterical tears. Every fourth giggle was punctuated with a sob three sizes too large for the little heart from which it came. Captain Jack turned savagely to the Wildcat.

"Where the hell have you been?" he said.

"Cap'n, suh," the Wildcat said, "mah feet hurt. Ah went out to git me some shoes." He reached into his pocket. "Ol' gin'ral whut I cooked dinner fo' on de train gimme dis papeh. Said to give it to you."

He held the envelope which the heavy-set general had given him toward Captain Jack.

Captain Jack glanced at the inclosed documents and then with difficulty, because of his trembling hands, he read them again.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "Honey," he called softly, "look here." He walked rapidly into the adjoining room. Five minutes later he came out to where the Wildcat stood waiting.

"Son, pack this stuff up. We start for Memphis to-night."

"Memphis! Us ain't gwine whah dey bury you?"

"To hell with Siberia! One of those papers you brought orders me to Memphis and the other is an order for my discharge from the Army."

The Wildcat dived downstairs to where Lily was tethered in the baggage room.

"Goat, dog-gone you, come to 'tenshun! Us is Memphis boun'! Hot dam! Ah knowed if we kep' trav'lin' we'd ketch Lady Luck!

"Ah done ketched ol' Lady Luck,
Lady Luck ketched me.
Me an' cap'n's Memphis bound—
Memphis, Ten-o-see."

The Poets' Corner

Long Ago

HOLLY wreath and princess pine
And pearl-starred mistletoe,
And all along the high old shelf
The candles all aglow,
As once they shone on you and me
That evening long ago.

The stars are out, the snow lies white,
The Christmas roses dream
Within, but dark and waxen cold
The woodbine hedges gleam;
I take the old path where we met
Beside the frozen stream.

A slender shadow wavers, falls,
Across my path—to prove
But shadow of the waving beech
Whose long arms stretch above;
Ah, me! How well I keep the dream
Who could not keep your love!

What fatal lack beset my days
God and the angels know.
For well you loved me then, dear heart,
As I loved you. But oh,
It's many a weary year since then—
That Christmas long ago!

And life's illusions all have flown
On weary wings and slow;
I face the gray December night
With heart as cold as snow,
Save for one burning memory of
That Christmas long ago!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

After the Battle

I LOVE not beauty—'tis untrue.
I love that meager home,
The uncouth emptiness of my old room—
The open hall—
The bareness of it all!
One room I love the best of all the rest:
With inartistic furnishings beset,
The curtains, insufficient, scant and bare,
Are pulled aside, for spring is in the air,
And the old wood box by the chimney side
Serving to hold—like precious gold—
The resinous pine, arrayed against the cold.
The old wood mantel, little smoked, 'tis true,
When winter winds blew down the shallow flue;
The walnut clock—so faithful to its pledge,
Tho' pressed for room,
Where various things intrude—
Stemming the tide, as if it understood.
Two red glass vases—tall with grass and fern—
An heirloom from a generation gone.
And there across the room
The frugal bed, upholstered at the head,
The intricate quilt in royal splendor spread—
Comfort itself is love interpreted.
The fireplace rug—the salvage of the years,
Devoid of all design, and fringed with chairs;
The plain pine table—scarfed for duty neat—
Holding the ponderous Bible 'gainst defeat;
And the old album, stiff in every pose,
Of friends and relatives one never knows,
And yet somehow—with childish faith—
Has learned to love.
Close by the shaded lamp I seem to see
A thought-marked face, turning again to me,
Strange in its look of sorrow and content—
Grief by itself she thought irreverent—
A plain dark dress designed to meet the cost
With faith that nothing gained—and nothing lo t.
I warrant you all this, to me most fair,
The poor lost world could see no beauty there.
Nor I till once again—the battle o'er—
I stepped within the old familiar door
And saw the firelight on the barren floor,
And the full moon against the narrow pane
Made me a prisoner of dreams again.
I love not beauty; what I love is love
That with its chastening grace
Can put such witchery
In the commonplace.

—*Miriam Woodward Bethea.*

BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

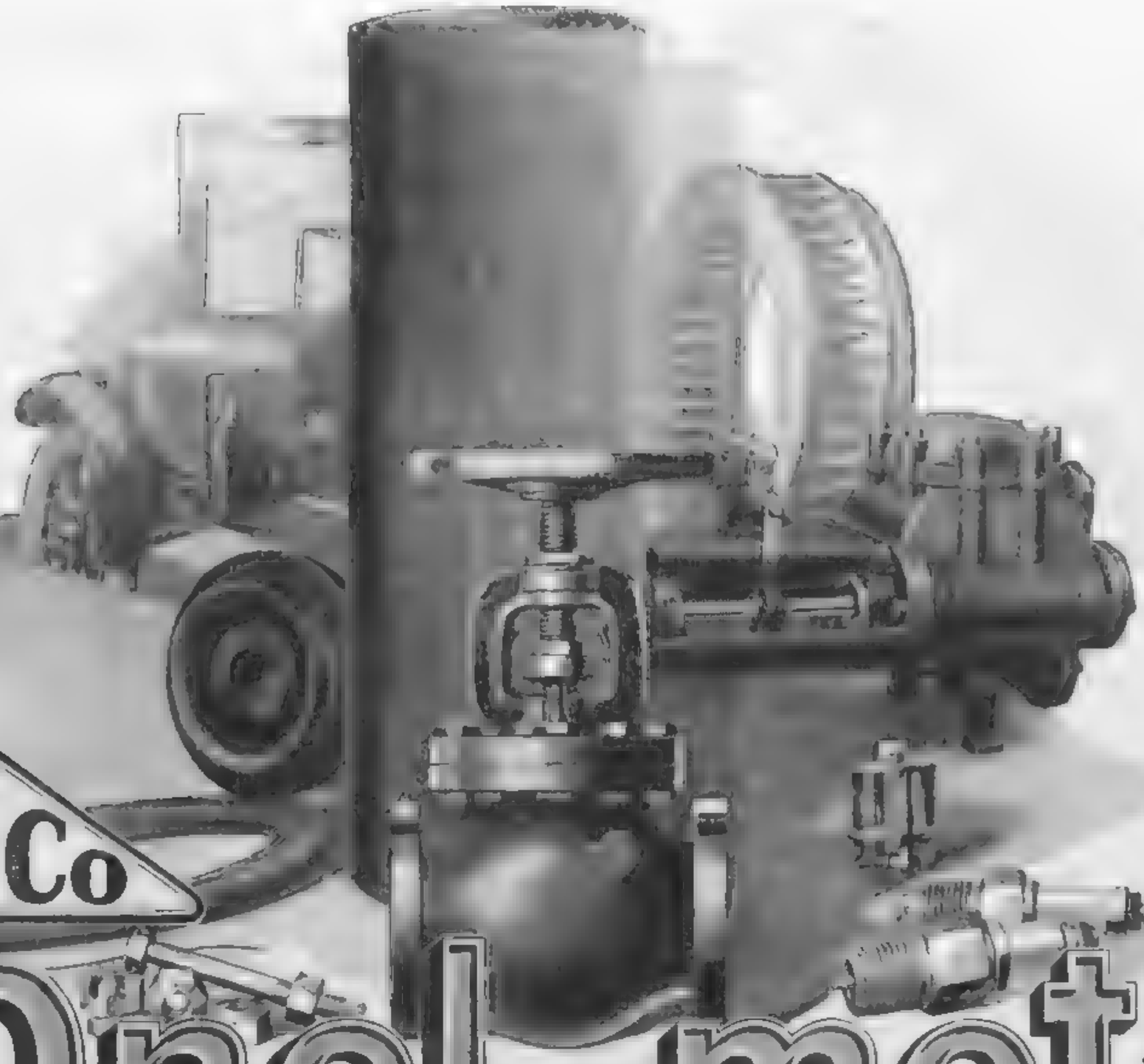
SHOES

FOR FIT

FOR STYLE

FOR WEAR

№ 891 *Trend*
CORDO RUSSIA CALF



INCo Monel metal

For great valves or window screens; for mine pumps or automobile fittings; for turbines or spark plug electrodes—everywhere a metal in giant casting or tiny wire must resist rust, acids, alkalies or chemically tainted waters; retain strength under high heat, or resist the destructive wearing action of hot gases or superheated steam.

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MONEL Metal is a natural alloy composed of 67% nickel, 28% copper, and 5% other metals. It can be machined, cast, forged, rolled, drawn, brazed, soldered, and welded by electric or oxy-acetylene method. It takes and retains a perfect nickel finish.

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INCo MONEL METAL TRADE MARK

INCo NICKEL TRADE MARK

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

IS THE CUSTOMER ALWAYS RIGHT?

(Continued from Page 14)

use in cold Pullman cars, and had a couple of little burned places in it from hot cigar ends, the coat was in first-class shape.

"It looks all right to me," said the clothing man, "for a garment that has been used a couple of months."

"Oh, it has worn all right," replied the customer, "but that isn't the point. I wanted a black overcoat. This one is gray."

"Didn't you know it was gray when you bought it?" asked the clothing man.

"I didn't pay much attention to the color," answered the customer. "I bought it one night and left on my trip early next morning. But I wanted a black coat."

The salesman was sent for; he distinctly remembered making the sale. He stated that the customer had said nothing about color. There had been a black coat of the same size in the show case which he could just as well have given the customer if he had known there was a preference.

All the evidence pointed to the fact that the store was in no way to blame. But the customer would not be satisfied.

"I don't care anything about all this arguing," he said, beginning to get a little excited. "I wanted a black coat and you sold me a gray one. I told several men about it while I was away on my trip and every one of them said if I bought it from a first-class concern that the mistake would be rectified."

The merchant tried to tell him as tactfully as possible that no one except himself had made any mistake, but the gentleman interrupted.

"There hangs your own motto," he said heatedly. "It reads 'Money Back if Not Satisfied.' Well, I am not satisfied. If you insist on my paying this bill I suppose I will have to do it. But it will be the last money I will ever pay you. And I will see to it that no one from my office ever comes in here either."

What could a well-meaning clothing merchant do in a case like that? Sure enough the motto was hanging in plain sight of everyone, "Money Back if Not Satisfied." Clerks often clinched a wavering sale by proudly pointing to the handsome ground-glass lettering in its gilt frame. The merchant might have argued that he had not received any money yet; that all he had got out of the transaction was some bookkeeping work; but in the interest of future custom he held his peace. Taking out his fountain pen he wrote the word "Canceled" across the bill and handed it to the customer.

Let the Others Pay

"Awfully sorry for the misunderstanding," he said cheerfully. "I hope we'll have better luck in pleasing you next time."

Thus the gray overcoat came back. It kicked round the office a week or two, coming under the covetous eyes of the colored porter, who began to hint pointedly that it was a shame to waste a good coat like that when there was a colored boy who needed one awful bad. In the end it was transferred to him at the agreed price of ten dollars; fifty cents down and fifty cents a week. Three Saturday nights had already gone by and each time the porter had managed an excuse for not paying his installment, but this was expected.

When the clothing merchant had finished his story I put a question to him as man to man, first telling him that I would not betray his confidence.

"You had an eighty-dollar loss. Do you stand it yourself or do you pass it on to your customers?"

"I am not ashamed to answer that question," he answered. "I pass it on to my customers. I add a little onto the price of every suit that comes into the house until it is made good. That is the only thing I can do. Otherwise such losses would put me out of business and then I couldn't sell suits at any price."

I have a friend who operates a string of drug stores in a big Western city. I asked him how it was in the drug business about customers making unreasonable demands and thus raising prices.

According to this authority the delivery of small sales is the main factor in keeping drug-store prices higher than they might be. He did mention one or two incidents, such as being obliged to refund some money to a well-to-do customer who had brought back some partly used bottles of medicine because the doctor had ordered his wife's treatment changed. The druggist also complained a little about people who want him to take back combs and hairbrushes. But on the whole it is unnecessary service which costs the most money in the drug business.

This Western druggist prides himself on the amount of service he gives his customers; he even spends money to advertise it in the newspapers. He told me a story to show how accommodating he can be. It was about a woman who came in one of his stores and used the free telephone to order a bottle of patent medicine from a rival druggist. When she was through telephoning she turned to my friend and said: "I have ordered a package sent here for me. The price will be seventy-five cents and would you mind paying for it? I will come for it later this afternoon."

My friend assured her that it would be a pleasure to do so. Along toward evening she phoned in from her home half a mile away. "I just couldn't get back to call for my package," she said, "so won't you please send it out to the house? I'll pay the boy at the door."

The druggist did not realize that in doing all this for a customer he was working an injustice all round; perhaps he even thought it was good advertising. On the part of the lady it was merely thoughtlessness and ignorance of business. But because the druggist did it so cheerfully she is going to expect similar service in all her downtown dealings and probably work her friends up to the same expectations as well.

Unnecessary Service

Confronted with this phase of the matter my druggist friend broke down and confessed everything. He said it was all on account of competition. It does not take very much money to start a drug store. In fact, if a man has enough to pay for a set of fixtures and a couple of months' rent for a store room he can usually get most of his stock on credit. The result is that every community has just as many drug stores as it can possibly support, one or two even slipping off the edges every year. One druggist finds that it brings customers into his store if he installs a free telephone; the man in the next block gets onto his little game and puts in two free phones so people won't get tired of waiting in case someone takes too long to make an engagement with his lady friend. One druggist advertises that he delivers all orders, no matter how small, to any part of the city. His rival goes him one better and mounts his delivery boys on motor cycles instead of ordinary bicycles so the box of candy or writing tablet or tooth paste may reach the home more quickly.

My druggist friend with the string of stores estimates that it takes at least five per cent of his receipts to pay for unnecessary service which does not do him or his customers any particular good. In one of his establishments doing an annual business of a hundred thousand dollars, located in the downtown section where competition is especially keen, he states that he could save his customers ten thousand dollars a year if he could operate on a strictly business basis.

An interesting bit of information about prescriptions cropped out in our talk on drug-store troubles. In that particular city all druggists will send to a home for a prescription, take it back to the store to be filled and then deliver it, all for the price of the medicine. The customer may think he is getting this service for nothing, but he isn't. Suppose he lives a mile from the drug store; the druggist figures that the two trips cost fifty cents, which is a reasonable estimate. In that case a prescription which would ordinarily be filled for a dollar is billed out at a dollar and a half.

But the matter doesn't drop there. Anyone who has ever taken a bottle to be refilled is struck with the fact that the druggist always knows what the prescription cost the first time; some cryptic marks on the label tell the story. And the prescription which was billed out at a dollar and

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He Studied Corns

Then Ended Them for Millions

A famous chemist studied corns for years, then found a way to end them.

A surgical dressing house of world-wide reputation combined that method in a plaster.

And they called it Blue-jay.

Millions of corns, every year, are now ended by it. And corn troubles have largely disappeared.

It is very easy.

Simply attach a Blue-jay plaster and the pain ends instantly. One forgets the corn from that time on. In two days it is gone.

Only stubborn corns need a second application.

Yet some still pare corns. And some still cling to old-time applications.

Go learn tonight—for your own sake—the new-day way to end a corn, sure and scientific.

B&B Blue-jay The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—
Ends Corns Completely
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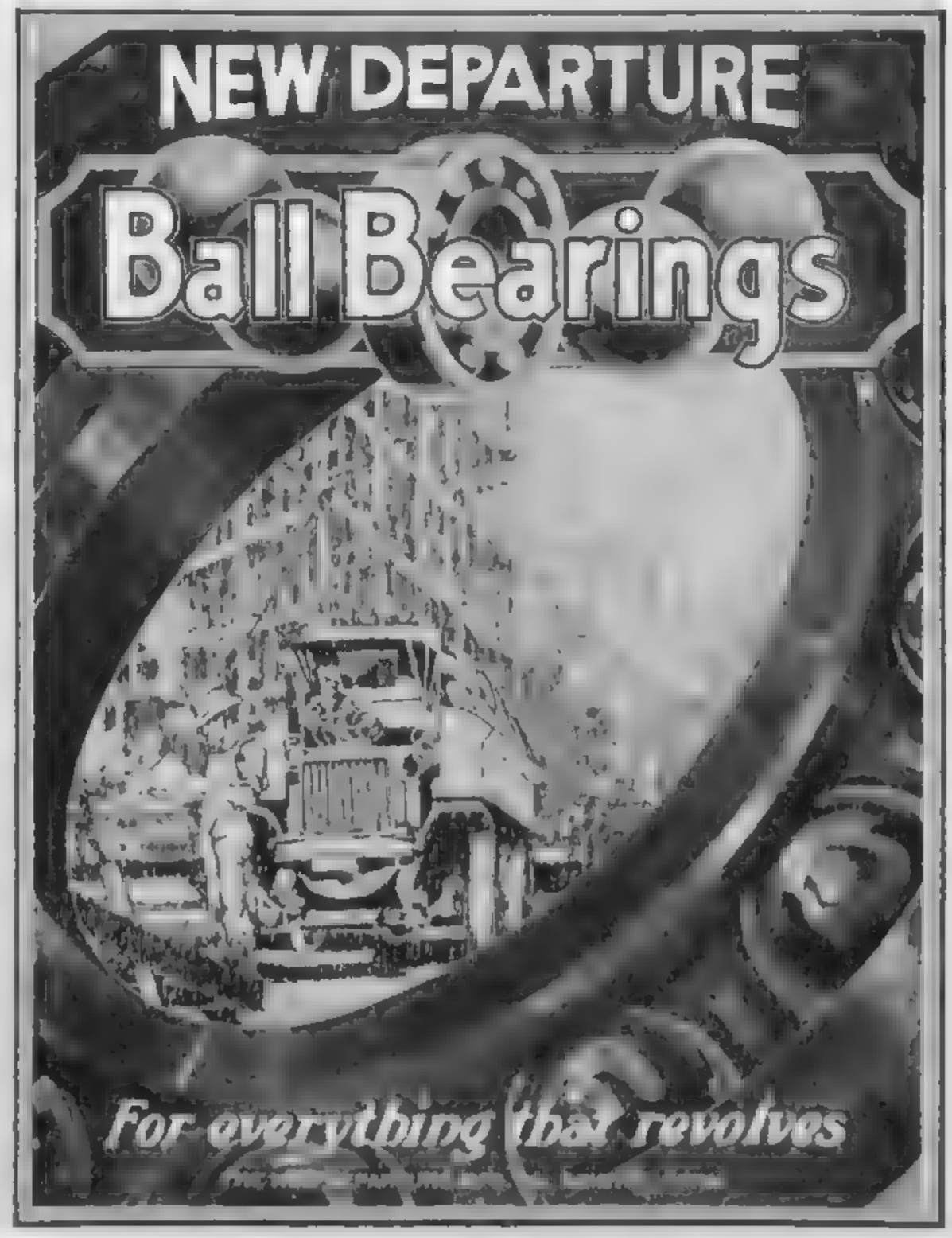

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IT is *our* ideal. It is *your* ideal. Every woman since blossoming from girlhood has hoped for—dreamt of—wanted this shoe, which not only has style but harmonizes with her own temperament—is *HER* idea of a shoe. It is the only shoe "TAILORED." There is a pattern for every last and for every part of every last. Each shoe represents 105 different operations and 87 minute inspections. It NEVER loses its *shape*. Your "Dream Shoe" now bids you come for it. Priced $12 to $18.

Inquire at your Shoe Shop or write for name of nearest dealer.

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There are doubtless good uses to which you could put an extra fifty, seventy-five or a hundred dollars every month. And if you have even a few spare hours each week, you can easily earn the extra money as our subscription representative. A little spare time is one necessary qualification; the desire to make money is *the only other*. If you have both, clip and send us, today, the coupon below.

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a half on account of expensive delivery service is always a dollar and a half thereafter, even though one carries the bottle to the store and buys an ice-cream soda while the clerk goes behind the scenes and mixes up the medicine.

I went to interview the floor manager of the big department store at an unfortunate moment. He was sitting at his desk in the middle of the great establishment with the swirl of business all about him, gloomily looking at an assortment of handsome ostrich-feather fans that were spread out before him. From time to time he would be called away to straighten out some question beyond the authority of a sales person or to O. K. the request of some customer wanting to buy on credit. But always he came back to the study of the ostrich-feather fans.

I told him that I had come to find out if big department stores ever had unreasonable customers who increased the cost of doing business.

"What do you want to know that for?" he asked.

I replied that I wanted to write an article about it if it seemed important enough to write about. I knew small merchants had to stand things from customers sometimes because they were afraid of losing their trade, but I imagined the great department stores had regular rules that weren't changed for anyone.

"Well, then," the floor manager said snappishly, "you can write that whatever people can't think of doing to the other places they do to department stores—and we stand for it."

I began to be afraid he was not in quite the mood for a calm discussion of mercantile thrift, and so I said maybe I had better come back another time.

"Don't go!" he said fretfully. "I feel like talking about it right now."

A small girl arrived just then to say the floor manager was wanted over at the jewelry section. He excused himself, saying he would be back in a moment. Having nothing else to do I trailed along after him.

The first thing that caught my eye when I reached the jewelry section was a large sign over the front show case which read, "Positively No Refunds or Exchanges on Jewelry." Then I noticed the floor manager in earnest conversation with a very well-dressed woman. She was holding aloft a sparkling piece of jewelry about four inches long by half an inch wide which looked like a regular fifteen-hundred-dollar bar pin. I heard her say, however, something about nine dollars. All that glitters is not real platinum and diamonds.

"I have decided that I don't want this bar pin," the lady was saying, "and so I have come to get a refund on it."

For answer the floor manager pointed to the printed sign over the show case.

"I am sorry that it is against our rules," he said.

"Oh, yes, that is what the girl told me," replied the lady, "but you ought to make an exception. It doesn't go with a single dress I have got."

The Store Surrenders

If the floor manager had been a real salesman he would have suggested that she buy a dress that would go with the bar pin, but he missed the chance and merely explained that imitation platinum bar pins were temperamental merchandise valuable according to the season, and so are not to be taken back. In support of his argument he pointed to a display of the baubles which were being offered at half price. This argument was a boomerang.

"If this was a reliable establishment," said the lady, "it would not sell things that are worth only half price."

A floor manager may not lose his temper if he is to hold his job; he pointed out soothingly that stores are obliged to have certain rules which must be adhered to if they are to exist.

"Oh, I know that," admitted the lady, "but the rule certainly ought not apply to me when I positively have no use for the bar pin." She was getting a little indignant over the injustice of it all. "I have bought a great many things in this store," she said finally, "but if you persist in acting in such an unfair manner I shall never come in here again."

The floor manager did not want to lose a customer; perhaps it would be better to give in.

"I certainly don't want you to feel you haven't been treated fairly," he said. "I think maybe I can make an exception this time. But as these goods have been reduced to half price since you bought your bar pin it would hardly be right to allow you the full price. Suppose I take it off your hands at twenty per cent discount?"

It was an ill-judged offer. The lady let him know what she thought of a concern that would sell an article for a big price and then try to buy it back for less than it cost when it was just as good as new and had been worn only two or three times. The floor manager hastily yielded all points.

"Oh, well," he said cheerfully, "we'll forget that those goods have been reduced. Here is a refund slip for the full price. You know we always satisfy our customers."

The lady took the refund slip and went contentedly toward the cashier's office to get it cashed. The floor manager turned to me.

"I just had to do it," he said sort of apologetically, "on account of her future trade."

We started back toward his desk, where he wanted to tell me about the ostrich-feather fans, but one of the sales girls called him back, saying a gentleman had been waiting to see him for some time. The gentleman in question approached and handed the floor manager a package. He had the air of one who is thoroughly resolved to be polite until he has an excuse to get violent.

The Case of the Mesh Bag

Upon opening the package there appeared the disordered remains of a ladies' mesh bag. The silver-plated mesh was torn in several places; the frame had once been enameled in baby blue, but there was not much enamel left; about half of the green stones which had once decorated the top were gone.

"My wife brought this bag in here yesterday," said the gentleman, trying hard to hold his anger until the right time, "and you told her you couldn't do anything with it. I want to know if you are going to tell me the same thing."

The floor manager examined the wreck carefully, counting the number of places where it was broken.

"It is hardly worth fixing," he said, and tried to give it back to the customer.

But the customer wouldn't take it back. He stuck his hands resolutely into his coat pockets and declared himself loudly.

"I paid forty dollars for that thing in this store less than three years ago," he said. "It was guaranteed for five years. Look at it now! It isn't worth a cent!"

The floor manager admitted that it wasn't worth a cent in its present condition, but said it must have had rough usage to get torn up so badly.

"It doesn't make any difference what kind of usage it has had," broke in the customer. "It is guaranteed five years. Look inside and see for yourself. Five-year guaranty, and I bought it less than three years ago right in this store."

The floor manager looked; sure enough, stamped faintly inside the frame could be seen the inscription, "Warranted Five Years."

"Is that what you mean?" asked the floor manager amicably. "That only refers to the silver plating. It means that it is plated heavily enough to last five years. The silver doesn't seem to be worn off anywhere."

"You can't get away with that kind of an argument," declared the customer aggressively. "It says 'Warranted Five Years.' I can't see where there are any strings tied to that guaranty. I paid this store forty dollars for that bag less than three years ago. I want a new bag or my forty dollars back."

The floor manager couldn't see it that way.

"I am afraid I can't do anything for you," he said. "Your automobile tire might be guaranteed for five thousand miles, but if you punched holes in it with a screw driver at the end of the first thousand miles the dealer wouldn't give you a new tire."

It gave me quite a thrill of pride to see how firm my floor manager friend could be when he felt his house was being imposed on too much. The price of silver-plated mesh bags was not going to be raised through his weakly giving way to an unreasonable demand. Two ladies at the counter were looking at mesh bags and I hoped they would see how honorable my friend's attitude was.

The customer was thoroughly wrought up at being told that the guaranty on his

(Continued on Page 185)

It Simplifies Any Factory Production System

Before **Ditto** appeared in the business world factory operations were controlled in old-fashioned ways, involving much rewriting and duplication of effort, with its usual average of mistakes.

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Eastern deliveries can now be made from our New York office, 71-73 Murray Street, N. Y.

French RAY-O-LITES and DRY BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 182)

mesh bag did not cover the torn places, the broken enamel or the lost green stones. He began to talk loudly about crooked business methods and fake guaranties. He said some concerns would promise any old thing to get your money, but when you wanted them to keep their word—good night!

The two ladies at the counter who were looking at mesh bags began to notice the disturbance. I saw one of them open a bag she was examining and peek inside the frame to see if it was stamped with a five-year guaranty. Then her interest began to waver; she listened to the remarks of the man who was telling what he thought about fake guaranties. The sales girl gave the floor manager a meaning look; no word passed her pretty lips, but the most casual observer would have known what she meant: "For the love of Mike get that guy away from here! He's crabbing my sale!"

Alas for high resolves when sales are being crabbed! My poor floor-manager friend laid his hand in amiable fashion on the customer's shoulder.

"The customer is always right in this establishment," he said loud enough to be heard by all those interested. "Just leave your mesh bag with me. I'll send it back to the factory and have it made good as new for you. It won't cost you a cent."

When we had got far enough away not to be heard the floor manager gave way to his feelings.

"It will cost the house at least twelve dollars to fix up that old mesh bag," he said. "If it had not been for fear that guy's loud talk would scare off those women customers I would have told him where to get off at."

I suggested that the price of silver-plated mesh bags would probably go up a little so as to cover the loss, because the public would naturally have to pay the twelve dollars.

Losses Distributed

"No," said the floor manager seriously, "this concern is too big to collect a loss in that direct fashion as smaller stores do. What we do is this: At the end of the year we figure up all the losses we have had from unreasonable demands on the part of customers; in our case it will amount to something like forty thousand dollars. This amount is added on to the selling price of next year's merchandise in all departments. Being spread out all over the store that way it doesn't amount to much on any one item, but just the same every person who buys anything from us next year is taxed to pay up this year's losses."

I suggested that it didn't seem exactly fair that the innocent should have to dig down and pay for the sins of the guilty just because storekeepers don't have backbone enough to turn down unjust demands.

"You ought to pity instead of blaming us," replied the floor manager miserably. "We are all victims of the man who first invented the slogan, 'The customer is always right.' I suppose that motto brought a lot of trade to the man who originated it, but it has brought nervous prostration to thousands of other storekeepers since. It has even created one set of rules for storekeepers and another set for everyone else.

"Now just consider the matter of taking back goods that have been sold," the floor manager continued. "Suppose that you, being a private individual, sell your horse to someone who comes past your place and takes a fancy to that particular animal. As evidence of your good will you throw in a blanket and bridle; the purchaser contentedly mounts his bargain and rides off while you go to buy another horse for your own use.

"But in a day or so the man comes back and says he has decided to have an automobile instead of a horse, and so he believes he will let you return his money. Would you do it?

"Or suppose you decide to sell your home. You put an ad in the paper describing your seven-room bargain with garage and cement sidewalk, and after a while you get a buyer. You and your family go to boarding while you arrange to build a new house. But in a couple of months the people who bought your old home walk into your office and say their daughter is going away to school shortly and so they have decided that a smaller house will do just as well. Therefore they believe they will call the deal off and let you give them their money back. Would you tell them to go chase themselves? You would!

"But suppose you are proprietor of a house-furnishing store on Main Street. About the first of July a well-to-do citizen and his wife come in and buy the best refrigerator in the store, having it sent out to their home. You take the eighty-nine dollars and invest it in other goods. All is well until about the first of September, when the citizen and his wife come in again to state that they have decided to return their refrigerator. They have been away all summer, so it positively has never been used and is just as good as new. Besides they have figured that they can get along with their old one, now the hot weather is about over and winter coming on. Do you take it back? You have to if they are unreasonable enough to demand it, because the public has been told that the customer is always right."

The Ostrich-Feather Fans

At last we approached the desk on which were displayed the ostrich-feather fans the floor manager had been worrying about. They were fluffy-looking things with tortoise-shell handles and feather of black, green or yellow. On some of them all the feathers were straight and on others the end feather was waggishly curled over like the tail of a good Boston terrier. The floor manager said they were worth from twenty to a hundred and fifty dollars apiece, war tax extra.

"Those fans," said the floor manager, "represent one of the hardships that storekeepers have to stand and that oblige us to charge more for our goods."

While I waited for him to explain himself a middle-aged woman and a very young one passed down an aisle near where we stood; they were evidently mother and daughter. The mother was not bad looking by any means, but the daughter was especially attractive, about nineteen, with an amiable joyous expression on her face as though she was finding life pretty pleasant.

"There are the people," said the floor manager nudging me, "who are responsible for our trouble about these fans and a whole lot of other things besides."

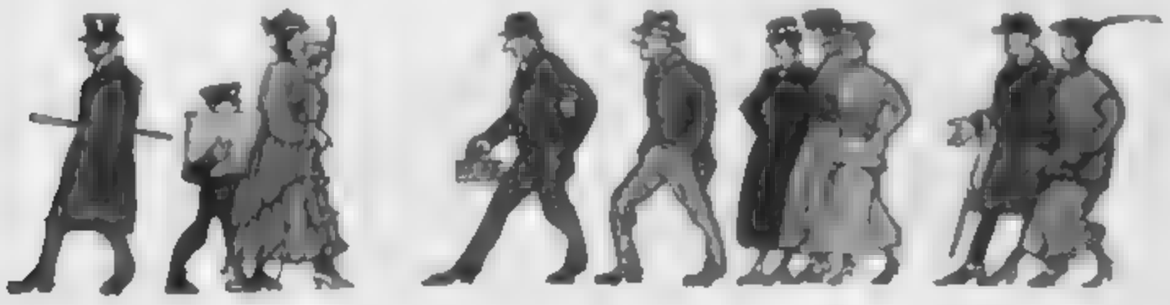
I said I couldn't believe such a nice-looking woman would knowingly cause trouble, even in a department store.

"It isn't the mother," said the floor manager darkly. "It is the daughter. She is one of the season's débutantes!"

Then followed a long tale of wrongdoing. The pretty girl with the joyous expression had been introduced to society two months before at a party given at the family home. There were eleven other recognized débutantes in her set, but she was undeniably the most popular. All of the newspapers in the city had printed her picture in their Sunday editions in larger size than that accorded any of the other girls. Following her coming-out party she had been lavishly entertained at country-club affairs, at theater parties and at hotel dinner dances. She was having all the good times that can be packed into a pretty girl's life during one winter season.

But the big department store was suffering. Never before had there been such a demand for luxurious wearing apparel; but never before had there been so much trouble in getting goods to stay sold. The pretty débutante's family did not return merchandise, but other people did.

The manager of the ladies' ready-to-wear department had sold one evening wrap after the other only to have them returned for credit; the shoe section reported live business in expensive dancing slippers, but



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an unaccountable number of pairs came back a little scuffed on the soles, the purchasers stating that the salesman must have been careless in fitting, because the slippers hurt so dreadfully it was simply impossible to wear them. Even the men's clothing department was hurt by the pretty débutante's social progress; several times evening suits had been purchased on the date of some interesting function and returned a day or so afterward by messenger with the message that the gentleman was not entirely pleased with the garments but would probably be down later to see about something else.

The big event of the débutante's career had been held just the night before. A friend of her mother's entertained the society set in the girl's honor, the affair being held at the city's big fashionable hotel. In honor of the occasion the hotel laid a strip of carpet from the front door clear down to the curb and fenced off half the lobby with a screen of palms and potted plants so the invited guests might not be seen by traveling men and other lobby hounds. The dance programs were the most elaborate ever seen in the city, having the honoree's monogram hand engraved in three colors on the cover and a genuine fourteen karat gold-filled pencil to write down engagements.

In advance of this exciting event the big department store did an active and profitable business. The ladies' ready-to-wear, the hosiery and the jewelry section reported exceptional selling. But the twelve-foot show case in the center aisle, which was devoted to ostrich-feather fans, did more business than any similar space in all the great establishment. For two weeks before the party there was no moment during business hours when the two girls in charge were not busy showing fans and explaining that the Government lets a plain dollar fan go through free of tax; but above that price it is ten per cent, which must be paid by the purchaser. All day long women stood before the show case with bits of silk in their hands trying to find fans which would match in color; others phoned in from their homes asking to have several fans sent out on approval in order to try the effect on various gowns. So many sales were made and so many sent out on approval that the show case looked rather empty; a telegraphic order was sent in to the importer for more fans.

On the night of the party the big ballroom of the fashionable hotel presented a waving mass of ostrich feathers in all the colors of the rainbow. Both local papers next morning gave special mention of the kind of fan carried by each prominent lady guest. One writer humorously suggested that a collection ought to be taken up to buy blankets for the birds at the local ostrich farm.

But as things turned out it was the big department store that most needed assistance. By nine o'clock on the morning after the party the ostrich-feather fans which had sold so plentifully during the past fortnight began coming home to roost. Those which had been charged were mostly brought back by colored chauffeurs with the simple instructions to credit the family account with the sum involved; people who had paid cash took a refund slip and went to the cashier for their money. At eleven o'clock there had been seven returns; at noon the number had gone up to ten and at three o'clock, when the story was told to me, it had mounted to fourteen and was still rising.

The floor manager's pessimism was well founded. The season for ostrich-feather fans was about over. The importer would never take back those which had optimistically been ordered by telegraph to fill up the empty show case; customers aren't allowed to be always right in the wholesale trade. The ten-per-cent war tax on those sold had already been entered on the books and it would be hard to explain matters to the revenue man. The whole stock would soon have to be packed away to wait the coming of next year's social season and by that time ostrich-feather fans may be about as active an item as cut-glass liqueur sets. The floor manager estimated that the pretty débutante's party had cost the store at least a thousand dollars. He was so low in his mind over it all that I wanted to cheer him up a little.

"But you will come out all right," I suggested, "because you spread out all such losses over your next year's selling."

"Yes, that's true," he replied.

"Everyone who comes in next season," I persisted, "to buy a pair of baby shoes or a clothes wringer or a kitchen stove will pay a little extra to make up the amount."

"You bet they will!" said the floor manager snappishly.

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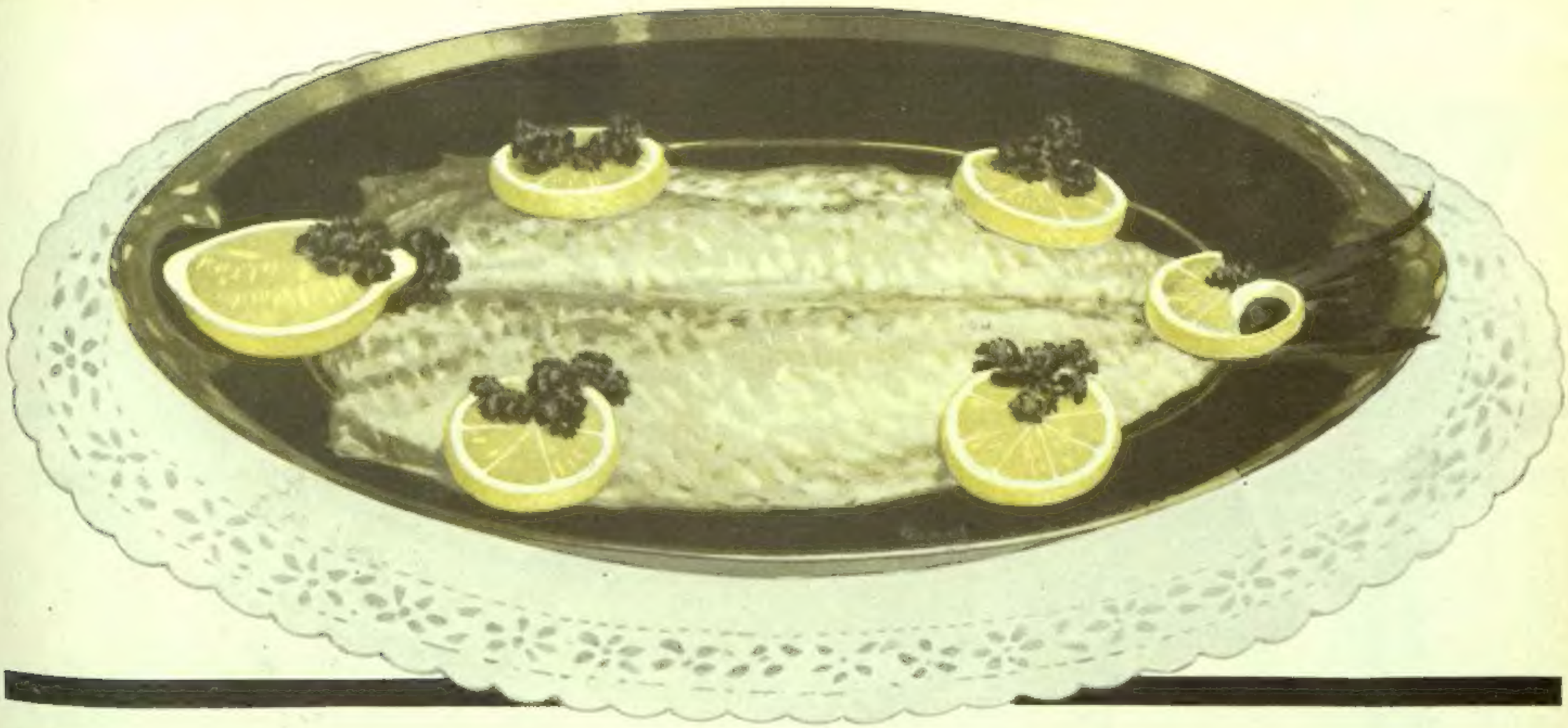

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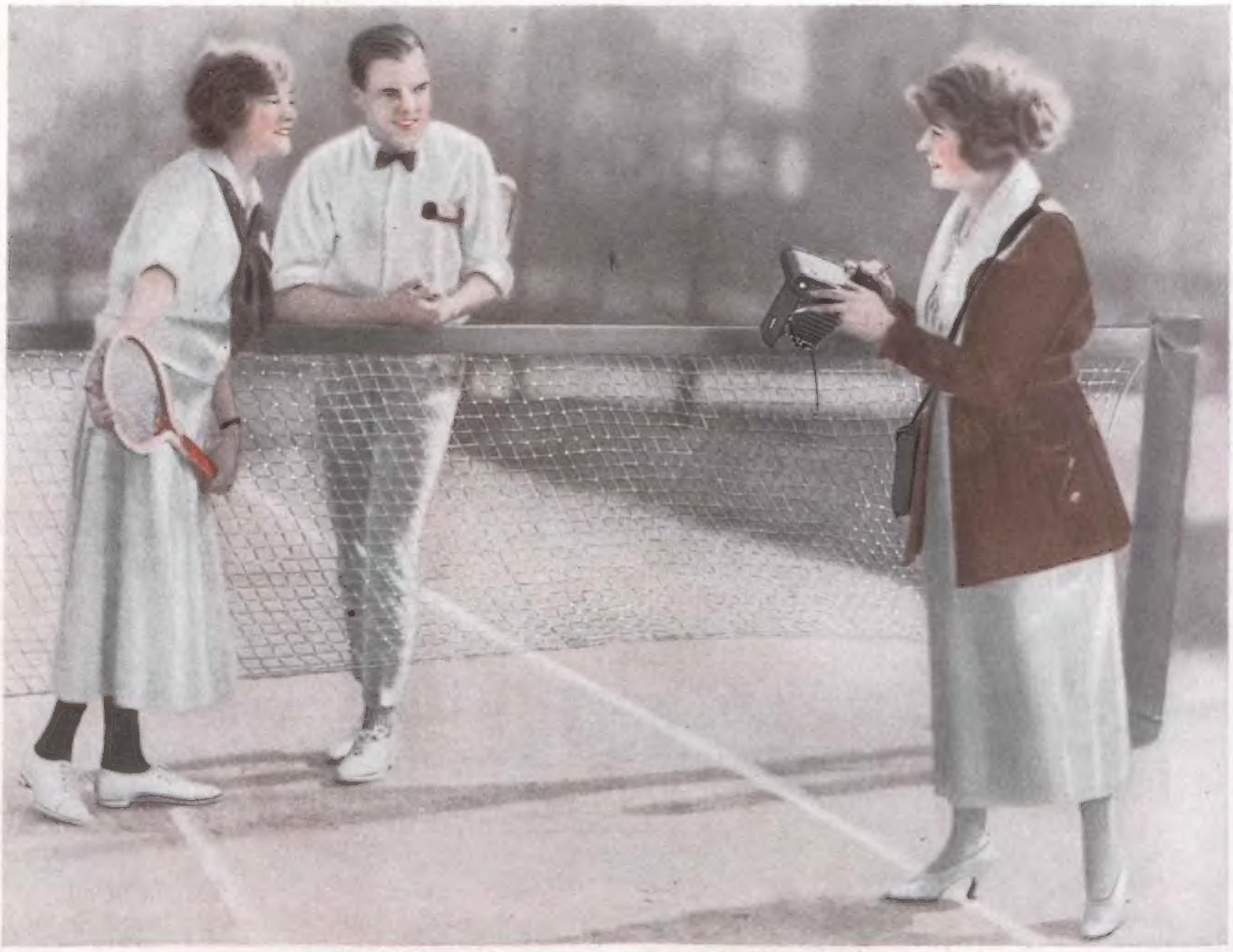

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